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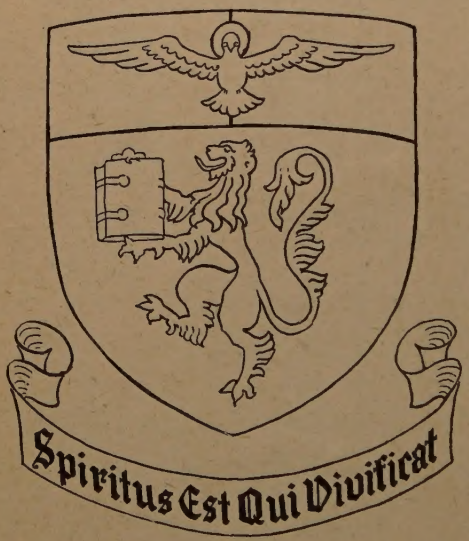

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LOUIS SEBASTIEN MERCIER
THE PICTURE OF PARIS

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THE RETURN FROM VARENNES

[*Frontispiece*

THE BROADWAY LIBRARY
OF XVIII CENTURY FRENCH LITERATURE

THE PICTURE OF PARIS

BEFORE & AFTER THE REVOLUTION

BY

LOUIS SEBASTIEN MERCIER

Translated with an Introduction by
Wilfrid and Emilie Jackson

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INTRODUCTION

Louis Sebastien Mercier was born in Paris in the year 1740, and died in Paris in 1814. His parents had been in trade. We first hear of him as Professor of Rhetoric at Beauvais College, an appointment he owed to the suppression of the Jesuit Order in France; he did not hold it for long. Paris was the scene of his early industry, and there he wrote for his living, poetry, translations, novels, and tragedies, all with small success; and whatever Muse failed to smile on Mercier became an object of enmity to him. Poetry he soon renounced and ridiculed, and his ill-success with the stage induced his *Essay on the Dramatic Art*, in which he exhibited the opinion of tragedy and tragedians he ascribes to, or at least shares with, Crébillon the Younger, in the article he subsequently devoted to the Censor of Plays in his *Nouveau Paris*. He quarrelled with the Comédie Française, which not only refused his tragedies but refused the author his entries; but he obtained the representation of some of his works by the Italian comedy troupe, and his play, *The Deserter*, found favour with no less a personage than the Queen, Marie Antoinette, who awarded him a pension of 800 *francs*. In 1770 he published his *The Year* 2440, *or a Dream if ever there was One*, and in this, as indeed in his *Essay on the Dramatic Art*, there was much shrewdness and sense, and the Revolution brought to pass some of his happier notions. He said, in later years: "I was the veritable prophet of the Revolution." *The Year* 2440, a sort of Utopia, satirising the conditions of his

day, was censored, and suppressed as a satire against the Government, but the author was not molested. It was in the year 1781 that he produced, anonymously, the first two volumes of *The Tableau*, or *Picture of Paris*, and this also displeased the authorities. The author was pursued, and, suspicion falling on others, Mercier promptly presented himself to the Prefect of Police. His frankness and courage earned him continued immunity, but he left for foreign parts, and it was at Neuchâtel that he finished his work, which was completed in twelve volumes in 1788. It had great and deserved success both in France and out of it, and was translated into several languages.

Thereafter, Mercier travelled in Germany; but he returned to Paris on the eve of the Revolution, whose cause he espoused, and became editor of a Girondist journal, the *Chronique du Mois*, and was elected deputy for the Seine-et-Oise department. He was not extremist in his revolutionary politics, and was of those who voted for the King's banishment rather than for the capital sentence. It was Mercier who asked, when the Convention declared it would treat with no foreign power while a foreign soldier had foothold in France, whether they could make a pact with Victory, and drew Bazire's retort: "We have made one with Death." After the fall of his party he was imprisoned, from the "17th Vendémiaire in the year 2," till the "3rd Brumaire," in the year following (November 1794), but escaped the fate of most of the Girondist leaders, though he had a lively fear of sharing it; and we need not be too hard on the changes of front exhibited by one who lived through such vicissitudes as did the author of *The Picture of Paris*. He says himself: "I am, like Clovis, tempted to burn what I adored, and to adore what I have burned", and a man who came as near the guillotine as he did may well have fallen out of love with revolution. Like

many another, hatred of tyranny and oppression of conscience made him a revolutionary, and revolutionary excesses made him a reactionary, and so we find him alternately breathing hatred to tyrants and vengeance on tyrannicides, though perhaps some of his tergiversations were less excusable. After the 9th Thermidor he took his seat again and denounced most of the men of the Revolution, and his opposition to the education of the masses earned him the nickname of the *Singe de Jean-Jacques*, or Rousseau's Ape. He voted for the re-establishment of the lotteries, after having written against them, and even accepted the post of controller of lotteries, and replied, when reproached with his change of front, that "it was lawful to live at the expense of the enemy"—witty, but cynical. When he left the Council of the Five Hundred he was given a chair of History at the Central Schools, where, as a lecturer, he showed himself eccentric and extravagant in his views, teaching that the earth was flat and that the sun revolved round it, and denouncing the astronomers from Copernicus to Newton as rogues and fools. He fell foul of all the great artists of history, and would have forced painters to obtain a licence before practising. Racine and Boileau he had quarrelled with from the date of his own early essays in the poetic art, and, when he procured himself election to The Institute as an original member, he wished to effect a revolution in the language, and published his *Néologie* (or Vocabulary of New Words).

After becoming a reactionary under the Republican régime he turned Republican under the Empire. He detested Buonaparte, whom he spoke of as the "*sabre organisé*", and declared that "he only wished to live long enough to see his downfall." This he did. He always kept his liberty of speech, and spoke his mind courageously to the last. He was responsible for

an enormous number of works, including a *History of France* from the days of Clovis; *The Picture of Paris* and *The New Picture;* a treatise on the *Impossibility of the Astronomical System of Copernicus and Newton;* a *Satire against Racine and Boileau;* and had embarked on a *Dictionary of the French Language* when death overtook him in 1814.

Of his *Picture of Paris*, made before the Revolution, Rivarol said that it was a book "composed in the street and written on a doorstep," and Grimm called it an "admirable pocket-book for the police"; while La Harpe said of it that it was "a mixture of absurdities, useful facts, extravagant paradox, pretentiousness, eloquence, and bad taste". But Mercier was read all over Europe and translated into most languages, and his book has lost little of its savour. It is the work of an observer, of a philosopher, of a writer whose outspoken words have exceptional flavour of their own. He wandered through his Paris more or less at hazard, noting down his impressions and recording his memories, now taking a thumb-nail sketch for a portrait, or outlining a type—the bourgeois, the abbé, the bishop, or the man—or perhaps the woman—of letters; he would remark on an institution or comment on the Lieutenant of Police, and on the Watch, on the functionaries of the Executive, or on the public executioner; or again he would write a collective chapter of considerations on matters political or moral, and treat the *Bastille*, *Bicêtre*, *Notre Dame*, the *Courtille*, the *Palais-Royal*, or the Temple. His volumes are not strong on the historical side, and offer little to the inquirer but his personal recollections and experiences, but where Mercier is without rival, unless we except Restif de la Bretonne, is in his portrayal of manners. A good half of his work is consecrated to this feature of Paris, observed very closely and narrowly, and it affords an inexhaustible history of the City's manners

and morals. In such chapters as his *Hours of the Day*, *Sundays and Holidays*, *Cafés*, *Old Bachelors*, the *Allée aux Veuves*, *Booths*, he shows us the Parisians under the light of day, following their fancies, their business, their familiar pursuits. He says in his own Preface to the *Tableau de Paris :*

" I am going to talk about Paris, not of her buildings, her churches and her monuments, nor of her curiosities: for too many others have taken these for their subjects in writing. I shall tell of her private and public morals, of what people really think, and of the ideas that usurp men's minds: of all that has struck me in the strange and constantly changing collection of wise and foolish customs. I shall also talk of her limitless grandeur, of her monstrous riches, and scandalous luxury. She guzzles and devours greedily both men and money. She absorbs and swallows up other towns. *Quærens quem devoret.*

I have made myself acquainted with every class of citizen, nor have I disdained those who are farthest removed from the pride of possession, so that by these contrasts I have endeavoured the better to establish the moral physiognomy of this gigantic capital.

Many of the inhabitants of Paris are strangers to their own town. Perchance this book may teach them something or at least may put before them a clearer and more precise point of view, and show them scenes which, by dint of always seeing them, they, so to speak, no longer perceive: for things that we see every day are not those we know best.

Should anyone expect to find a topographical description of places and streets or a history of past events, his expectation will not be realised.

I have made neither inventory nor catalogue. I have drawn my *Picture* according to my lights: I have varied it as much as it was possible for me to do: I have depicted it from various sides and here it is, fresh from my pen, as my eyes and my ears have been able to piece it together. The reader may himself correct what the writer has misinterpreted or what he has badly drawn, and the comparison will perhaps give the former a secret desire to see the subject over again, and to

compare it. Far more things remain untold, far more criticisms could have been made, but only a fool or a knave permits himself to write all he knows or all he has learnt.

Had I the thousand mouths, the thousand tongues, and the lion voice of which Homer and Virgil spoke, it would be impossible for me to depict all the contrasts of the great town, contrasts sharpened by their proximity. When you call it *an epitome of the world*, you have said nothing, you must see it, go over it, look into what it contains, study its inhabitants and their wisdom and folly, their silly indulgences, their incessant chatter: meditate in fact on the mass of all those minute customs of to-day and yesterday, which make their own laws yet exist in perpetual contradiction to the accepted laws.

Imagine a thousand people taking the same journey; were each one observant, each would write a different book on the subject, and there would yet remain for those who came after them true and interesting things to say.

I have laid stress on various abuses. Nowadays we are busier than ever in reforming them. To denounce them is to prepare their downfall. Even as I hold my pen, certain of them are being destroyed. I note it with pleasure, but the period of their existence is still so fresh that my words are not unseasonable. I must warn the reader that I have merely held the artist's brush and that I have given little attention to philosophic reflections. It would have been easy to make this *Picture* into a satire. I have rigorously abstained therefrom. It has pleased me to draw my picture from living models. Many others have complacently painted past centuries. I have made my own generation and its physiognomy my study, because it is far more interesting to me than the unreliable history of the Phœnicians and the Egyptians. I have to live among my fellowmen, rather than wander in Rome, Sparta, or Athens. If towards the end of every century an intelligent writer had drawn a comprehensive picture of what took place round him, had he depicted manners and customs and their practice as he had seen them, the collection would form to-day a strange gallery of comparative knowledge and we should find a thousand details of which we know nothing, and our morals and legislation might profit much therefrom. But as a rule man disdains

what is under his eyes, and returns to dead and gone periods. He wants to know useless facts and obsolete customs, with no satisfactory result, to say nothing of the immensity of sterile and futile discussions which lead nowhere.

I dare prophesy that in a hundred years to come people will return to my *Picture*, not for the worth of the painting but because my observations, such as they are, will make a bond with the coming century, and turn both our wisdom and our folly to good account. A knowledge of the people among whom we live will always be the most essential of all to any writer who proposes to tell some useful truth fitting to correct the errors of his day, and I may say it is the only glory to which I have aspired.

But if, as I do not doubt, it is comparison that most often destroys happiness, I must confess at the same time that it is almost impossible to be happy in Paris because the indulgence of the rich is flaunted too near the eyes of the indigent. They have reason to sigh when they see the ruinous and extravagant spending which never reaches them. The poor city-dweller is much lower in the scale than the peasant when it comes to happiness. I might even say he is of all men on earth the one who suffers the most from unfulfilled desires: he trembles even at the thought of yielding to the prompting of nature, for does he do so he will but overpopulate the attics.

Is your position in life a mediocre one? You would be well off anywhere else, but in Paris you would still be poor. In the town there are passions one meets with nowhere else. Pleasure once seen becomes an ardent desire. All the actors who take part in this great changing scene force you to become an actor yourself. There is no more tranquillity, desires grow more vivid, superfluities become necessities: and those that nature bestows are infinitely less tyrannical than those with which public opinion inspires us. Let that man who does not wish to know poverty and the still more terrible humiliation which it causes, who is wounded, and rightly so, by the disdainful stare of insolent wealth, let him absent himself: let him flee, let him never even approach the vicinity of the capital City."

" I dare prophesy that in a hundred years to come people will return to my ' Picture ', not for the worth of the painting, but because my observations, such as they are, will make a bond with the coming century . . ."

The century that Mercier had in prospect has come and gone, and the twentieth century has opened with a greater revolution and greater bloodshed than Mercier saw; but the bond whose maintenance he hoped for, is unbroken—it is not even strained; for mankind at large is, as Mercier's biographer says of him, " weak on the historical side " and lives by the familiar things of every day; and even the Massacres of September, the Napoleonic epic, a century of wars and a Niagara of blood cannot turn us from the little things that matter so much, nor change our dealings with them. No matter where Mercier turns his observant eye, no matter what the absurdity, or grievance, or wickedness, or foible may be that he describes or comments, he is a chronicler of the present day, he is our own " man in the street "; and he affords more lively evidence than can perhaps be drawn from any writer of the truth of the dictum so much quoted because so true, that " *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose* ". Our grievance against washerwomen, our servant troubles, the tricks of thieves and swindlers, the multiplication of clerks and bureaux, the annoyance of pet-dogs and street noises were all endured in old Paris; and, when we come to his post-revolutionary pages, and the changes in manners resulting from a great social shock, the likeness to our own day is positively startling—one thinks of the " faked " diaries one has known. He complains of the inordinate growth of the street traffic and its speed; of the insolent selfishness of the drivers, and of the blood of their victims running down the cobble stones. The scantiness of women's dress; her " shingled " hair, her emancipated ways. The absurd fashion of wearing

" *besicles* ", or big spectacles. The growth of publicity, evidenced on the hoardings. The adoption of foreign ways and words. The importation of luxuries for the table. Dancing clubs and late hours, and the mania for dancing and the demand for dance orchestras. The independence of daughters and the attendant danger to good morals, labour exchanges, the evils of judicial separation, the combating of venereal disease, all these topics are his and of his day. Even " rat weeks " are prognosticated, and we find to our astonishment that Fagin and his school for pickpockets came from Paris Whatever may confront our statesmen in a reconstructed society, its individual members face no new problems, and new London is composed of much the same atoms as old Paris.

" I was well advised ", he says, " when I gave twelve volumes to the *Tableau de Paris*. Had it not been done the original is now so defaced that it is but the discoloured portrait of a dead and gone forebear . . ." But, happily, he here contradicts himself, for topography, as we know from him, was not his aim. His fellow-citizens, his fellow-creatures were his quarry, and the portrait has not faded.

In his foreword to the " New Paris " he says:

I finished, towards the end of 1788, *The Picture of Paris* which I had commenced in 1781, and which ran to twelve volumes. I thought I had said everything, at any rate everything that I knew, about that City which is the central point of the world's attention, and I did not propose to return to the subject; when a revolution, whose memory can never perish and which will influence the destinies of the human race, came to overset the ways of life of a peaceful people, to change its habits, laws, and customs, its discipline, government and worship, and to work its spirits by turns to the pitch of heroic courage and the most cowardly ferocity.

How great it was! How abject! How impetuous! And how patient!

We must admit that there are two distinct peoples in this

City; the one with a generous impulse towards liberty, prompt to dare, invincible, open-hearted; the other snaky, greedy, and cruel, quick to appropriate the republican gains as their own, and to pass themselves off for the purest of patriots, clear of vision and decided in action, when all they sought was power and plunder. Our valorous republicans were subdued by these tide-waiters who hid themselves in time of danger and only showed up when there was a crowd to be led to crime, and butchers might lead the crowd. And so our brave soldiers and honest functionaries and good citizens were deceived and abused by demagogues who used the language of Liberty but to make it odious: and their frightful success will but render them a horror in the eyes of posterity. But their culpability will also await judgment: for most of them but obeyed the suggestions and the guineas of the English Government. Paris is become the stage where the actors of the various governments are gathered to complete their hypocritical work. Every day unmasks some player, and only history can count the traitors of every race and degree who have deceived or worn down the republican stronghold. That we should tear ourselves with our own hands was the secret aim of the coalition.

It is the greatest of miracles that the proud city is still standing.

Just as the mud of Paris is a particular mud by its component parts, so the rabble of a great town, which abounds but is not native, is a rabble without description. The sedition-leaders worked upon it: and Danton, the evil genius of France, worked it into a ferment. And after him the party leaders used this hellish horde which threw up Hébert, Chaumette, and Ronsin, and other atrocious ring-leaders of the insurrectionary Commune. This was the rabble which surrounded the scaffolds and, never weary of the spectacle, wore out the very authors of the bloody tragedy. They formed a horrid commentary and illustration of Montaigne's words: "The populace in every country is up to the elbows in disembowelled corpses."

Revolutionary times are strong in action but weak in men. Too many compete for any one talent to emerge. There was no giant forthcoming in all their great conventions. All things were done in the name of all, and those who raised themselves a little above the general level were broken one after another in the shock of events.

INTRODUCTION

It has been ineptly said that "when a revolution is going forward, there must be no looking back." The maxim is false. Revolutions are managed and brought to a head by the men who measure and compare what is done with what is left to do: and moral virtues become more necessary to bear in mind while all notion of them has been forgotten, and while injurious appellations, being words used without thought of their meaning, bring sentence of death on citizens even the most jealous of liberty and of their country's good.

It was just those insignificant phrases, even unintelligible phrases, which furnished the material for prisons and scaffolds. Party leaders used them with a success which bears witness to the fact that even in what is called an enlightened nation, most individuals are not so: and that particular calamity is merely something to gape at for all who are not immediately affected.

Paris being essentially a commercial town, industrial, and welcoming visitors, one may say that, with her, past misfortune leaves no memory. The glittering surface hides grievances and veils complaints. Luxury is a heady liquor intoxicating the senses, and in some sort instability in public opinion lends it an Epicurism which lets things drift by and regards but the moment.

And the present moment makes an astonishing, an utter contrast with the time of servitude and terror, of blood and tears and family ruptures. And if the disastrous events of the past are not forgotten in the midst of our feasts and rejoicings, there is a curtain drawn between, which we fear to raise, or raise but rarely.

Posterity will be the happier for our sufferings. It is this interior conviction which, from the first line of his *Rêve, s'il en fut jamais* to the last line of his *Nouveau Paris*, has sustained, encouraged and fortified the author and never allowed him to lay aside his pen even in the darkness of his cell: and which, finally, has dictated the epitaph he would grave in advance on his tomb—may it become applicable to all his contemporaries:

> Men of whatever country, envy my lot.
> Born subject, I die free and a Republican.

10th Frimaire, Year VII.

THE PICTURE OF PARIS

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

PART I

LOOK OUT!

MIND the carriages! Here comes the black-coated physician in his chariot, the dancing-master in his *cabriolet*, the fencing-master in his *diable*—and the Prince behind six horses at the gallop as if he were in open country.

The humble *vinaigrette* slips between two coaches and escapes by a miracle. Young people on horseback are making for the fortifications, and are impatient, and show ill-humour when the crowd, which suffers from the mud they splash, retards their progress. Both carriages and riders cause many accidents, to which the police show perfect indifference. I saw the catastrophe of May the 28th, 1770, occasioned by the throng of carriages which blocked the only street open to the prodigious crowd of people, pressing on towards that lamentable illumination of the Boulevards. I nearly lost my life. Some twelve to fifteen hundred persons perished, either that day or in consequence of injuries received in the press. Three times was I thrown down on the paving-stones at different moments, and was nearly crushed by the wheels. So I have reason to blame this barbarous indulgence in carriages.

It has known no check, in spite of the daily complaints. The threatening wheels of the overbearing rich drive as rapidly as ever over stones stained with the blood of their unhappy victims, who expire in horrid tortures without sight of the wished-for reform; and that because every office-holder keeps his carriage and in consequence disdains the pedestrian. The lack of side-walks makes every street a danger, and when a man of any standing is sick, straw is spread before his door to deaden the noise of traffic, and then indeed must one look out for oneself.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau was knocked down on the Menil-Montant road in 1776 by an enormous carriage-dog, a Great Dane, running in front of a carriage, and left lying where he fell, while the owner of the equipage looked on with indifference. He was picked up by some peasants and taken to his home, crippled and in pain. Next day the owner of the *berline*, having learnt who it was that his dog had flung down, sent a servant to ask if he could do anything for him. "Tell him to keep his dog on a lead," replied the philosopher, and dismissed the messenger.

When a driver has knocked you down and mangled you, inquiry is made whether it was the small wheels or the large ones that were culpable; the coachman is only responsible for the small ones; and if you expire under the large wheels there is no compensation for your heirs. And there is a tariff for arms, legs, thighs, fixed in advance. What is to be done? Why, keep your ears open for the cry of "Look out!" But our youthful Phætons leave their footmen, who sit behind, to do the shouting. The driver runs over you, then the footman gives tongue, and you pick yourself up if you can.

HAIR POWDER

[*to face p.* 14

WIG-MAKERS

Our forefathers did not abandon their heads to the ministrations of an idle and talkative barber every morning for a long spell. Brushing their hair and giving a martial twist to their moustaches, that ornament of masculine physiognomy, was their whole toilet. For two hundred years we have followed where women have led, in this art of dressing the hair, an art at once unnatural and effeminate. Gone are the days when a lusty fellow in need of money would detach his moustache and give it in pawn to a money-lender, instead of a promissory note. There was no more trustworthy mortgage. The moneylender slept in peace, for the pledge was always redeemed when it fell due.

True, we are no longer so ridiculous as to hide our heads under artificial hair, covering the youthful brow and the old man's bald and withered pate with strange mats of horse-hair; but the rage for hair-dressing has become universal in every class. Shopboys, bailiffs, notaries' clerks, servants, cooks and scullions, all fling powder in clouds on their heads, all wear tails and curls, and the perfume of various essences and of amber-scented powder assails you from the general shop as well as from the oiled and scented dandy.

What waste of time in everyday life! How many hours lost that might have been better employed. When one thinks that the powder with which two hundred thousand individuals whiten their hair is drawn from the food of the poor; that the flour which is used on the lawyer's full-bottomed wig, the dandy's curls, the officer's buckled plait, and on the huge catogan of every ne'er-do-weel, would feed ten thousand unfortunate beings; and that a substance, derived from grain without its nutritive power should fall in fruitless showers on the nape of so many good-

for-nothings, one is forced to lament a custom which changes the natural colour of the hair.

Twelve hundred wig-makers setting up as masters of their trade, and holding their privilege from St. Louis, employ nearly 6000 men.

Two thousand visiting barbers practise the trade, going from house to house at the risk of being sent to Bicêtre prison. Six thousand lackeys have no other calling. Women hairdressers must be included in these figures. All these individuals make their living out of *Curl Papers* and *Ringlets !*

SIGN-BOARDS

Sign-boards are propped against the walls of houses and shops now, instead of hanging on long iron rods as they did formerly so that the sign-board and the rod threatened to fall on the passers-by in stormy weather. When the wind blew all the sign-boards creaked, knocked and clattered against one another, thus making a discordant and plaintive music, absolutely unbelievable to anyone who has never heard it. Moreover, they cast heavy shadows at night, which dimmed the feeble light of the lanterns.

These signs were for the most part of enormous size and cut in relief. They seemed to suggest a race of giants to the gaze of a people the most stunted in Europe. You saw a sword with a hilt six feet high, a boot as long as a hogshead, a spur as large as a cart-wheel, a glove that could have held a three-year-old child in every finger, monstrous heads, and arms holding a foil across the whole width of the street.

The town, no longer bristling with these coarse appendages, shows a clean and shaven face. This sensible regulation is owing to M. Antoine-Raimond-Jean-Guilbert-Gabriel de Sartine, who, once chief of police, has now gone to the Admiralty.

A COFFEE HOUSE

[*to face p.* 16

CAFÉS

There are six to seven hundred cafés, the ordinary refuge of the idler and the shelter of the indigent. There you may be warm in winter and save wood at home. In certain of these cafés there is an academy held, where authors and plays are criticised, and assigned their due positions, and their worth pronounced upon; poets making their début get more attention paid them, just as those who are hissed out of their profession usually grow satirical; for the most pitiless of critics is an unsuccessful author. One man comes to the café towards ten o'clock in the morning, only to leave it at eleven o'clock at night. He dines off a cup of coffee and sups off a glass of negus. The rich fool laughs at him instead of asking him to his table.

It is no longer the thing to linger on at a café, because it shows a lack of acquaintance, a complete ignorance of good society.

Our forebears frequented an inn, and they say that they were of a cheerful spirit. We no longer dare go to the coffee houses, the discoloured hot water that we drink there is far more unhealthy than the generous wine which intoxicated our fathers. Gloom and bitter talk prevail in these mirrored rooms. Grumbling is heard on all sides; is it the new drink that has worked this difference?

You pay court to the serving wenches in the cafés; always surrounded by men, they need a high standard of virtue to resist the constant temptation offered them. They are all great flirts, but flirtations seem to be an indispensable attribute of this profession.

A BLACK COAT

With a black coat a man is well dressed. You are dispensed from following the fashion and from possessing coats of different colours, for you are believed to be in mourning and in spite of your mourning proving eternal you can go anywhere thus clad. True, it shows you are but poorly off, and for that reason alone the black coat is affected by petitioners, discharged officers, authors and retired folk whose incomes do not increase. These wear it sometimes to curry favour, to draw attention to themselves, and obtain pensions. This ruse has been known to have a certain success, with some, and it would be a breach of good manners to call public attention to it.

Court mourning, which occurs fairly frequently, spares the good Parisian money, for Court mourning puts a good many folk at their ease, and it might almost be said that it reduces all incomes to an equality. So the fall of crowned heads is not unwelcome in Paris. Their decease suits everyone; for a black coat goes marvellously well with mud, with winter months, with economy and with the dislike for a lengthy toilet. "I inherit something from a certain King," exclaimed a poet of my acquaintance. "How is that?" "Why! I should have had to buy myself a coat this spring, which would have cost me twenty *pistoles*, which I can now pocket; and so I willingly wear mourning for his gracious Majesty."

It is quite amusing to see a shopkeeper, a trinket-dealer, wearing mourning for a crowned head whose name he cannot pronounce; but the custom prevails, and it is no longer an absurdity for the most humble member of society. When half-mourning is the order, those who are not rich, or do not know how to dress betray themselves, while people of the world

shine once more, and ridicule a poverty which knows no better than to wear black from head to foot.

The play is the most brilliant sight during these days of half-mourning, for it is then that both women and their diamonds appear to the most dazzling advantage.

MASTERS IN THE ART OF PLEASING

Yes, my dear reader, you may well open your eyes and express your astonishment, for we have masters in the art of good manners who help to shape our young men anxious to acquire the great art of pleasing.

This art has its own principles and is not to be pursued haphazard, as on the Russian Steppes. Small things are treated as big ones, and serious affairs as trifles.

These masters teach the art of smiling before a mirror with artifice, of taking snuff gracefully, of giving a glance of subtlety, of bowing with a particular elegance. Their pupils are taught to roll their words like actors, to imitate the latter but not to copy them, to show their teeth without pulling grimaces; and a pupil of this kind will be closeted with his master for two or three hours, studying these important matters.

Let us watch the arrival of one of our young bloods. To begin with, his coming must be prefaced by the pretty tinkle of his bunch of charms.

The dressing of the hair is an essential matter. The names and addresses of hairdressers of either sex who are distinguished for their skill are noted, and a woman with a well-dressed head will fling a glance of superiority on any other head less well dressed.

Who is that man over there? a woman will ask, of some person possibly the most able in helping the

advancement of his country and his period. Why this disdainful tone? Because his hair is badly dressed.

These well-schooled young men only allow themselves to become angry over trifles. They stamp and swear and rage should their horses be two minutes late; their fury prevents them from speaking.

They are further instructed how to don a silk coat, and the various kinds of cravats, and breeches, or trousers. Thus attired, they sally forth in the morning, that is to say at midday, paying calls on ladies, and asking the while, nonchalantly, "*Who painted those pictures set in your patch-box, and rings and bracelets?*"

When you are a prey to melancholy you wear this costume all evening, and you warn everybody that you are not dining in town.

Among the masters who give instruction in all these fine things those doctors who treat imaginary ills may be classed. A doctor, if he be good looking, pleasing, an agreeable gossip and of a half-ironical turn of mind, need not know how to cure a patient if he pays his visits with regularity.

It would be to fail in carrying out all these matters did you not show yourself as being passionately interested in every sort of novelty: dishes, attire, and looks must all alike possess the charm of freshness. A new opera, a new actress, new tricks of Comus and his band, and a new fashion of curling the hair, that is what agitates all their minds. Enthusiasm is instantaneously infectious. You might call it electricity passing from one to another. Such and such a man had neither soul nor sentiment six months ago; all at once he is a hero; only to be hissed down a few days later. He has been told by both masters and disciples that a joke pushed to whatever extreme exhibits the very highest talent.

One of our charmers appears in the eyes of women as the most astonishing being nature has ever made,

but he must remain in this circle; should he seek the society of a plain and sensible man he cannot be seen without laughter, nor heard without a shrug of the shoulders. Nevertheless, such as he is, he has had to learn it!

SERVANTS AND LACKEYS

An army of useless servants is kept entirely for show, and it is in reality the most dangerous form of corruption in any town where the various depravities it gives rise to, and which steadily increase, threaten to bring it sooner or later to almost inevitable disaster.

You might think theirs an exceedingly strong corporation when you are confronted by this crowd of men, lining the streets, and the quays, and the squares. But what degraded beings!

When you see a group in an anti-chamber it makes you think of the gaps thus made in the country-side, and that this flourishing population of Paris leaves vast empty deserts in the rest of the kingdom.

In the house of any "tax-farmer" you will find twenty-four servants in livery, not counting scullions, kitchen-maids, and the mistress's six ladies'-maids. You may safely reckon among these menials at least one fully qualified swindler who pays his court from morning till night, popular with all because he possesses the soul of a lackey himself, as well as five or six complacent inferiors whose talk is always of Madame's wonderful virtues. Thirty horses stamp in the stables.

After all this is it surprising that my lord and my lady in their magnificent house should mistake insolence for dignity, and call "common" all who do not possess an income of 50,000 *livres?*

Surrounded as they are by humble flatterers who are all servants under different names, they believe

the rest of the world to be all alike. These ideas and this language need not surprise us in a tax-collector, for the contemptuous note is always familiar to contemptible people.

It is hard to understand why there has not been a heavy tax on these numberless servants withdrawn from agricultural life, who, while spreading corruption, have become the most monstrous and useless luxury. But nowadays finance is allied with the aristocracy and therein lies the basis of its real strength. The marriage portion of nearly all your grand gentlemen's wives has come out of the farmer's money-box. It is amusing to see a count or a viscount of ancient lineage, seeking some financier's rich daughter, and the financier, swollen with money, asking for the hand of a lady of quality, bare save for her illustrious name.

The difference lies in the fact that the girl of good family (who has been threatened with spending the rest of her life in a Convent), complains on marrying a man who has an income of 500,000 *livres ;* she thinks she is doing him an infinite favour in giving him her hand, and calls upon the portraits of her ancestors to " close their eyes on this *mésalliance.*"

The foolish spouse, swollen with the power of lending money to his wife's relations and foppish admirers, thinks himself highly honoured by being allowed to provide his haughty wife's dowry, and his desire to please carries him so far as to believe himself inferior to her. What distorted and foolish theories are upheld by vanity! Why has not the comedy of " George Dandin " cured men of this strange madness? How can they agree to enrich a family, rich in name only, only to be tyrannised over and disdained by them?

Usually a good type of lackey takes his master's name when he is in the company of other servants: he adopts his manners, his ways and his movements.

He wears a gold watch, lace ruffles, and is fatuous and impertinent. He is the confidant of his young master when money is scarce, and he is his go-between in affairs of gallantry, and the boldest of liars when it is a question of disposing of creditors and getting his master out of a difficulty. It has become a proverb that the tallest and most insolent lackeys are the best.

Finally, a lackey who is in fashionable service carries two watches like his master, and this monstrous folly shocks no one but a misanthrope.

SOME REMARKS

The fashion in the houses of the great is to dine with your sword at your side, and to slip away without bowing at the end of the repast; but it is the duty of the hostess to notice your disappearance and to call some vague remark after you to which you merely reply by a monosyllable.

You put in an appearance a week or ten days later under pain of being thought uncivil.

Should a year elapse without your having called at a house in which you have been already received, you must be presented afresh by someone who makes an apology for you; it is said you have been in the country, that you have travelled, and the hostess who has seen you at the play all the time pretends to believe it.

Children of tender years are far better brought up than formerly. They are often plunged in cold baths, and it is happily the fashion to dress them lightly without swaddling them.

This is a good thing, for as a rule nowadays in Paris men lack only softly moulded features and rounded figures to be feminine in type. A great

many feminine souls inhabit men's bodies, and much energy must not be expected of them, as they are incapable of it. In the early morning hours in my lady's chamber, her intimate friends and pet dogs have the entry; then the shutters are but half open; the day begins when eleven o'clock strikes.

There are ladies in Paris who rise but towards evening, and seek their beds when dawn appears. A woman who shines in her own circle will adopt this custom, and be called a "lamp".

The hostess does not talk about the dishes on the table, but she may announce a fowl from Rennes, partridges from Mans, pâtés from Perigord, mutton from Ganges, or olives from Spain.

If you would be a man of your day you must have a delicate complexion, a delicate wit, a delicate feeling. Never has fame had a falser flourish of trumpets than is given by Paris journals, for they are only read in the country.

The rarest thing in Paris is to command a regiment and not to make it a matter of vanity with the women; there is nothing less common than, I do not say a good officer but, a modest one.

A certain Colonel said he had come to Paris "to get men" instead of saying "to get soldiers". This so caught on that it is always used now in the presence of women.

Shoe-buckles continue to resemble harness-buckles. They only vary in the workmanship.

A witty remark may make a man's future. The Count de . . . had only a thousand *écus* a year, yet gave three thousand *livres* to his outrider, remarking, "I have discovered the art of always having one year's income ahead of me". This witty saying delighted all the ladies and aided in his success.

Finance is talked eternally, but for some time past the balance of debt and credit has been overlooked.

The navy is still talked about, but nobody quotes Montesquieu! It is the only thing, said he, that money alone cannot buy.

Rich people do not keep the best tables. They began too early in life and their palates are jaded. Often will the master of the house, sitting at his deliciously served dinner, sadly drink a glass of milk. Broths and minces are chiefly eaten to-day.

Men for some years past have grown anxious about their looks, and will do anything not to appear plain. They do their hair better and more simply than they did fifteen years ago.

There are no houses in Paris rich enough to give both dinner and supper. The law dines, finance sups. Lords and ladies do not dine till half-past three. Our meals are rather melancholy, there is little drinking; plates are changed unused; you speak evil of your left-hand neighbour to her on your right; and a somewhat cold bearing replaces the gaiety once inspired by the wine cup.

A host at the head of a good table has at least the advantage of having his qualities appreciated, and if he has talent it will not pass without acclaim.

The rich have money for their superfluities, but not to lend.

Women of quality get pensions out of the Card Tax, and the old women keep gaming houses.

Our young gentlemen keep Montaigne and Montesquieu in their libraries, but do not assault their virginity.

The art of speech replaces the art of speaking, for these are different things.

The man who can talk of "my Orangery" thinks there is nothing more to be said.

Some woman said that she would rather be buried at St. Sulpice than be alive in the country.

Divine! Detestable! Everyday words in the

mouths of critics in spite of all the ridicule poured on these violent superlatives.

What with nurses and governesses and tutors and schools and convents, some women are scarcely aware that they are mothers.

The man cook has not yet penetrated to the middle class, but he will.

Financiers are spoken against as much as ever. They did so much harm once that those of to-day, who do less, pay for the ill-name.

It is a whim with the great to look at people who address them, from head to foot, which is called "measuring" them. It is easy for anyone who is offended by it to "measure" them in return.

A wig and its shape is a study in itself for the coxcomb who wishes to admire his frontal development every time he consults a mirror. And a wig-maker who can shape his wigs to his satisfaction is worth his weight in gold.

Your young man sleeps luxuriously under a mirrored tester, that he may contemplate at his ease his own effeminate features as soon as he opens his eyes.

A *valet-de-chambre* wears no livery and limits himself to dressing his master, looking after his wardrobe and serving at table.

Bickerings are less frequent in Paris than elsewhere.

At grand dinners and at rich men's tables it is not rare to see women drinking only water, leaving twenty dishes untasted, yawning, and complaining of their digestions, and men following suit by disdaining wine in affectation of the fashion.

It is only in Paris where women of sixty dress like young women of twenty, and show faces painted and patched, and beribboned heads.

No one reads to acquire knowledge, but to criticise.

Once more you hear people speaking of their *estate ;* as for *thoroughbreds*, the expression is becoming old-fashioned.

It is easy to moralise. Nevertheless, coarse or fine linen, narrow or deep braid, carriage or cab, a dozen footmen or a simple servant, fifteen francs worth of paste on your finger, or a diamond worth five hundred *louis*, will always mark a great difference between man and man. Silly enough, but so poor mortals judge things.

THE EXECUTIONER

The Executioner of the High Court has a yearly salary of 18,000 *livres*. Six years ago he only received 16,000 *livres*. He then had the right to dip his unclean hands into the public stores for a portion of his pay. This has now been commuted into money.

For nearly forty years only one man has been beheaded in Paris. So the executioner has little experience in his office.

The lowest class of all know his face very well, for to the common mass of the people he is the great tragic actor. They crowd to these awful sights, lured by that inexplicable curiosity that draws even the cultivated public when the crime or the criminal is at all distinguished. Women were carried in crowds to see Damien tortured, and they were the last to turn away their eyes from the hideous scene.

The people often talk of the executioner; they tell one another of how he kept open house for the poor Knights of Saint Louis, and they resort to him for the dead man's remains; for he either sells the corpse to the surgeons or keeps it for himself, as he wishes; for a criminal may not sell his body in his lifetime as is done in London.

Nothing distinguishes this man from his fellow-citizens, even when he is carrying out his terrible functions; which causes some scandal.

He is combed, powdered, covered with lace, wears pumps and white silk stockings to mount the fatal scaffold; which appears to me revolting, since at these awful moments he should bear the imprint of the engine of the law. Should one's imagination not be appealed to? And since it is a question of striking terror into the public mind shall we never understand the eloquent effect of outward appearance? This man's exterior should proclaim him. He is without gainsay the lowest inhabitant of the town, and he alone is marked out by his employment for inherent opprobrium. He has assistants who practise for 100 *écus* the profession he practises for 16,000.

And he finds assistants!

Much might be written about this agent of our criminal law before we knew his exact place in it. But this subject would necessarily draw us into dissertations unsuitable to this book.

He marries his daughters, when he has any, to provincial executioners. Between themselves they call each other (after the fashion of Bishops) *Monsieur de Paris*, *Monsieur de Chartres*, *Monsieur d'Orleans*, etc., and *Charlot* and *Berger* furnish inexhaustible material for public conversation.

Some worthy cobbler, for instance, will know the history of the hanged and the hangman as a man of good society knows the history of the Kings of Europe and their ministers.

FALSE HAIR

You see that beautiful woman's head, remarkable as it is by its piled-up head-dress and its long floating curls; and you admire their colour, their form, their

contour and elegance. Well! they are not hers. No, they are not hers; they are borrowed from the heads of the dead; and what makes her beautiful in your eyes is the spoil of bodies which were perhaps infected with horrid diseases whose very names would offend her delicacy were they pronounced in her presence. And yet she prides herself on this borrowed hair, she scorns the danger of the injurious influences that it may yet enclose. In fact, people did use necklaces and bracelets of plaited hair, but experience led to their disuse on account of the rash they often produced. Women would much rather put up with the inconveniences of an irritation than renounce their wigs. They meet the violence of the irritation by using "scratchers." The blood rushes to the head, the eyes become red and inflamed, but no matter, she still piles up the altar of her sacrifice. Besides the false hair, an immense cushion forms part of the head-dress stuffed with horsehair and a whole forest of pins, seven or eight inches long, whose sharp points touch the skin. A quantity of powder and pomade into whose composition aromatic herbs enter, irritates the nerves and soon becomes acrid. The necessary action of the skin of the head is stopped and this cannot come about without very great danger. If anything heavy happens to fall on this beautiful head of hers, she risks being pierced and riddled by all those steel darts with which her head bristles. During the hours of sleep this false head-dress and its pins and its foreign substances and dyes are still further compressed by a triple bandage.

The head, thus packed and repacked, is tripled in volume and in a state of inflammation as it lies on the pillow. Maladies of the eyes, of the scalp, spring from this absurd affection for an outrageous head-dress. It is not laid aside during the hours of repose, and the pad, the essential basis of the edifice, is sometimes

left unchanged until its cover is destroyed, if I may venture to say so, by the noisome dirt which gathers under the shining top-knot. Most women grudge the time for the undoing of all this superfluity, for hours of pleasure are precious, and the whole day is given up to the card table and to the dance. No one goes to bed till two or three in the morning, and on the morrow the same life has to be recommenced. Their health gives way, they shorten their days, they lose the little hair that they have, they are afflicted with catarrh, toothache, earache, erysipelas; whereas the village girl and the peasant's wife who keep their heads clean and only use well-washed linen and unscented pomade and powder, experience none of these inconveniences, and keep their hair till they are old, and spread it in the sight of their great-grandchildren when age has whitened it and rendered it more venerable still. Meanwhile the art of the wig-maker in this business of artificial hair has arrived at the highest point of perfection, and the wig, or *Tower* as they call it, so well imitates, to-day, the natural thing that it deceives you whether you are near or far.

TRIFLING OBSERVATIONS

Parisians are much given to rolling their words. And, what is more, they do not notice this fault in their actors, and should these latter fail to be endowed with this particular talent they make haste to acquire it so as to please the public more.

A Parisian finds it infinitely difficult to pronounce the *ll* liquidly, and can never properly pronounce *bouillon* (soup), *paille* (straw), and *Versailles*.

The Parisian women are thin, and at thirty years of age possess no bosom; they despair if they become fat and drink vinegar to preserve their figures. In

provincial society voices are shrill, in Paris the voice is low. All women are addressed as *Madame*, from a duchess to a flower-seller, and soon even spinsters will be called *Madame*, for there are so many unmarried women whose position is equivocal. A stranger will have difficulty in understanding how it is that there are a princess and a prince in the kingdom who are merely addressed as *Monsieur* and *Madame*, and why all the world calls them so. Everyone else is a usurper of these two august titles! A poet, greatly embarrassed by the style of his opening, ended his dedicatory epistle:

"I am, *Monsigneur*, *Monsieur's* very humble," etc.

Every young woman who is not addressed in the second person singular is called a *demoiselle*. *Demoiselles* begin to go about in society without their mothers.

Taste and art are better seen in undress than on great occasions when full-dress is worn.

In Paris men begin to lose their vigour at forty years of age.

Everything is sold on credit: without it a tradesman would sell nothing. He would rather risk a certain amount of loss than not empty his shop. He sells everything at a slightly higher cost, and writes off all that he has lost. In Paris you are not humbled by meeting with small officials, such as governors, deputy-governors, and mayors. Monsieur the President you do not meet, nor the King's procuror, with his haughty and arrogant manner, and men are more equal than anywhere else.

Four men always wear their official robes, but one never meets them: the chancellor, the first president, the attorney-general and the solicitor-general. When you meet a prince of the blood face to face you look at him without bowing and you make way for him out of politeness; he is a man of higher rank

than the other gentlemen, that is all. He is not annoyed at being looked at; it means that he is recognised.

The most extraordinary occurrence only occupies public attention for a week. People of talent, who abound, are only made much of in a moment of exuberance; on the morrow another will be the happy man who profits in his turn by the glow of their enthusiasm. And what is the supreme talent? To be amusing.

If you have a Swiss porter at the door you can refuse payment to whomever you choose; for if you are sufficiently ostentatious there is no harm in being ruined. There are friends at table whose promises disappear with the tablecloth. After entertaining you they believe themselves dispensed from keeping their word.

Women no longer take the needle in their hands, either for the purpose of sewing or knitting; they make filet-lace or embroider on a frame.

All the money from the provinces flows back to the capital and nearly all the money in the capital passes into the hands of courtesans.

Pretty women associate with plain ones, so that they may serve as a background.

Furniture has become most luxurious and costly. You change your furniture every six years so as to procure everything that the elegant fashion of the day decrees as most beautiful. Beds have to be superb, rooms panelled with precious woods, the mouldings in gilt; you are deceived by a stucco that has been invented to imitate marble columns. You tread on carpets worth 30,000 *livres*, which formerly were only used for altar steps.

Beams are no longer seen in houses; they would appear indecently bare. The walls in every room are pierced for the passage of bell-wires, and it is a

special handicraft. You may see a woman drop her handkerchief and ring for it to be picked up. A room is not habitable if it be not sixteen or twenty feet high. The middle classes are better housed than were monarchs two hundred years ago. The footstool is no longer seen save at Court, in the cobbler's shop, or as used by certain other workmen.

A gentleman's servant wears a chased gold watch, lace ruffles, diamond buckles, and keeps a little milliner.

How many people talk with much fluency, because without any trouble they say what it costs them nothing to think!

I believe an inventory of our furniture would greatly astonish one of our ancestors were he to return to this world.

The language of the bailiffs and auctioneers who know the names of this numerous crowd of superfluities is a very detailed language, very rich and entirely unknown to the poor.

Women no longer concern themselves with household matters, unless they are the wives of artisans.

A maiden's honour is her own, she thinks twice before she parts with it; a married woman's honour is her husband's, she considers it less.

The manners of the period have immensely shortened ceremonies, and it is now very provincial to stand on ceremony. Of all ancient and trivial customs that of saying "God bless you" when you sneeze is the only one that still exists. One almost dare boast of having a good stomach, which one would not have dared to do twenty years ago.

Lackeys do not leave the room with the dessert, they remain till the end of the repast. Meals are no longer drawn out, they are shorter, and it is impossible any longer to talk freely or to tell amusing stories.

The public pronounces sentence twice over, the

first time precipitately and without examination, the second time some while later; but the latter sentence has its reason, and generally speaking there is no appeal from it.

I do not advise the good man who has no valet of his own to go and dine in a big house. For you drink only at the servant's discretion. At your modest orders they twirl on their heels, rush to the sideboard to fetch a drink for someone else. Soon the dryness of your throat will prevent you from raising your voice; and your suppliant looks will be no better interpreted than your request. You feel your palate on fire and you can no longer taste any of the viands on the table. You must wait till the end of dinner to moisten your throat with a glass of water. This has become a method of exclusion for people who have no servants. Thus do the rich preserve their tables from too great an influx of guests.

The majority of women only begin their dinner with the sweets.

To be ill in Paris is an avocation. Women choose it by preference, as being the most interesting.

At Court it is the right thing to have one shoulder higher than the other, like a man of letters. Men now wear a very large diamond at the neck and none on their watches.

It is only a man who is completely out of society who will spend all the summer in Paris.

It is the right thing to say on the Pont Royal, "I detest the town, I live in the country." Men are no longer bucolic but the coxcomb is still quite common.

Women of the highest rank cheat at play sometimes with the calmest effrontery. They even have the audacity to tell a player whose money they themselves have placed on a winning card, that they have not put it there... As with royalty, you can only be revenged on them by making the fact known to all

Paris the following day. They pretend to ignore the rumour.

The manners of the lady of quality have become extremely arrogant, while the manners of their lords are very straightforward.

Parisian ladies buy four dresses to one chemise. They possess linen in the provinces and lace in the town.

A work in several volumes is never read in Paris, save when the provinces and foreign countries have decided on its merit.

There is nothing rarer among our monks than to meet the face of a penitent, and young men have a pallid and livid hue which does not always come from dissipation, but from want of exercise.

Our thoughts have grown so subtle that they evaporate and leave nothing behind. Chemistry is the science studied the most. Aristocrats of to-day have as vulgar a mind as the common people; like them they are contemptuous of what they do not understand, and are interested only in childish and silly gossip.

Any journalist is at times, according to his own personal interests, the vilest of flatterers and the most insolent of critics.

In Paris it is impossible to get justice if a great man is your opponent; if he is an aristocrat he promptly gets you non-suited, and the case comes to an end.

A tax-gatherer, after reading the advertisements on a pillar of a book entitled *A Treatise on the Soul*, asked what such a treatise could be; the only thing in which he took no interest, the only thing of whose nature and composition he was ignorant.

Formerly *Bishops* were addressed as *Reverend*, *Most Reverend*; to-day they are called *Monseigneur*, and no one refuses them their title, although it may raise

a smile. Nothing is more odd than to see two Bishops "Monsiegneur-ing" one another with sustained gravity.

Princesses, duchesses, have smoother, easier and more polished manners than have your marquises, countesses and other women of rank, who incline to be impertinent.

> To follow base ways with a bearing bold,
> Invoke the law to hold what plunder brings,
> Stifle your friend the while your arms enfold—
> All this is honour at the Courts of Kings.

These verses of Voltaire's are little known and deserve to be known better.

In the provinces they pretend to affect the manners and the tone of Paris, but the latter are easy, charming and informal, while the manners affected elsewhere are heavy, pedantic and commonplace. Cléon calls Damis his friend: a man whose acquaintance he made twenty-four hours ago; so someone said: This year I have made three hundred and sixty-four friends. It was the 31st of December.

Every town in the kingdom has its eyes on Paris, as much through jealousy as through curiosity. Paris does not trouble herself about any place on the globe, and only thinks of what goes on in her midst, and of what is done at Versailles.

One hears of Lyons, Bordeaux, Marseilles, and Nantes. We believe in the riches of these towns, but not in their amusements, their pleasures, and still less in their tastes.

The title of a provincial academician is a title that draws laughter, and some poetaster, who only frequents cafés, will shrug his shoulders at the name of a man of merit who seems to him ridiculous merely because he writes in the provinces. Paris claims to be the only centre of the Arts, of ideas, of the feeling

for and the writing of literature ; nevertheless only fools are allowed to print their works in France.

The majority of rich Parisians, cosseted in their drawing-rooms and gazing at their reflections in their mirrors, have no dealings with the firmament nor with the starry sky. They look on the sun without gratitude, and without admiration, very nearly as they look upon the lackey who lights their way.

BOOTHS

A long row of booths has lately been set up on the quays, because they are so profitable, but they are not situated to the best advantage. Those on the Quai de la Ferraille, and on the slope to the Pont-Neuf, hide the whole effect.

These booths have usurped the place formerly occupied twice a week by the flower-sellers and their stalls, so on market-days these still come, and place their pots of flowers and small shrubs in front of the booths. So this quay, already too narrow, is greatly encumbered, and the confusion is such that it is difficult to walk about. Once you embark on this street you are bound to walk to the very end, for there are no side streets leading out of it, neither for carriages nor for riders on horseback. Thieves and pick-pockets have a fine time here of an evening. They slip away by the *Arche-Marion*, and as the guard are unable to force their horses through, this quay is dangerous at night.

These booths are very inconvenient on this quay, one of the most popular public thoroughfares in Paris ; but if these small shops block the thoroughfare in most unseemly fashion they certainly swell the purses of those who rent them. Naturally the profit of the leaseholders comes before the public safety and convenience. The recruiting sergeant, that purveyor to the King's

armies, is always to be seen on the Quai de la Ferraille or on that of the Mégisserie. Formerly a barber's assistant, he reappears in this arena in uniform, head held high, and crowned with an aigrette, wearing a long sword on his thigh; he struts about preceded by a drummer, boasting the advantages of the King's service to every man of inches; cajoling the youngsters, making the peasant, the vine-grower, and the labourer all blush for their condition, and trying to put them out of love with their work.

One of these officers in uniform stopped a peasant one day by catching hold of his ragged coat. The latter looked coldly at him and said: "That will do; you might leave me a rag to my back."

These small retailers shut in behind their stalls, boldly violate the Sabbath. The battle that rages over old clothes and rubbish on that day between the upholders of the law and the violaters of it, is not unknown to the pencil of our cartoonist.

A squad of spies walk up and down ready to seize the pots and pans and the old breeches which are hung up as signs, but this squad is preceded by a watchful forerunner, a fellow in the pay of the retailers who warns them of the approaching danger. The goods displayed are withdrawn into the little shops, but they reappear as soon as the soldiers have passed by.

Nevertheless this is the day that the workman who has received his pay on the Saturday evening, or on the Sunday morning, buys his shoe-buckles, shoes, shirts, a vest, or a hammer; for he has but this day on which to buy the things he urgently needs. Breeches are tried on on the side-walks, and the market is interrupted by the young girls descending the stairs of their houses to attend High Mass, and also by the suspicious Guard who pushes open the half-closed doors.

This quay is really a most interesting fair, the haunt of the tatterdemalion; clothes are exchanged; someone will go behind the stall as black as a raven and come out as gay as a parrot. Amid this exchange of frippery, a crowd of women preside over bargains that you could call neither silent nor secret. Tossing the stuff about, they lend an officious hand to garments that are too tight, even to rebellious buttons that do not exactly meet the buttonholes; they are experts in the matter of leather breeches, talk of good taste like academicians, and of the *clinging grace* of the chamois skin. They clothe the customer from head to foot, and while they talk cunningly arrange for a supper with the swineherds.

The soldiers of the watch patrol complacently; for their wives, their children, and their friends, are behind the booths, and they themselves are in the business when they are not on guard.

What attacks on the Sabbath laws are levied by these eager saleswomen, anxious to clothe their neighbours! But above everything public modesty must be respected, and it fits the case to say *Necessity knows no law.*

Thus nothing is wasted in Paris, any more than in the eternal system of Nature.

The atom, the worn shirt, the torn breeches and the broken shoe do not perish utterly; nothing is wasted; nothing; there are always people to be found who can fill these ready-made moulds. These breeches hanging up invite the passer-by, and the temptation is equal to the need.

So, archbishops and magistrates, you must allow the labourer to encase himself anew on the Sabbath, in someone else's patched-up skin. Adam had his fig leaves, and his great grandson, a sinner like himself, supplements his nudity from all along the length of the Quai de la Mégisserie.

DESPOILERS OF CHILDREN

I have just been speaking of certain alleys, and I will now speak of others, where the women whom I am about to describe do not dress the naked, or such as want a coat to go to church in, and to La Courtille. On the contrary these women strip children to possess themselves of their clothes.

Many a long shady alley, amid the tortuous ways of Paris and its great population, is only too favourable to this style of robbery, a style as singular as atrocious.

These women have lollypops and children's clothes already prepared, but of small value; they have an eye for the best dressed children, and in a turn of the wrist possess themselves of good cloth, or silk, or silver buckles, and substitute some coarse rags.

The child is coaxed to do as he is bid, or perhaps it cries . . . in that case an accomplice plays the part of a nursemaid and scolds it, and the passers-by will surely say "naughty little thing it ought to be whipped."

What does the parent say when he sees his poor child again in a wrapping two sizes too large for him and full of vermin? Even what Isaac said in the scripture: "the voice is the voice of Jacob, but the coat . . ."

This form of brigandage can only be exercised in a very large and populous town. The repeated complaints of several parents have made indictable this offence which was not to be found on the Statute Book. A sentence of the Court at the Châtelet was confirmed by decree of Parliament, 8th June, 1779. It condemned a certain female, a lace-mender, to be whipped and branded and sent to the Salpetrière

for nine years, after standing in the pillory under a sign bearing these words: "Despoiler of Children."

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS

The Salon is perhaps the largest hall of formal shape to be found in any palace in Europe. It is only open every other year. Poetry and music do not draw such numbers of amateurs; people go in crowds, in floods, for six whole weeks and their flow never ceases from morning till night; at times it is suffocating.

You will find pictures eighteen feet long and stretching up into the spacious-vaulted roof, and again, miniatures no bigger than your thumb, at the level of the eye.

Sacred, profane, pathetic and grotesque subjects, and subjects historical and fabulous, are piled one on the other; it is confusion itself. The crowd is not more mixed than the pictures they contemplate. Some gaping onlooker takes a personage of fable for a Saint: Typhon for Gargantua, Charon for Saint Peter, a Satyr for a devil; and as the author of *Les Fastes* says: "Noah's ark for the Auxerre coach".

But still the public who have no knowledge of painting make by instinct for what is most striking and most true, for they can judge of truth and the natural touch, and every picture here was made to be judged, in the last resort, by the public eye.

What is wearisome and sometimes repellent is to meet with a crowd of busts and portraits of unknown men or of men in some undemocratic employ.

What are all these financiers to us, these business men, clerks and under-clerks, these long-faced ladies, these Something-Somebodies, these vacant wives of

notabilities with their encarmined cheeks, for women must be painted with their rouge; and moreover they must always smile. The result is that the Salon looks like a gathering of idiots, grotesquely costumed, who laugh at themselves and at one another.

And every face seems to say: my vanity made me pay for this canvas, or this marble. Do all these countenances, which have nothing to raise them above vulgarity, merit the distinction of reproduction? It should only be accorded to distinguished virtue or talent or public service.

If the painter's brush must be in the pay of idle opulence, grimacing vanity, or insolent fatuity, at least let the portrait remain in the boudoir; do not let it affront the gaze of the public in a place where the nation resorts. It is unendurable to see hung on the same line the portrait of an illustrious soldier, of a man of genius, and that of a money-grubber.

While the Salon is open a multitude of textbooks appear written by the envious, the ignorant and the amateur. They pretend to know everything about painting, but generally speaking people who write know nothing; although it is their affectation to introduce many terms from this art into their style.

This output of pamphlets does not check the crowd of sightseers, and a child smiling at some life-like picture destroys every objection of the critic.

When jealousy is aroused between painters themselves it surpasses even that known to the poets.

Historical painters rank themselves above other painters whom they call "genre" painters. Painting in the last century seemed to be enslaved to Church and State. It only worked for the temple and the palace, and this is why historical painters are given to vanity and claim the first rank. But it is their due that they marry fine execution to noble subject-matter.

Just as on our woeful tragedy-stage there is always a King, and the King is always a tyrant, and the dialogue is always of stabbing him, and of robbing him of his crown and of his life, so is painting given overmuch to bloody catastrophes and to a gloomy mania for martyrs, tortures, burnings at the stake, and broken and mutilated limbs. Enter any church and you shall see nothing but executioners leisurely torturing patient saints all over the spandrels.

But the painter's brush so long guided by monkish fanaticism, or lent to the most obvious adulation, has at length returned to more agreeable and pleasing compositions.

Subjects are better chosen; they lean on morality, or patriotism, or illustrate the pastoral age, and the eye is no more revolted by such pictures of tyranny and cruelty as stain the walls of our churches; the notion of honouring the victims of religion is the reason of their existence, but if these are enjoying an ineffable paradise, why pourtray the hideous features of their butchers, and frighten timid and compassionate souls who come to worship and pray?

The manners of to-day are injurious to our young painters. They work less hard than their forerunners, and the greater dissipation of their lives wastes precious time that should be devoted to masterpieces; and libertinage, moreover, degrades the man and his talent. He should rise to the highest, but his pencil weakens in his hand, and cheapens itself and its nature by depicting common things; and a man born to trace the immortal deeds of history turns out a pretty group of cupids nestling at a nymph's thigh.

One can see at the Salon that our French painters find it embarrassing to render our powdered heads and rouged faces; but when it is a question of painting a Councillor in full robes, there is no disguising the matter. There can be nothing more ridiculous in

paint than a man, himself wrapped in black stuff, and with a weathered countenance, in an enormous wig of dazzling whiteness. There could be nothing more discordant in colour; nature offers nothing like it. Such a figure would kill any picture, however perfect otherwise. I have never seen anything anywhere so grotesque and queer looking as the pictures in the Hôtel de Ville or at St. Geneviève, where one sees the full lengths of burghers and merchants in trailing robes and curled wigs, and balloon sleeves, etc. The vagaces of imagination could not create anything odder than the piecing together of such things. All the riostumes of all the peoples of the earth cannot show anything more laughable. Raphael, Titian, Rubens, would have taken these woolly head-dresses for gross caricatures, and extravagances of fancy.

Let our painters abstain henceforth from painting powdered periwigs and black robes. The dress of a Hottentot is a hundred times less foreign to art, and will not offer such harsh and discordant rebuff.

I would say as much of women's rouge, but it jumps to the eye so pronouncedly that I know more than one woman who can no longer endure to see herself reddened in such fashion in her portraits. Some instinct tells them that they may go thus in society, since it is the usage of the day, and when their eyes and features are mobile; but to plaster this mask, the rouge itself, on the canvas is but to immortalize bad taste, and is a disfiguring stain.

The sky of Paris tends to grey, and is scarcely favourable to colour. Painters come from Rome with a fresh and brilliant palette, but lose it insensibly, and the School of the Louvre will always be known by its colouring, which, in general, is inferior to that of other schools.

REMOVALS

Removals ordinarily take place on quarter-days; every three months, from the eighth day to the twentieth, carts, overloaded with furniture, may be seen creaking heavily in all districts. These changes are eternal; some torn armchair betraying ancient usage, travelling from the faubourg Saint Germain to the faubourg Saint Antoine. So it has gone on its wanderings these ten years, following its wandering master, and willingly or unwillingly the whole town must see the travelling close-stool. Even a passing duchess is not exempt.

There are people who move as frequently as our fly-by-nights, because having made new acquaintances they take their furniture with them to every fresh neighbourhood that attracts them. A man flies from some neighbouring annoyance only to meet one unsuspected, and worse. A certain bachelor has removed fifteen times in four years and is still not comfortable; if we follow his track we shall see that he has jumped from street to street, like a bird hopping from branch to branch.

There are nothing but mutual complaints to be heard between the principal tenants and the sub-tenants: a subdivision that it is sometimes difficult to disentangle.

On the same landing there may be four different tenants; who hold leases from one another. By giving you notice six weeks in advance, the proprietor, or principal tenant, has the right to eject you.

The hardest and the most disagreeable term for this moving is Christmas Term. To remove on the 8th or 15th of January, to transport your furniture amid fog and snow and frost, in the space of a very short day, is a hard penalty inflicted on tenants.

Sick or dying, you must nevertheless decamp with your bed; the proprietor has the right to put all your furniture out on the pavement. Could they not forbid this in Christmas Term, owing to the rigours of the season, and institute a police regulation which would postpone all these removals until the Spring? The streets of Paris would be far less encumbered during those months of going to and fro, of calling, etc., and we should not see modest folks' furniture hawked about in the snow, and taking six weeks to lose its unhealthy damp.

Small folk are poorer about the 8th of January than at any other time of the year, and then it is that hospitals fill up.

A poor workman was suddenly enriched in a very singular way some years ago. Passing down a street an old woman stopped him, took him up to a fourth floor and gave him orders to mortar up on her wall a fairly heavy earthen pot. Eighteen months later, passing the same way, he saw one of those swinging signs which hang in front of many shops: "Room to let." He went into the house and asked which room was empty. "One on the fourth floor," they said. "The poor woman who occupied it went and died three or four days ago. Her bed was sold to pay for her funeral." The workman said, "The room will suit me."

He paid something in advance and carried his furniture in; and then at his leisure he dug out from the wall the earthenware jar in which the old woman had hidden her gold.

Why should there not be a law that in such a case an honest man should be awarded a portion of the sum he gives up, considering that he has the power of turning it all to his own use and nobody the wiser? Since the law awards him nothing, I fear that all masons now and hereafter will take all.

WASHING LINEN

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THE DESTRUCTION OF LINEN

There is no town where more linen is used than in Paris or where it is more badly washed. The shirt of a poor workman, a schoolmaster or a clerk, suffers every fortnight from the brush and the washing bat, and the poor wretch's eight or ten shirts are soon worn out, torn and full of holes, and vanish into the hands of the manufacturers of paper.

There must be paper for ministerial letters, and for the inscribing of comic operas, but not at the expense of the poor schoolmaster's shirt. So he who possesses but one or two does not abandon them to the washerwoman's bat; he becomes a washerwoman himself to preserve his shirts. And if you doubt this, go and visit the Pont Neuf on some Sunday in the summer; at four o'clock in the morning there you will see on the river-bank, or at the end of a boat, certain individuals who, clad merely in their outer garments, are washing their only shirt or handkerchief. They hang this shirt eventually on the end of a bent stick and wait to put it on when the sun has dried it.

Others remain in bed until the laundress comes. Their hair is already carefully powdered, but they have as yet no linen.

There is no place on earth, I say it again, where linen is more worn away by washing. A quarter of a mile away you hear the smack of the washerwoman's bat; then comes the turn of the brush; they rasp the linen instead of soaping it; and when it has visited the laundry five or six times it is only good for making lint.

Clerks, musicians, painters, engravers, and poets buy cloth, braid, and even lace; but they buy no linen. A "fine gentleman" only puts on a clean white shirt once a fortnight; he sews lace ruffles on a soiled shirt,

and powders his collar so that you cannot see the stains on his velvet coat. To speak plainly, this is the Parisian; he pays his hairdresser first of all; he needs a hairdresser every day; but clean linen only once a month.

The poor girl makes many complaints over her torn chemises; they fall in ribbons under the washerwoman's bat. Her lover temporises, and before her face dons a coat costing twenty *pistoles* on credit; he will not spend two *louis* at the linen-drapers; he will always put off that expense till the following year.

The Parisian who has not an income of 10,000 *livres* usually has no sheets on his bed, nor napkins; nor shirts; but he will have a repeater-watch, mirrors, silk stockings, and lace ruffles; and when he marries he has to buy the whole of the linen down to the very dishclouts. Households which are not really poor will give you a good dinner; but the tablecloth will be coarse and patched.

A horror of linen: that is the Parisian's motto.

Apparently it is because it is incessantly being torn, and because he dreads the washerwoman's bat and brush.

THE DRESSING OF CHILDREN'S HAIR

At last we are beginning to give up the disfigurement of children's heads by powdering them white, as we formerly did. Nature, having chosen a tint of hair to match the skin, it has been realised that it should not be spoilt at so tender an age. You no longer see on children's heads those rolls and curls and plasterings that our eyes, blinded by custom, had endured too long.

What could be more ridiculous than the way a child of seven was dressed thirty years ago? It had

white powdered hair, it carried a purse, it had a full skirted coat, large cuffs, a hat held under the arm, and a sword at its side. The little gentleman, or lord, already himself very upright, bowed gravely, and was extremely thin. He had neither fists, nor arms, nor legs; but he knew how to sit down, and he could dance the minuet.

A little gentleman of this type was taken to England, and introduced to a boy of his own age, the son of a certain lord, whose fair hair was loose and flowing, his skin clear and firm, his head bare, and his body supple and robust. How did he look? How did he compare? The little gentleman appeared quite dark near him, but on the other hand he was covered with gold lace. He exerted himself vastly to make deep bows at which the English child laughed; and when, according to the French way, the little gentleman wanted to embrace him, the former withdrew with a jump. "No . . . no," he said to his father, "that is no child. You are mocking me . . . it is only a monkey."

Children now have their hair dressed in a manner suitable to their age: no powder, the hair kept to the shape of the head, very clean, and well cut. Childhood has regained the simple characteristics of its charming age.

PASTRY-COOKS AND COOKSHOPS

Pastry-cooks, pork-butchers and cookshops catch the eye on all sides. Their sign-board is the thing itself. You see rolled tongues, hams encircled with bay leaves, plump chickens, rosy pâtés, and sugar-covered cakes all lying before you: you have but to put out your hand and take them; even if you have no appetite you may well do so, if, as according to Boërhaave, the food you prefer has an influence on

the juices of the ſtomach. If at seventeen one prefers the pretty young women in the milliners' shops, at the age of eight or ten one's eyes are fixed on the paſtry-cook's.

When Saint Louis regulated the Statutes of paſtry-cooks in the month of May, A.D., 1270, he confirmed the old cuſtom then prevalent of working on all holidays without any diſtinction, for feaſts and junketings usually take place on Sundays and Saints' days, and from time immemorial Saint Martin's Eve, Twelfth Night, and many other Patron Saints' days have been celebrated by different banquets.

That is the case now; paſtry-cooks are far busier on Sundays and holidays than at any other times. On these days the oven is alight from morning to evening, and the scullions are far more exhauſted when they go to bed than on any other night in the week. The cookshops are sold out and there is not a chicken left.

Modeſt households who have only one fireplace send their meat to be cooked in the paſtry-cook's oven. Fifty suppers cook in the one oven. The cook with his larding pin extracts the gravy from the leg or shoulder of mutton, or from a sirloin; but it is not waſted, he sells it back to you again in small paſties which taſte all the better for it. You pay two *sous* for the cooking of these dishes; the modeſt householder thus saves ten *sous* in wood and his roaſt is dry, blackened, and nearly always burnt.

Round about nine o'clock in the evening, you may see, or rather smell, the roaſt meats being carried forth in their covered dishes. Dirty scullions leave the platters at the ſtreet corners, spill the sauce, and the piping hot dish reaches you all cold.

It is always agreeable to have a good chicken or capon at hand, which only awaits your signal to be placed on the spit and thence on your table. By this

method the friend who comes to call on you is never in the way. You welcome him without embarrassment. There are wretched countries where even by paying in gold you get neither fowl nor succulent pastry, but in Paris 1200 cooks are always at your disposal; you are served in the wink of an eye, nothing could be more convenient nor more fitting to strengthen the fond ties of friendship, for no sooner is the tablecloth laid than the dishes are spread, and appetite smiles on friendship.

RATS

The quantity of rats in Paris is beyond imagination. Hidden during the winter in the piles of wood on the quays, in summer they come down to the river-banks, and then they are of enormous size. Entire companies inhabit underground and dig extraordinary excavations; they enter the cellars when the river rises, and gnaw everything they find.

So in those districts near the river a whole army of cats is kept to fight the rats. The latter are so large that they do not fear the proudest Tabby of them all, and the fight is carried on by nearly equal forces.

Servants are forced to multiply rat-traps and to take extra care to keep victuals and candles from falling to the voracious animals. They multiply so that many houses are troubled with them, and fear the plague of ancient Egypt.

In vain a tall man walks the streets of Paris holding a long rod on which the swollen corpses of poisoned rats are suspended, the remedy is worse than the evil. Arsenic, or *death to rats*, carelessly sprinkled in open cellars, has caused too many accidents, so one has recourse to the cunning animal of whom Montcrif was the historian. So while the lower part of houses in inhabited by this gnawing population, the roofs are

crowded with cats who disturb your slumbers by their caterwauling.

In full daylight amidst one of these amorous combats, a tom-cat has been known to fall on people's heads, hurled down by his victorious rival who has flung him from the tiles.

The story of *lost cats* is extremely interesting. In many houses they try and get them back, but it would be against the law to restrain them by force or fraud, and it is even forbidden to coax them back. Lost dogs have always been advertised for. A devotee gave a precedent by advertising for her lost cat who was wearing a rose-coloured ribbon round its neck; and you could see at the foot of the advertisement a permission for it to be printed and published.

Sometimes in the Cemetery of the Innocents, where 50,000 skulls are arranged in semicircles, a miracle is witnessed; a death's head that rolls about by itself, and the crowd run to look. It is a rat who has got into the skull and cannot get out as easily as he got in. In the charnel-houses, the most terrifying sight in the world, rats live among the human bones, upset them, move them and seem to give life to this city of the dead, who show to the growing generation the place they will fill on these steps, where the broken scraps of humanity are placed, not according to the rank they formerly occupied, but according to their physical size. They all go to make the same chalky soil. Yes, earth to earth, the proudest potentate lies side by side with a man of the lowest class.

But whither have my rats led me?

THE KING'S PLEASAUNCE

All the land reserved for the King's sport is called His Majesty's Pleasaunce. This land includes all the surroundings of Paris, and the gun is a weapon as

strange to the inhabitants of our town as it is to those of Pekin. So you may perceive partridges in every field, perfectly tame, picking up the corn and not taking alarm at the passer-by. Hares are less timid than elsewhere, indeed you might think they were aware that Parisians must respect them, for they will sit up on their tails and watch you pass.

Sometimes the King will allow three or four years to pass before he will honour with his presence land covered with game. He appears: and fifteen to eighteen thousand birds fall to the guns, but the partridges and hares which have escaped on this fatal day live on in safety and many die of old age.

The gamekeepers carry out their business very strictly; the smallest offence of that kind is vigorously punished. A burgher may not buy a hare that may have been shot in the fields, for fear of being thought an accomplice of its death. Should a wounded partridge come to die in your garden, you must restore it. The gamekeepers wage a bitter war against all dogs, even against lap-dogs, and shoot them down at the feet of their weeping and lamenting mistresses. So when we walk rather far afield we take care to shut our little lap-dog up at home, through fear of his falling a victim to the avenging lead in His Majesty's Pleasaunce. For the same reason there are paths you may not follow. At every step you come across incontestable laws, the laws of a chase which belongs entirely to princes; and the latter, on their own property, pursue the rulings that obtain in the environs of the city. You have to make a cast of thirty miles to avoid this thicket of prohibitions. I am not speaking of the inroads made by financiers, squires, and ecclesiastics on their own country properties; their shooting only drives all the game towards Paris, and the hare which was coursed over the vast plains of Picardy or the Beauce, is served up on some long silver dish

which decorates a table in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré.

We eat a great many partridges shot by the King himself, or by the princes; so it is no vulgar lead that the burgher finds between his teeth. The spoils of the princes' shooting furnish the dinner tables.

PORTRAIT PAINTERS

They are always the busiest of all, and vanity is the reason for it. After admiring the reflection in the mirror a man longs to see himself on canvas. But who sees himself as he really is in the mirror? Who does not beautify himself by some special vision peculiarly his own? The physiognomy of the fool is not foolish in his own eyes. He may confess his folly, but he will never say, "I look like a fool."

These painters work in miniature, or in enamel; they lavish graces on their sitters; and even men love to be flattered.

Women often have their portraits painted; they visit their favourite painter for the purpose, and an artist's wife who knows what's what, knows who ought to be present to offer advice and direct the brush which is to make beauty eternal. When the painter's eye cannot embrace every detail, there must be someone present to show appreciation. The appraiser never fails to offer his advice, because to depict beauty in its true light depends on the eye that knows how to appraise it.

The painter acknowledges that he is not as quick at seizing an impression nor as subtle as the appraiser, so he accepts all his remarks with amiability. Some women will spend three months being painted. Their love of art is so great, that they cannot tear themselves away from the studio and the clever brush

there wielded. Moreover, the rooms are furnished charmingly, with great taſte; there is no attraction lacking. The appraiser enters juſt at the right moment. The artiſt is also a man of parts, and his wife is charming. Why should not a woman who passionately loves painting prolong and multiply sittings till the portrait is passably life-like, and such as she may offer to her husband. How complacent and charming her face muſt be!

One woman when making this gift of herself exclaimed with great naïveté "Truly, my dear, it is no copy that I give to you." Your ordinary citizen makes the painter come to him, and invites the firſt whose name he knows. He does not fail to be present when the second-rate brush makes a cheap picture of his wife, and smiling foolishly, he himself airs his beſt manners. The woman smirks, and the painter makes her uglier and more simpering even than she is.

The portrait finished, the husband, on his wife's entreaties, takes her place, and lets them paint his large face under its beſt wig. His vulgar phiz will adorn a bracelet that his wife will wear all her life. Nothing could be worse done. The clumsiness of the painting surpasses that of the sitter. The two badly executed portraits, though not entirely lacking in resemblance, will be none the less offered for admiration to the whole family and to all their friends, and then these burlesque effigies will serve to mark the higheſt degree of marital affection. The artiſt is sometimes a witness to the transports excited by his work, and he congratulates himself; his heavy glistening painting is wet with tears, the couple is so moved. They kiss it, they pronounce it a maſterpiece. The lady simpers on her husband's snuff-box, and the husband glowers from his wife's showy bracelet. There are moments when the couple are exactly like their portraits.

A whole crowd of daubers live by their wretched brushes, and there are whole classes of similar performers. They paint as some barbers dress hair. But time goes by, and the badly painted head with its ill-dressed hair will be none the less handed down to future generations, for in the middle class your poor brush may yet pretend to the honours of immortality.

HOUSEKEEPERS

To get married is no easy matter in Paris, especially for a man of middle age and of modest fortune. Not to speak of the independence which all women claim, it is exceedingly costly to keep a woman, and to satisfy her desires and the changing caprices which fashion decrees. Those who are not sufficiently rich, or are of economical habit, or wish to possess their liberty, take a housekeeper, that is to say a concubine, who appears scarcely at all, and whose power is limited to domestic affairs, looking after the house and the table, and dining with the master when he is alone.

There is nothing commoner in Paris than an arrangement of this kind, since women have developed this unbridled desire for dress and pleasure. Among the middle classes we see them disdaining to look after their houses, abandoning them to servants, shuddering at the very word kitchen, and telling their husbands that they did not bring him a dowry of forty thousand *francs* to have to look after the linen. So you understand that this marriage portion of forty thousand *francs* makes the wife of a small citizen froward, and permits of her paying the milliner, but not the butcher. The wife of a Field-Marshal, of a Lord Justice, may very easily be his companion, but from necessity the wife of a tradesman, a clerk, or an artisan is more or less his servant.

Proud of her dowry, the middle-class wife has her marriage settlement arranged after the mode of a prince or a duke, and learning that princesses and duchesses do not always obey their august spouses neither does she desire to be submissive. The marriage contract makes that woman haughty and exacting, who as a maiden sat with downcast eyes and used a modest tone. Discord and disorder reign where subordination should obtain, and as the knot is indissoluble the evil has no remedy.

Once men have seen this reversal of the natural order they dread marriage as a chain which would, so to speak, only affect themselves. They have sought women who know how to obey and how to fulfil those domestic duties for which they are constituted. He who has found an intelligent housekeeper of unruffled temper lives in peace. What goes to make the comfort and sweetness of life is a variety of small attentions constantly renewed, which taken singly mean nothing, but collectively, make for constant gratification. These trifling acts count for much in a happiness based on tranquillity and repose. That is why a woman who appears both ugly and tedious makes some man completely happy, who prefers her to any other because every hour gives birth to some small service which in its turn produces a certain small pleasure. Now small pleasures have not the drawbacks of great ones which exhaust; they afford delight but not fatigue. The valetudinarian man of letters, the man of the world who finds himself lonely, the ecclesiastic whose position isolates him, put themselves in the hands of a housekeeper. The latter, usually subtle and adroit, gains the ascendant over her master, who by his complacence pays for her good offices. Some, assuming their rights, have led their masters into matrimony, others have dictated his will, and it is no small matter to be housekeeper to a

rich elderly man. His nephews, who both detest and fear her, pay her court, each in turn asking her for a word in their favour. The uncle dies, she retires with a good income and her savings, and leaves them to quarrel over their inheritance.

When laws can no longer act as a restraint on manners, they ought to follow them and change gradually as they do. In former days there were concubines who formed a mixed society; it was suppressed at the wrong moment, but it is reviving again because it is found to go of necessity with a large population. It is impossible that the same contract should suit every condition and every state. The indissolubility of marriage entails numberless drawbacks, and separation established by the Courts is more dangerous than divorce in that it leaves two human beings completely isolated. Everything points to the need for change in this part of our legislation, in the interest both of religion and State. It lies with the Sovereign to modify our political laws in this respect.

Meanwhile, let us be fair in our judgment; if these women have no place in society disdain should not be their portion. Let us keep that for women given up to vice, and accord our pity and our indulgence to those whose circumstances have led to a condition that it is still possible for them to ennoble. We must not pander to vice, but neither must we discourage weakness, or treat it as a crime.

Would it not be wiser to point out to such a one that she may still pretend to be esteemed of men and to self-esteem, if she efface her faults by her virtues? For weakness does not stifle the higher qualities of the soul.

More than one housekeeper has known how to become esteemed in her employment; for instance, she who ultimately became the wife of the great Jean-Jacques Rousseau. She owed her great ascendancy

over him to her indefatigable care of him and her patience under the greatest test.

Does this mean that men whose genius is their portion are fated to be ruled by women who appear to have nothing in common with them?

LYING-IN

Lying on her couch, wrapped in linen of the finest, lost amid a mass of pillows of all sizes, you can only see a delicate froth of lace and knots of fluttering ribbon, but this is her throne and here she lies, awaiting her visitors, prepared for admiration down to the very bed-coverlet.

A nurse stands at the door sniffing at everyone who enters, and asking, "Have you no scent about you?" One lady of quality makes answer as she passes, "No, only my own."

A scented atmosphere envelops her and fills all the room. One is told not to talk to the young mother, but the interest taken in the pain she has endured is so great that one must fain tell her how one has lain awake all night oneself. This compliment is paid by all the women in turn. After praising the young mother's courage, they praise her laces, and the way she is dressed. Every second moment we are told to speak softly, and she who gives this counsel is the first to raise her voice on high.

Formerly men did not enter the bedchamber, but now they join the circle, and it is only in such circumstances that men nowadays are capable of showing any fine feeling. The young mother receives many compliments on her complexion, where the roses have but paled. Her languor makes her only more beautiful, but when her husband arrives, his manner is embarrassed and he appears so awkward that, in spite of

all the patient's coquettish airs, he is unable to bear the gaze of the assembled company and promptly disappears.

The young mother in town lacks that greatest of charms, and one which would add a most reputable air to her condition, the child in its cradle awaiting its first sustenance from its mother's breast. There was a time when women nursed their own children, but this was merely a fashion, and has passed away.

Life in Paris will always be beset with obstacles to this sacred duty. I have noticed that no one is courageous enough to speak to the father or the mother of the new-born infant.

When a woman is well enough to get up after twelve days, she must wait till the 21st to appear in society again. Before that, when anyone comes in, she must fall back on her couch, appear enervated, languid, able to receive thirty visitors, but unable to walk in the garden and enjoy the fresh air.

They say nowadays that a dying woman should receive her friends up to the moment of her dissolution. Only her intimate friends, be it said, but she has so many that the room is always full.

The threshold of death is never to be unattended; and it is a conventional duty to go and visit the dying person in swarms.

In the crisis of a fever you must be surrounded by relations and friends; they crowd up to the bed-curtains. People nowadays must have stronger nerves, for in former times our ancestors were disturbed by the movements of their servants alone.

Those who do not visit the sick send twice daily for news, and above all desire to know the name of the doctor. He becomes a prophet, and people of the world know how many days a duchess can hold out under a certain doctor's orders. There are some illnesses when the doctor infallibly dispatches his

patient, and the coachman himself knows that in a week's time he will have no need to pull up his horses at the front door; so he also enquires what the illness is. Then he shakes his head and predicts the end.

ENTHUSIASM

This word is held up to ridicule more than ever before, and this century has succeeded in decrying every noble, free, and generous emotion under this name. Souls are no longer allowed to soar, youth itself has no longer the right to be passionate.

Enthusiasm, that celestial emanation, the originator of so many great deeds, an emotion that does honour to human nature and ennobles it, is turned to derision in our clubs; it is said to be a passing and dangerous effervescence, a deceptive warmth, or a madness; in fact the word *enthusiastic* has become an insult.

Nevertheless enthusiasm is the creator of great men; and, as Montaigne says, "the originator of miracles". But who realises the value of these words to-day? So many men of frigid, small, and self-centred mind have put the polish of marble before frankness and originality, that we find ourselves obliged nowadays to apologise for virtue as well as for eloquence. We are forced to wonder what the words warmth, patriotism, and love of the public weal, may mean.

In a period of inertia, when no decisions are come to, and in a nation where it is dangerous to leave the beaten track, the Chevalier de Jaucourt has asked, with apparent reason, what the churchwarden of Saint Roch would do had he the soul of a Cato; or a captain of the watch that of Marius or Cæsar.

Perhaps we might make answer: the first named would administer the funds of his parish more

honestly; he would impose himself on his fellows, he would expose and hold in check many small abuses, he would set up useful institutions for the poor in his district. The second would work with sustained activity, keeping his troops of men in good working order and severely disciplined, he would prevent crime or follow up the guilty with such rapidity that they would be unable to escape. In the tumult of a crowd, his presence of mind, his firmness, his proud bearing would quiet and control the multitude.

So a noble, vigorous, and active mind is capable of anything. The great mistake, and the great misfortune of our own century is to be timorous about everything and to estrange noble natures. A man of fine character is rarer than a man of genius among us; and amid the crowd struggling for places there are no men who envisage life as a whole and who are capable of judging objects from a height. Everything is lost in a mass of detail, attention is fixed on minutiæ, and fails to grasp the whole scheme of things. Their outlook lacks that vitality of soul which widens the horizon.

THIEVES' TRICKS

Thieves, having to do their utmost under the very vigilant eye of authority, have all the more need of adroitness and cunning. Defence has become almost as ingenious as attack. Their master stroke would be to come to an understanding with the police officers in charge, but as that is impracticable they are forced to have recourse to astute tricks which are always being varied.

The hand that withdraws a gold snuff-box, a watch, or a purse, is light and supple; but it has practised on a lay figure suspended on a cord, whose pocket must be picked without the figure being stirred. The

clever hand is shaped by degrees, and cupidity renders it adroit and sure; but how does it come about that the thief's tongue carries a presence of mind at its tip which is often turned to such great advantage?

A man who had just received some money in payment from a notary was returning home in a hired coach. The coachman who failed to remember the name of the street he had been told, got off his box and opened the door to ask for it again. He found his man stone dead. At his first ejaculation a crowd assembled. A thief who was passing pushed his way through the crowd, crying out pathetically: "It is my father! Unhappy being that I am!" And with every sign of the greatest grief, weeping, sobbing, he gets into the carriage, and embraces the dead man. The crowd, touched, melts away, saying, "What a good son!" The swindler drives on in the carriage with the dead man and the bag of money, till, pulling up at a door, he tells the coachman that he wishes to prepare his sister for the terrible accident that has occurred. Getting down, he shuts the door, leaving the dead man stripped of all he has on him. The coachman, after a long wait, asks in vain at the house for the missing man, and his sister. Neither he, nor the sister, nor the dead man is known there.

There was a time when, on the requisition of the Archbishop, abbés were prosecuted for visiting a certain class of woman. The abbé's only distinction was that he wore a violet or chestnut coloured habit, sometimes a short cloak and bands. It was generally during their evening walk that these abbés would accost such women. A swindler, having meditated disguising himself as a temporary police officer patrolled the walk, and as soon as he perceived an abbé speaking to a woman he kept him in sight. When the abbé left her again he went up to him showing his ivory wand of a sudden, and said: 'You

know what you have just done, Monsieur l'abbé. I arrest you in the King's name."

The poor abbé, trembling, stepped into a coach and asked where he was being taken. "To the Archbishop's Prison," replied the mock police officer. "To the Archbishop's Prison! Ah! . . . Monsieur!" . . . He endeavoured to mollify his conductor, putting it to him how profoundly his reputation would suffer. Soon the inexorable mock police officer would compound with his prisoner, taking all the money he had on him. He carried out this lucrative business until the magistrate, having been informed, had a police officer disguised as an abbé; the latter played his part in the Tuileries so as to draw the attention of the mock-police officer. When it came to his showing his wand, and the King's order, the abbé drew a similar one from his pocket, saying, "Here is the real one, Monsieur . . . follow me."

And then was seen what never had been seen before, a police officer in an abbé's cloak arresting a policeman in blue and actually conducting him to the Archbishop's Prison where that other had feigned to conduct so many. I wish some good-humoured draughtsman would publish a print on the subject; one ought to be able to see the physiognomy of the police officer showing under his priesthood; and the impostor who has donned the coat of the officer should not have too much of that cold and piercing gaze which at once divines the swindler, and impresses him. The mutual surprise, the confronted staves, audacity defeated; all this should make a very amusing print.

In the year 1754 and in the month of June, a bankrupt, worried over the confusion and disorder of his affairs, bethought himself of the following stratagem. He secretly procured the body of a dead man of his own height and colouring, and had it borne to his country house; he took care to clothe it in the same

linen and clothes that he had been seen wearing on the day of his disappearance. Then, having discharged a pistol shot in the face of the corpse to disfigure it and make it unrecognisable, he took flight in different clothes. While his death was being deplored he reached England. So this cheat paid his creditors with a corpse, and a pistol shot that harmed no one.

There are far more thieves in Paris than robbers. It is the contrary in London. The Englishman disdains pocket-picking; he is ashamed of stratagem; he either attacks or bursts open doors. Here the artful theft is more common than violence; one has to be on one's guard day and night; everything has to be locked and bolted. A door may not remain ajar with impunity. The thief, gliding with wolfish tread, puts his hands on everything, invisibly, and one dare not, even in the day time, trust anything within the public reach.

THE ROUÉ

It is a term brought into use by exceedingly good society, as it calls itself. But how did society come to adopt an expression which awakens the notion of crime and punishment, and apply it so light-heartedly?

People speak even of an *amiable roué*. Whatever is an amiable *roué?* asked a foreigner who thought he knew French. Well, he is a man of the world who has neither virtue nor principle, but who lends his vices distinction, and a seductive exterior, by means of his wit and charm.

We have here, then, a complex notion which has given rise to a new term. People say it is not every *roué* who is broken on the wheel. People say of a man of rank who is licentious, he is a great *roué;* his effrontery and audacity justify his vices and his ambition; if he carry all before him and vanquish his

rivals he may bear the epithet of honourable, and if he fall he forfeits it.

If foreigners are surprised that such a word should have naturalised itself in the language, they must know that detestable pleasantries of the sort—hangman's jokes, we may say—have circulated for long past and are still current in every mouth.

An abbé was hanged thirty years ago for forging banknotes.

At the foot of the scaffold the wretch clung to the ladder, and the executioner said to him: "Come! up with you, Monsieur l'abbé, don't be a child." All Paris repeated the dreadful words.

A drunkard reeled out of a tavern on the Place de Grève. There had been an execution, it was after nightfall, and the victim was screaming on the wheel, the pain drawing oaths and imprecations from his mouth. The drunkard took the curses to himself and, turning towards the scaffold, said: "You may be a *roué*, but you might still be polite." Paris was charmed with the story, which had the greatest success in every gathering.

At the execution of Damiens an academician[1] elbowed his way through the crowd for a closer view of the ingenious tortures inflicted by the executioners; the chief executioner saw him and said: "Let the gentleman pass, he is an amateur." And there you have another story told with laughter at every turn.

Madame du Châtelet seeing Monsieur de Voltaire downcast and silent for several days, told her company, who asked what was the matter with him. "You would never guess, but I know what it is; for three weeks past people in Paris have been talking of nothing but the execution of this notorious robber who died with so much fortitude. Monsieur de Voltaire has

[1] *The Academician* was George Selwyn.

had enough of it, for they talk no more of his tragedy; he is jealous of the *roué*."

The French academy will have to admit this word into its dictionary as a very familiar term in that good society which pretends to give the tone to Europe; it is a civility paid and returned.

The words, *traitor*, *foresworn*, *wicked*, have lost their colour. But one does not care to say at first sight, he is a *scoundrel*, the expression seems rather too strong; and so one says he is a *roué*, and the man's vices whether shining or hidden are apparent to all.

Oh, ye French people, if those gallant and loyal knights, your ancestors, reappeared on earth, what would they say to such language?

So it is that terms become more outrageous even as sensibility diminishes. But how are our neighbours who are without these brilliant notions, to translate the word? What would they say to the following, which is cited as a naïveté, and an oddity of speech? A woman is accused of having poisoned her husband, who is wasting away, and she cries: "Open him, and you will see that your accusation is false."

The execution of Damiens and the atrocities of Desrues frequently recur in conversation with appropriate comment; the characters and speeches of famous assassins are analysed, and when people coming out of the Opera talk of the reform of criminal jurisprudence, *roués* on the Place de Grève are spoken of as well as *roués* about the Court.

And now that men reck little of their good reputation they are the less offended by the terms people employ when characterising them.

It was said of the author of the *Liaisons dangereuses:* he has the pen of a "*roué*", but he did not take the epithet in bad part. He was thereby assimilated to those people of "exceedingly good society" and assured of immortality by a word.

A BUREAU THAT IS NEEDED IN PARIS

Among so many bureaux that annoy or pilfer you, and while receipts for sixpence must have their official signature; while everything must be endlessly written by that crowd of automatic clerks who ought henceforth to be recommended to the art of Vaucanson, there lacks one bureau which would be of infinite use. And that would be a register wherein every man who needs work, of whatever kind, would offer himself, giving his age, his dwelling-place, and his capabilities. On the other side, a similar register would take down all the possible employments open. Then some intelligent person, comparing them, would draw together employer and employee.

Is it not by what we call *chance* that, among a crowd of unoccupied folk, some find employment?

Why not hasten their chance, or rather help its conception in some town where there is a multitude of requirements and so many people who seek work. Few rich men but have need of a poor one; few poor men but have need of a rich one. The whole matter lies in making them known to one another. What! Here is a man of muscle, or of talent, and there is no place for him in the world!

A humble advertisement is of no use in this matter; it is only by interest with a journalist that the request of some poor wretch gets known to the public. Registers that were always open to the people, and that anyone could consult at any time, and clerks clever at bringing people together, a characteristic kindliness on the part of the administrators, would make the mass of out-of-work people disappear, or would leave them no excuse for being so.

And who knows whether this plan could not be extended to include marriage? When you think

that a single meeting has alone sometimes determined a good fortune, or a happy union, would not anyone be willing to come to the assistance of inexperience and blindness; for we all pass one another by without recognition. Who shall bring us together? Who shall enlighten us on the bearings of our situation?

The man who best deserves the title of benefactor, is not the one who gives money, for money is soon gone again, but he who prevents that do-nothingness which stupefies and deadens the faculties of mankind.

Let the ministry make me the director of such a bureau, and I would publicly undertake to demonstrate its good and salutary effects in less than four years. I would divorce a multitude of men from idleness and vice. No talent should remain sterile, and even where it concerns a fool I may boast of knowing where to place him even more easily than a man of parts.

CONFESSORS

If the practice of going to confession is gradually disappearing, if it is has entirely vanished from the upper classes, it is not for want of confessors. They sit in their surplices in the confessionals which are backed against the pillars of the churches. Their presence invites you to enter them; you have but to kneel down. The priest hears your sins through a small barred window. A number distinguishes one confessional from another, so that you may know to whom you must complete the confession you have begun; and this enables you to avoid demanding absolution from a priest who might say to you: *Nescio vos.*

On each side may be found two groups of sinners awaiting their turn; it is a case of who goes next, and

sometimes there are disputes as to who is to go into the box. There are muttered complaints against those who occupy the confessional for too long a time.

The young girl who goes to confession with her mother takes care to cut it short, and the latter does the same; all to forestall certain suppositions on either side. The confessors who have plenty of custom are not a little proud, and when they open their wooden huts they regard with satisfied eyes the troop of half-contrite penitents holding a book or a rosary in their hands. This troop is generally composed of women of the middle-classes, some sincere and others hypocritical, and several old men thinking of their latter end, and of a good many servants whose mistresses would look upon them as thieves did they not go to confession.

School children are forced to attend; and when the confessor has heard one he absolves the whole band.

Some confessors delight in the secret functions of their ministry. They may do good; they may do harm; it is according to the man's own character. There are some who devote themselves to the purifying of the consciences of burglars, coach drivers, or chimney-sweeps. Mortal sins crudely assail their unamazed ears, while barely a yard away, delicately veiled sins, rather glimpsed at than avowed, thrill the auditory nerve without wounding it.

Must a marquise kneeling at the priest's feet, confess herself like a fishwife? If the absolution be the same, nevertheless is not the tone of the *confiteor* very different? But the confession of a woman of quality is a piece of good fortune that does not often come the way of a parish priest. The ordinary confessors have lost the chart of the ways and windings of their darling sins; they are only thoroughly con-

versant with commonplace sins, which do not vary among the mass of the people, who wander from the path of virtue from habit rather than from taſte.

Often when the confessional has been ignored for twelve or fifteen years, a man falls in love and wants to get married. He thinks that he may go ſtraight off to the altar, giving his hand to his beloved, and thence to the marriage-bed; but without passing through the confessional there can be no sacrament, and no conjugal rejoicing. The happy moment is poſtponed, and the lover grows anxious. His sweetheart says laughingly to him: "Have you been to confession? It does not affect me . . . go and make your confession." To whom shall he go? Everything is ready, the wedding portion, the feaſt, the bouquet, the bride, and he will have none of them if he does not go to confession beforehand.

So it happens that wandering about a church he peeps from the corner of his eye at a confessional with its prieſt. He examines it, he enters it furtively, greatly embarrassed, but love which works miracles of all kinds obliges him to murmur the *confiteor* over his clasped hands. He has forgotten it; all he knows is that he is in love and in a hurry. His memory runs on love songs, but has retained no formula for penitence. Neither can he say his *credo* nor his *pater* any better, though not a man who lacks words. But trained father-confessors are used to seeing bridegrooms arriving on the eve of their marriage. They guess who they are, and usually treat them fairly, satisfied as they are with their temporary submission to the Church, and with the rather forced homage rendered to its power.

So they issue the licence with a good grace, lacking which they well know he would be unable to form the bond of his future happiness.

The priest argues thus: if he has the complaisance to give the licence, he knows that it will be followed by a mass, then by a baptism, and that the church will profit thereby. A good confessor having treated a bridegroom very well under these conditions, the latter, holding his confessional certificate thought it would be amusing to retrace his steps and say to the priest, "I do not know, Monsieur, if I have made a good confession, but you have forgotten to give me a penance." The priest, who was a man of wit, made answer, "Did you not tell me, Monsieur, that you were about to be married?"

Confessors have been libelled; people have said that certain religious sold these indispensable licences for an *écu* of six *livres*, and a bottle of wine. There is no man who would be willing to cast dishonour on his calling, his person, or his monastery, for the bait of such a modest sum. A scandalous exception should not be taken for a custom.

It is more seemly, instead of having recourse to this subterfuge, to go and find a priest, and to tell him plainly what is the matter; and out of twenty ecclesiastics nineteen will serve you with magnificent politeness and you will have no ground for complaint.

No priest may hear confession without a faculty from his Archbishop. The nuns of Sainte-Catherine, rue Saint-Denis, having rejected the confessor that the late Christophe de Beaumont had appointed them, and he having persisted in his refusal to remove the interdiction from the priest they demanded, these holy women passed several years without either confession or communion. They awaited his death, and the new Archbishop has just raised the interdiction from the priest of their choice.

LITTLE BLACKAMOORS

The monkey, which women doted on, allowed in their dressing-rooms and called to sit on their knees, has been relegated to the antechamber.

The parrot, the greyhound, the squirrel, the Angora cat, have each in turn attained the next rank to the abbé, the magistrate, and the army officer. But these cherished beings have lost their value all at once, and women have taken to little Blackamoors. These dusky Africans arouse no fear in beauty's eyes; they are born in the bosom of slavery. But who is not the slave of beauty?

The little Black Boy never forsakes his fond mistress; burnt by the sun he appears only the more beautiful. He clambers on the knee of some charming woman, whose regard lingers on him with complaisance. His woolly head is pressed against her bosom, his lips are laid on a rosebud mouth, and his ebony hands show up the dazzling whiteness of a snowy neck.

The caresses of a little negro with his white teeth, thick lips and satin skin are better than those of a spaniel or a pussycat. So he is preferred; he is ever close to those charms which his childish hand unveils in wanton sport, as if he were made to understand all their value. And even while this dusky child is living in the lap of women who are enamoured of his queer features and flattened nose, even while the gentle caress of a soft hand chastises him for his waywardness by some slight pat soon effaced by more ardent endearments, his father is groaning under the whip of a pitiless master, and is toiling painfully in the sugar-cane fields. Meanwhile the little nigger drinks the sugar in the same cup with his laughing mistress.

PART II

THE ANGLICISED FOP

IT is the mode among our young men of to-day to copy the Englishman in his dress. A financier's son, a young man of family, a business clerk, wear the long narrow coat, the hat well down on the head, thick stockings, the full cravat, gloves, short hair, and carry a light cane. Nevertheless, none of them has ever seen England, neither do they understand one word of English.

All this is very well, for to be thus clad entails clean linen and sobriety. But when you begin to discuss matters with the so-called Englishman, at the first word you recognise an ignorant Parisian. He tells you we must take Jamaica, and he does not know where Jamaica is situated; he confuses India with the American continent; he dresses like a citizen of London, walks with his head high, gives himself the airs of a republican; but have a care not to enter into serious conversation with him, for you will find no more intelligence in his head than in that of a doorkeeper at the Châtelet.

My foolish youth, resume thy French exterior, resume thy lace, thy braided coat, and thy hair done in the fashion of the day; stick a little hat under thine arm, and wear thy watches with their dangling charms. Other people's clothes will not suffice thee for brains and character; retain thy national costume which suits thee. 'Tis the costume for talking nonsense on all subjects, displaying all the graces where-

with thine ignorance provides thee. Shall we never adopt anything from the English save their dress? They have their fops, but their foppishness originates in pride, while ours is merely a yielding to childish vanity. They have their devotees of vice also, but fewer than has any other country because in any other country they would find themselves obliged to play the hypocrite. They are thieves also, but their thieves possess some sense of justice; they do not despoil you entirely, they share with you, neither do they draw blood like the French thieves. May it be long before I am the victim of an English thief! But our highway robbers are no further advanced than our modish fops, imitators as they are of English ways.

Shopkeepers put on their sign-boards "English shop". Tavern-keepers have the word "Punch" engraved on their windows in English letters.

Our dandies wrap themselves in redingotes from London with their triple collars and small cape. Small boys have their hair dressed flat to the head and unpowdered. You may see their father leaving his house, clad in heavy broad-cloth, stooping as he hurries in English fashion.

For some time women have worn the elegant hat whose fashion has come to us from the banks of the Thames. Horse-racing at Vincennes reminds one of Newmarket. And finally we have scenes from Shakespeare put into verse by Monsieur Ducis, with admirable effect. So we are no longer so afraid of our enemies. We find ourselves familiarised with the forms we rejected with such arrogance and disdain thirty years ago. But have we adopted the best? Does there not remain something quite different from Punch, jockeys, or even scenes from the great Shakespeare?

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

It is impossible to enter the Foundling Hospital without deep emotion. In one large room there are more then two hundred new-born infants, lying in small cradles ranged side by side. These little innocent beings who, through shame, poverty, or want of feeling have been abandoned to this charitable institution, have all been deserted by their parents. To charity they will own their first drop of milk, and they would perish without the hand that has helped them. Could you find a more touching picture in the whole world?

To whom do these children belong? A prince, a cobbler, a man of genius, or an imbecile may be their procreators; there beside a child of Jean-Jacques Rousseau may slumber that of Cartouche; in this crèche, in these cribs side by side, the most aristocratic blood may mingle with the most degraded. What thoughts these ideas give birth to! Parted forever from their mother's breast, deprived of the loving caresses, and the vigilance of her care, they will never receive those early lessons which are engraved so ineffaceably on one's memory; they will never murmur that sacred word Mother.

Should fate smile on them, should fortune load them with its gifts, they will never sit at their father's knees.

Eight thousand children are left at this place every year. They are taken in at any time, without inquiry as to whence they come, and the following day they are sent away to the country in the care of paid nurses, who take two at a time. About half die in the first two years. All these feeble creatures, marked at birth with the stamp of poverty, swaddled in clothes that commiseration has cut out with its economical scissors, are destined to a life of toil and hard work. The active charity which helps them to exist is yet

powerless, for the numbers weaken its resources, which though abundant become insufficient. It is very surprising that adoption, known to the Romans, respected by savage tribes, is not the custom with us. The mass of poor people increases daily in proportion to the number of rich people; a law which would regulate adoption would doubtless prove to be one of the most useful in France to-day. The adopting father would have all the privileges of paternity without its sorrows, the adopted child would give up his father's name and all connection with his parentage. Who shall say that the passing of this kindly Act would not throw a fresh light on the natural history of mankind? If we are not more instructed in this knowledge of mankind, it is because we have never followed up experiments so as to make them of use to coming generations. Who shall say, whether, by taking twenty boys born on the same day and in the same place, and bringing them up in the same way we should not attain to some new and important discovery? And as good wine and delicious fruit are distinguished as being exceptionally good in certain years, may we not find that a given generation of men may prove more active, more intelligent and more enlightened?

I have had occasion to note that men born in 1742 have a touch of genius and madness, but that madness predominates; whereas in the preceding and following years we find men of greater stability. I leave to imagination the task of developing this fruitful subject. I merely indicate it. But if I am not mistaken I perceive therein a mass of advantages for the political and moral history of mankind, which should serve more than ever to shed a light on all the strange modifications of our strange humanity.

CHRISTENING

When a child is born it must be christened, and the law expects this within twenty-four hours. The christening of a child demands the presence of a godfather and godmother which is sometimes a matter of embarrassment for the father.

He asks your company with a slightly shamefaced air, for it is an annoyance one would gladly dispense with. Near relatives are expected if there has been no quarrel with them, but nowadays these things are not kept in the family. The godfather gives sugar plums to the godmother, and christenings turn to the profit of the confectioners in the Rue des Lombards who should certainly have a particular respect for the first sacrament of the Church. The midwife never fails to say to the mother as she bears away the child to church, " Madame, from a pagan we are going to make him into a Christian."

Many a rich person, to cut the thing short, acts like the very poorest, and takes the beadle of the parish for godfather, with the beggar woman in the porch for godmother. A beggar, for the sake of a crown, will respond before the priest for the Articles of Faith of a Marquis.

The midwife covers the new-born child with a lace-edged baptismal veil, and the first time we all go to church it is in the same costume. Every godfather has to recite the Creed, and ninety-eight out of a hundred cannot say it. The priest, that he may not afford the daily spectacle at the font of Catholics ignorant of their symbol of faith, allows it to be mumbled.

A baptising curate who was rather more exacting and asked the godfather to recite the Creed in a loud and intelligible voice received for reply " I remem-

ber the air well enough but I have forgotten the words."

The priest pours cold water on the child's head which sometimes makes trouble, and thereafter puts a grain of salt in his mouth; sometimes the grain of salt is rather much and makes the child cry, and it becomes purple in the face. The salt being superfluous for the efficacy of the sacrament we leave it to natural philosophers to say whether a pinch of salt in a little mouth might not be prejudicial.

After baptism comes lunch. A small tradesman has a child the more but he does not drink the less, and the latest member of his family departs for the countryside in the hands of its nurse. The father and mother will not see it again for two years, and when they do, the child, fleeing their embraces, will fling itself into the arms of the peasant-woman whose milk it has drawn.

Baptism is a very important ceremony; it is a civil act which may determine the existence, rank and fortune of the individual. He will be obliged to produce this baptismal act at every turn of his life; the least transposition, the least mistake, may have infinite consequences; it requires many formalities to redress a mistake in an act of this kind; so it cannot be performed with too much care.

Should the mistake concern the sex of the child, even so, in spite of all evidence, recourse must be had to authority to correct the mistake. If it touches us to see on the parish register the name of the King's son inscribed under the date of the day of his birth, and interposed between two obscure names, recalling the fundamental equality of all the children of men, it does not arouse the same interest in us to see the Dauphin's christening robe carried with pompous ceremony to Versailles by the Papal Nuncio amid the beating of drums.

The King's household under arms to mark the passage of the hallowed christening robe of the heir to the throne, strikes the imagination less than this register, where the monarch has inscribed his son's name as brother to the child last entered.

WORKING DAYS

In Catholic countries feast-days occupy a fourth part of the year. Thirteen to fourteen have just been done away with, after half a century of discussion. There were sometimes five one after the other, and fairly often three. They ought all to have been postponed till the Sabbath Day, but superstition has fought hard, and the good cause is but half gained.

Do you know which body of people would be most annoyed with a general reform, and whose opinions are most opposed to it? The ordinary farm labourer, because on those days the Church allows him to visit the ale-house, and there many drunkards are to be found getting rid of the whole week's wages.

The people call working-days the days on which the shops are open, a distinction unknown to society, every day in the week being the same to these as regards pleasures.

The crowds of people on any feast-day in the Champs-Elysées and on the Boulevards should be seen; for there you may observe the varicoloured stream of passers-by, who afford a strange medley of countenance and apparel. There you may notice that what I have already observed and written concerning the anxious, worried, careworn air of the average Parisian, is true; and that the visitor of sixty years ago who attributed to him those happy, gay, and debonair manners, would not be authorised to speak thus of him now, for there is a changed and

melancholy constraint about our Parisian of to-day. I write of the lower middle class, the largest class of all, whose manners and appearance seem to denote a suffering endurance, the indication of a painful and hard struggle for life. The working-class seems to me to be gayer at work than at play. Nothing astonishes one more than to see them crowding into the public parks, and doing nothing all the afternoon but wander about the paths, and sit on benches and chairs. You can see they are powerless to create amusement for themselves, and that a feast-day is for these classes still a day when there is no money to spend; for the warning of approaching taxation issued by the terrible tax-collector, and his threats to prosecute, seem written on every face.

The receiver of taxes is a perpetual kill-joy, a stern autocrat, a sort of financier whose business has just been set up, and who will pursue the tax-payer even to his mother's womb. His treatment is arbitrary, and however much you may say to him, "I am worth very little," he will uphold to you, that you will do very well for his purpose. As soon as his price is fixed, nothing can alter it, not even unexpected calamity. Even death pays a poll-tax, has your life but lasted two weeks of the financial year.

OUR MATRONS

The accepted term for something that used to have a less honest name.

There are matrons of several kinds. Kept women of the first flight have their matrons who bear them company everywhere. For a well-known actress or for a dancer she is a companion, for the poor girl or for some wandering beauty who goes from show to show looking for adventures, a matron is a foster-

mother and exploiter. These matrons are no longer under the necessity to practise the art of seduction; the science of modern manners, a taste for vice, and poverty, that evil counsellor, easily lead to them an infinity of young women.

Matrons who work the decoy make advances to every pretty workgirl they perceive. They keep a sort of lodging-house, and it is to their houses that the small tradeswomen and shopgirls of every kind resort, who for the sake of dress and finery go and pass a night with your matron. The great extent of the capital enables them to conceal the irregularity of their conduct from their relatives or guardians; they seem chaste, but are so only in appearance, and women, who in the world have every outward appearance of decency resort to these houses whose freedom is much to their liking.

Others of these matrons keep lists of addresses and call up girls as they want them; and carry them in a cab of a morning to elderly bachelors who are house-bound, or gouty, or bored, or to younger men whose senses want sharpening. Experience having taught them the caprices and fancies of men, they teach their girls to play any and every part. The dressmaker becomes a village girl just arrived in town; A needle-woman a shy rustic, who has fled from the cruelty of her stepmother; their words respond to their get-up, and as our pleasures depend much on our imagination, men are no less satisfied because deceived.

Now we come to the matrons who do things on a grand scale. You will find in their *seraglios* at one time and another the *mannered*, the *artificial*, the *simpleton*, the *lively*, the *pert*, the *much-sought-after*, the *bird-like*, the *giddy*, the *haughty*, the *frivol*, the *frisky*, the *decked-out*, the *smart*.

You will find every shade. You may call for plump or slender, ardent or sulky, pale or passionate, or

even for a charmer with a limp; and just as in a stud every stallion has his name, so here, every woman has her nickname to indicate her shape and her style.

Matrons doing smaller business and who cannot afford large rooms or sumptuous bedding, set up more modest *seraglios*, where girls are boarded and fed. The money they take goes to the mother-abbess, who talks continually of the gratitude due to her and how she has polished their country manners. They owe her all they make. If they have linen to wear in the house, a mantle for summer, a fur cloak for winter, a silk dress to wear at the "Ambigu" or the "Varietés", to whom do they owe these benefits? By rights they should wear a smock and an apron, go with rough and dirty hands, wash dishes and sleep with waggoners; and should they have the impertinence to wish to share in the takings! Their business is to attract the visitors and get ribbons for themselves, for ribbons in the language of the house signify a particular generosity which marks contentment.

At last we come to the infamous street-walkers, who are old and ruined women issued from hospital, and wrinkled under the weight of their vices. Even as a cannon-ball may have left some pensioner but the half of his body, so the contagion of debauch has but half destroyed these decrepit victims of vice. But they must still live, they ask no more. Familiar with incontinence and its daily spectacle, they pick up men by instinct and by need; they walk the streets on behalf of the girls in the houses, as the latter have but one pair of shoes perhaps and a white petticoat. Can they trail their only garments in the mud? The street-walkers brave the gutters on their behalf.

There is a tacit police regulation which forbids any matron to receive a virgin into her house. She

must be deflowered before she enters the house of frequentation, and if such a girl happens not to have been so, the inspector of police is instantly informed.

This last phrase may perhaps excite laughter, but wrongfully. I am writing quite seriously. The restriction was to establish a certain amount of order even in the midst of disorder. To guard against greater abuses, to protect innocence and weakness, and to prevent an over-bold indulgence in vice from destroying the civil tie, the sacred bond of family.

And so no father can complain—his child's ill-conduct is never commenced in that particular place; this is a great point and everyone who reflects must remark it and give credit to the police.

It would take a painter to outline the symbolic grades representing all the women-traffickers of Paris; we can but sketch it.

At the top are the haughty and ambitious women who aim at financiers and men in governmental positions. They coldly calculate what they can make out of the weaknesses of the great.

Immediately below them are the opera girls, dancers, and actresses, half from sentiment, half from interest, who begin to introduce feeling into an affair where it formerly had no place.

Next we have the semi-respectable middle class, encouraging the advances of the friend of the house, generally with the husband's consent: a dangerous and untrustworthy crew who hide their adultery in deceitful colours and usurp an esteem of which they are unworthy.

And in the midst of this amphitheatre we have set out figure the innumerable housekeepers, and ostensible maid-servants, and the rest of the varied crowd. As one's gaze continues downwards we see the shopgirls, the dressmakers' assistants, the milliners' hands, the sempstresses, girls who have their own

room and whom a shade of distinction marks off from the courtesan. They have less art, love pleasure, give themselves up to it, and do not encroach on the precious time that should be given to their own and other people's duties. Feed them, divert them, and they are content. Should they allow themselves a lover in addition their double dealing goes no further than that.

As our gaze descends lower we espy the disorderly ranks of public women who shamelessly show themselves in windows and doorways, and advertise their lascivious charms in the public ways. They are hired like a hackney cab, at so much an hour.

There are very surprising changes among these women, changes which may take them from the foot to the top of the pyramid. They go up and down even as chance brings them a protector of greater or less means. Caprice, charm, or some whispered word may bring it about that a young woman disdained the evening before and scarcely looked at, may be chosen before all her companions. A fortnight later she rolls along in a shining carriage on the same Boulevard where she vainly solicited followers.

Some clerk at 1500 *francs* a year who had given her supper in his garret, will recognise her and will scarce believe his eyes.

Another daughter of fortune falls back into indigence after a short life of luxury, and falls perhaps to the lot of some lackey who was her servant six months before.

Who shall say what causes these vicissitudes? Who can know exactly why the late Mademoiselle Deschamps mounted to that degree of opulence which afforded her the insolent luxury of trimming the cushions of her stool with English point lace, and adorning her horses' harness with imitation stones?

An opera girl recently deceased left an immensity

of furniture and a considerable sum of money. Had she more beauty and wit than another? No. Sprung from the very lowest class of the people, destiny showed her its extraordinary favours, destiny which in this world of ours raises up, casts down, and maintains or overturns ministers and wantons.

The populace much regrets the spectacle of the ride on the donkey's back, a pleasure offered them sometimes by solemn decree of parliament. It meant the exemplary punishment of these matrons who, in the naïve words of a great lawyer, " make a trade of seducing the daughters of good houses ".

But an example was generally made of some unfortunate woman whose ministrations had been extended to young women of no fortune. It did not reach such as, in the exercise of their profession, had fed the fancies of princes, bishops, and foreigners.

This is what it was like and such as I have seen it.

Before marched a drummer, then came a sergeant with a pike, then a groom leading a donkey by the bridle; seated back to front on the long-eared beast was the matron, or procuress, her face turned to the tail; a straw crown artistically adorned her head, and on her back and on her bosom was hung a placard on which was written in large characters: " *Maquerelle publique.*"

You may imagine the tumult of joy in the crowd, flinging their dirty caps in the air and bringing up the rear of the procession with their booings and licentious outcries!

For some years was this indecent spectacle to be seen; it only served to stir up evil thoughts and gave the populace an opportunity for indulging in gross and dirty language. The placard read and interpreted became a scandal to the chaste ears of innocent young women. Moreover it was nothing to the woman herself. She felt the shame of it no more than the

donkey which bore her. Women of this kind brave the police agents and their argus eyes more boldly than men because, apart from their connection with them, a secret instinct tells them that sinning as they do against themselves and against the laws of religion, they are no danger to the laws of the State which is the concern of the police. Also they may be said to have guessed that the police in Paris are in continual want of their assistance, and if the place did not swarm with them arriving from all sides, far and near, they would have to be called in from all parts to supply a town which cannot be allowed to want, and for reasons. Indeed a certain pastor having complained to the lieutenant of police that his parish was infested with immoral women, the magistrate coolly replied "*Monsieur le Curé*, I want three thousand more."

All this reads oddly enough ; but it makes a necessary part of a picture of the capital city. I could not pass over in silence what is of public notoriety.

I have spoken of what may be seen and of what strikes every eye : the rest may be guessed. My hand shall not draw back the curtain.

This disorder of which I present a sketch is common to every great town. It has always existed ; but to-day it has grown to such a point that it draws the attention of everyone concerned for the public good. Men given up to open vice wither without fruit. Women lose their nature and become evil and pernicious, influencing the men who frequent their company. And finally, the scandalous and revolting spectacle of open prostitution becomes a doubly fatal contagion.

The original-minded Restif de la Bretonne has proposed in his *Pornographe* a plan for courtesans of every kind, whereby libertinage showing its head in the market-place shall not do so under the gaze of mothers and daughters, nor insult public decency. It should not be impossible to adopt his plan in some

measure, and by new laws, fitted to the spirit of the age, to correct a public vice that necessarily entails the ruin of moral ideas.

Beyond all we should have recourse to modern researches in chemistry, to kill, if possible, the poison introduced into the blood of our youth by these women, who, in the name of Venus, spread the poison fires of Tisiphone. Reform will be difficult; it asks for cool judgment and a truly philosophical way of looking at things, but it is becoming absolutely necessary. It is intolerable that a seductive but infected woman should attack a young man in the street, showing him charms fit to inflame a man even of ripe years; and that she should be permitted to rob an unhappy father in one moment of the fruit of eighteen years education and care. No, it must not be that a married man hitherto faithful, may meet, any evening, with women displaying in their gait a voluptuousness never observable in a respectable mother of a family. Let us veil these objects of temptation from every eye; let us remove them; the mere word which drops from the mouth of the prostitute and reaches the ear of innocence, is even more dangerous than her allurement. For the word carries the contempt for decency.

If the last act of debauch be hidden why not the first? It is not vice which stifles virtue but its fatal publicity.

Read, ye administrators, read seriously the *Pornographe* of Restif de la Bretonne.

CAGED ANIMALS

The poorer the people in Paris, the more dogs, cats and birds they possess, all mixed up in one small room. You can smell them from afar. The majority, notwithstanding police regulations, rear quantities of

rabbits in their hovels, which they feed on cabbage leaves picked up in the streets; they ultimately eat these rabbits, and the food renders them pale and sallow. They live with these evil-smelling broods, which they force into breeding rapidly so as to supply their tables with food; the hutch is close to the bed, and from the box where these rabbits are enclosed to the spit on which they are roasted, is but a distance of six feet. Children breathe this fetid air, and it is poverty which has given rise to this noisome practice. When the tax-collector's clerk calls, holding his nose, he is offered a rabbit in payment. Who would have thought that the Paris rabbit was bred under the tiles, an animal which, in natural conditions, burrows underground?

Tailors, shoemakers, silver-chasers, embroiderers, dressmakers, all the sedentary workers, keep some animal shut up in a cage, as if they wanted it to share the monotony of their own slavery. It may be a magpie battened in a tiny cage, and the poor thing spends its whole life from morn till eve fluttering and beating its wings to be free. The tailor looks at the captive magpie, and wants it always with him.

All working-class women, especially old maids, own dogs who dirty the stairs, and this disgusting habit is forgiven on every hand, because in Paris we like dogs better than clean stairs. And have you not seen ladies, ladies painted and well-dressed, leading their pet dogs for a walk and leaving their children to the servants?

When a poor man does not take his dog out with him for fear of losing it, or because he is going too far afield, he shuts it up, and the animal whines miserably till his master returns; he disturbs the neighbours, and a beggar's dog, should his master be neglected, lets it be known in varying notes to the whole neighbourhood.

Another fellow hangs a parrot in his window, and his neighbour, who is studying history, medicine, or music, has his ears pierced with the bird's shrill and monotonous chatter.

All these animals, of far too great a number, do not add to the health or the tranquillity of the town. Most habitations reek of them; but what is deplorable is that they share the bread allotted to the children of the poor man, who seems to have adopted and multiplied them in inverse ratio to his means.

GOING ON FOOT

This will soon be looked upon as ignoble. Nevertheless men of genius of every kind walk; wit may ride, but genius goes on foot.

When a man of talent, ill-favoured of fortune, leaves a drawing-room full of carriage folk, as he crosses the paved courtyard where the idle horses champ their bits and blow the froth from their nostrils, he glides shamefacedly between the motionless wheels; looking for his creaking conveyance in the street, he flings himself into its shabby box half confusedly, and without daring to look behind him. Should the torches on the gilded coaches shed a light on his unfortunate equipage, he dares not bow to the ladies as they pass, the very ladies with whom he has been conversing but five minutes ago.

The moustached coachman looks down upon the chaise at thirty *sous* an hour, and on whatever it may contain, be it Homer or Plato.

Now, a carriage is the aim of every man struggling on the difficult road to success. On his first successful venture he sets up a chaise which he drives himself; on his second success comes the closed-up coach; on his third—a coach for my lord, a coach for my

A RAINY DAY

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lady. When his fortune increases, the son has his carriage, the house-steward has his carriage, the butler goes to market in a carriage; soon the cook will have his, and all these carriages, infernal machines that they are, abandoned all morning to the servants, clatter over streets unprovided with sidewalks, and that with a diabolical noise. The first thing a doctor does is to set up his coach; it is of modest appearance; the stable is under the entrance door and fills it up entirely; the horses are nearly in the doctor's waiting-room; the coachman is seventy years old. No matter, it is his turn-out in the eyes of the whole neighbourhood. He sallies from his porch with his powdered wig, his black coat and his seventy-year-old coachman; it is only possible to get in when he has gone out, but what matter? He is a doctor with a turn-out, he is consulted. Imagine Boërhaave going on foot; one would not send for him, and were he to pay visits he would not be paid.

A bachelor, instead of providing himself with a country house, a library, or a pretty mistress, provides himself with a carriage. It takes half his income. Immediately this carriage takes the place of a cook and a country house; he sups every night in town, he drives ladies back to their homes, he takes them to their boxes at the play, and the following day to the races; he lends them his carriage twice a week whilst their impolite spouses despatch their horses trotting elsewhere.[1]

So a bachelor who owns a carriage is a valuable man; he provides a link for all the picnics in the country, and he and his horses are used, turn and turnabout, and separately, of course. So women, since their husbands have grown inattentive, have

[1] A great subject for discussion between husband and wife, in upper circles in Paris, is the daily use of their horses. I am surprised it has not yet been made the subject of a comedy.

adopted the system of considering only bachelors who own a carriage, and, taking it all in all, they are right.

For how can a woman exist without horses? In a space of twelve hours must she not have visited the opera, a play, a fair, have attended a ball, and gambled at faro? Neither is it possible for her to miss minister's reception any more than a dance. Women, leading the most dissipated of lives, and seen everywhere, lead an existence as mobile as their features.

So the first thing a provincial should do, has he but an income of 10,000 *livres*, is to procure a carriage; it will cost him no more than 100 *écus* a month, and people will know how to make use of him. He will pay for the carriage but never ride in it. All the better for him; should he use this touch of diplomacy he will get on. Taking it all in all, a carriage that he is obligingly willing to lend will become an economy for him; should he determine not to go to the expense he will face ruin.

Some bachelors only hire a carriage in the winter; in summer they go on foot, talking of fine weather, but the truth is they only have 1800 *livres* to spend in this way. Forced to choose between the two seasons, they step into their carriage on the 1st of December and descend from it on the 31st of May, when society goes into the country. But it is a weighty problem to decide, when one has but 1800 *livres* to spend, which of the two seasons one should prefer. There is a for and against on the subject, and the matter still remains undecided. One young man plays both parts, of Castor and Pollux. One day he is on Olympus, one day in the mud below; now he splashes others, next day he is splashed. Now merit, talent, genius, and virtue and all the virtues that you can imagine put together, are as nothing lodged in the carcass of a pedestrian. Suppose the exact contrary to

be the case; let him roll by in an elegant carriage, lo and behold! every door flies open to him, and every glance is a caress, and his position is assured. Alas! we poor mortals are so made!

BALLETS

The lover of nature and of reality has probably often asked what a certain ballet means, where arms are waved and feet lifted without any conscious design, when in fact there is dancing for dancing's sake alone.

The arts are so much the slave of a childish and recurrent routine that for a long time on the operatic stage leaps and posturings, strained positions, vague and undecided movements, red, blue, and green masks, have all appeared in turn; and no one suspected then, that art could make interesting action of all this, and finely expressed in dancing. It was maintained then that a *ballet* was merely a circle of dances in perpetual and purposeless motion, whose steps were meaningless.

They were far removed from seeing, even speculatively, that a dance may form a living picture, graceful, and animated, and may build up pictures, vary them at will, and even rise as high as the rendering of human passions. The more this language is constrained and restricted, the more expressive it is. The silence of pantomime, far from lessening subtlety and vitality, appears to aid them with the gestures and the quick and ingenious movements it has invented. In this dumb show the hindrances seem but to lend fire to eloquence, and in these actors the whole body seems but a voice and an eloquent tongue, the foot speaks as well as the eye; feeling is shown in the finest shades, the soul escapes into every turn of the

body, everything is thought out, definite and picturesque, everything is a characteristic picture and immortalises it; there is nothing false and nothing ambiguous.

And what pleasure it is to see a certain movement, rapid and fugitive as a flash of lightning, render with clarity a feeling so delicate and fine. Love, fear, and despair can change their physiognomy and express all they desire to express; one is no longer deceived by the deception, for deception seems no longer to exist when a man's lips are closed.

The ancients carried this art to a degree of perfection unknown to us. Batylus, Pilades and Hylus divided Rome into theatrical factions. Historians when telling us of the lively transports their pantomimes excited, say they nearly led to civil wars. Noverre, in our day, is the first to have taken dancing seriously; he has overcome the opposition always shown by the prejudiced to any novelty of invention. He had the courage to face it, and enlarged the scope of his art, and from that moment it has deserved consideration as an important feature of the drama.

Noverre's genius made mock of *black* wigs, *panniered dresses*, and *top-boots;* and historical and graceful pictures, full of expression, majesty and grandeur, have succeeded to the insipid caricatures which formerly usurped our admiration.

The modern ballets are no longer all caper-cutting and *entre-chats*. A lively and animated dumb show serves to form new and most interesting scenes; its success is so prodigious that pantomime has been approved in other theatres, and it is even feared that it may stifle all other forms of dramatic art.

This branch of art, mute but eloquent, has an attraction for us which holds our minds in subjection.

THE SCHOOL OF SURGERY

For a long time surgeons have been classed with barbers; it was a most injurious classification and should end.

The foundation of a school of practice, or for dissection, is a public benefit which cannot be too highly praised.

This school owes much to the illustrious protection both of Louis XV and Louis XVI. More than 800 students assist at the lessons. The audience is composed of members of the fraternity, and barbers' assistants wearing their white jackets, and one will retain a quarter of what he has been taught, another a sixth, and they ultimately apply this knowledge as best they may. Some poor wretches have to pay for their apprenticeship at the demonstrations, but no one can be skilful at the beginning.

A corpse from Bicêtre is laid on the black marble table, and 800 men see the inside of some poor fellow's body who yesterday was regarded of none. But the imprint of the Creator is on this poor body, as on that of his monarch.

In a period of forty years the members of this school have written five volumes of lectures on facts relating to surgery. Five volumes seem very little; but all the work is exceedingly good and it has been translated into many languages.

On the Thursday in each week the surgeons give two hours to discussing the pros and cons of some point in their profession. The School of Surgery has one peculiar advantage; it admits of no honorary members; all members are free and perfectly equal. Those who are not in a condition to compete in the advancement of their art, nevertheless attend all the lectures punctiliously, not only to learn, but to profit

by the wisdom of others in the everyday treatment of patients committed to their care; it is a course of demonstration which is always open and which serves to guide unceasingly the eye and the hand of the operator.

Every Thursday there are theoretical dissertations on surgical cases, and there is, moreover, the advantage of having under the same roof a hospital of twenty-two beds, where the rarest surgical cases are treated free; so that a man gets theory and practice at one and the same time; for in surgery, as in all practical sciences, there is the science and the technique, and really to succeed one must be allied with the other.

This particular hospital is a place of real instruction, because nothing is done without the professors having first given their opinions on it, and considered what needs be done and what must be left undone, and therefore the most valuable and important observations have been made there.

When a man, even of the lowest class is attacked by a disease, whether serious or out-of-the-common run, and calling for surgical treatment, he immediately becomes an object of the greatest attention. The more pitiless nature has been to him, the more help the surgeon hastens to offer him, and he meets with a scrupulous and careful treatment which a millionaire with all his gold could probably not command. It is a remarkable sight to see all these men of talent gathered round some poor fellow who has an out-of-the-way fracture. He is fortunate in his misfortune; he gets cured, because the accident has developed into a special case; had he merely had a cold on his chest he would have been despatched to the Hôtel Dieu, but his illness is interesting to the surgeon and the surgeon can perform miracles.

So the unfortunate gets his reward, but it necessitates his being in some large town like Paris. A

few days after the accident a porter will shoulder his heavy burden again, while elsewhere a man surrounded by every comfort will probably perish, however little his case may exceed the ordinary. The marvels of science are practised on a beggar who is brought back to life merely to continue his begging. The progress of surgery continues to grow, and every original discovery is added to the common store. What the surgeons have done is never concealed, and everything is judged in the full light of day.

The School of Surgery is neither directly nor indirectly allied with the faculty of medicine; they are two very distinct bodies, who each work separately. The work does not overlap, although they appear to have the same bearing and tend visibly to the same end.

Anatomy, though so carefully cultivated, has yet not supplied medicine with any really important observations. One may scrupulously examine a corpse, yet the necessities on which life depends escape one; the corpse is laid flat, the organisation which held it upright escapes our knowledge. All the anatomists have failed to find out how our digestions work, how the chyle is charged with blood; how this blood feeds the brain, and renders it the organ of our thoughts; and how in another reservoir it serves the purpose of generation.

Anatomy may cure a sword wound, but will prove powerless when the invisible dart of a particular miasma has penetrated beneath our skin. Between surgery and medicine lies an infinite gap which nothing can fill.

The description of discoveries made by anatomy, a knowledge of the laws of nature laboriously acquired during 2000 years, has been given us by Monsieur Lassus, and one is somewhat astonished to see the 18th century has been the least fruitful in discoveries,

although the scalpel has continually been at work on thousands of corpses all over Europe.

Notwithstanding the profound attention it has given to anatomy, surgery is not a characteristic of this age, as it formerly figured in centuries marked by great discoveries; the curative method is farther advanced.

What reflection all this gives rise to! We lose ourselves in the labyrinth of our material bodies, we have deciphered the ruder parts, and its smaller machinery is unknown to us.

How are we to read the true book of nature while the interior of our bodies, so expertly examined on every point, still only means a list of names to us! The differences which lie between the body that is exclusively nervous and the irritability which is exclusively muscular, serve to demonstrate that the history of anatomy is one of scattered discoveries, isolated, objectless, lacking cohesion, and which shed but a dim light on physiology. The knowledge of the nature of man in relation to the healing of all his maladies, obviously belongs to another science. Is it physics, or is it chemistry, which is to have the glory, through its hypotheses, of wiping out the sterile nomenclature of anatomy and of depriving it of this dead and impassable physiognomy which it seems to have caught from the corpses it mutilates; and of banishing these dead terms only fit to serve a catalogue of words?

RARITIES

The most painful research will fail to find every treasure hidden in every branch of the sciences and arts.

Every searcher in whatever line will find an in-

exhaustible fund of things to look at; medals, books, pictures, antiques, shells, stamps, may each become the sole occupation of a lifetime.

A savant after living in Paris for many years, may leave it forgetting something he ought to have seen. Often, after twenty-five years' study, one makes fresh and unexpected discoveries. Death often opens these richly furnished cupboards, these unknown and hidden repositories. On breaking the seals, the inventory taken astonishes and amazes the spectator; one has difficulty in imagining how a man can have had sufficient leisure to amass so many things; but time, money, patience, and above all infatuation, have gone to the composition of these great collections.

The sale of the Pompadour's furniture lasted the whole year, and the wealth of the four quarters of the world seemed to have been raked together to provide the objects of luxury, fantasy, and magnificence, found in this rare collection. One saw it with admiration and astonishment. A Chinese, a Turk, an Arab, a Gheber, may visit one's native town and find someone they can talk with. Moses, Zoroaster, Abraham, Mahomet and Confucius have but to come again and they will find their interpreters. As for Homer, Euripides, and Demosthenes, it is so usual to hear their speech, whether well or ill spoken, that it is no longer a distinction.

Special talent is no less common. A cripple has no arm; Monsieur Laurent will make him one which he can use; another has no leg . . . Monsieur Perrier will make him one on which he can go up and down stairs.

Other talents quite unique in their way are overlooked. Who knows, for instance, that a certain young lady, Mademoiselle Biheron, can make artificial skeletons so perfectly that they are taken for real? The muscles and nerves are rendered with

astonishing truthfulness; her materials are her own secret; you would say it was wax; but you can hold these anatomical figures to the fire without damaging them, you can let them drop on the floor without breaking them. The author of this astonishing work will name you all the parts of the long framework in Greek and in Latin. Pupils follow a course of anatomy under her, and that without being overtaken by the disgust which is occasionally insurmountable in those who have to see and handle remains which seem to shrink from the hand which touches them.

One can pick up much knowledge without being at further expense than the companionship of savants, a communicative people; and the Baron de Holberg has said, not without reason, that "there is nothing in Paris cheaper than sense and nothing dearer than folly."

You may see in many an interior a pompous pile of well-housed books, but they are little read; their owners are proud of their bindings and do not lend them; they seem to fear lest another may benefit by the knowledge that they themselves do without. But there are many others equally distinguished by birth and learning who do not blush to be the librarians of their own libraries and make a pleasure of communicating and spreading the illumination they afford.

Should you suffer an accident, art comes to your aid. We all know the wounded soldier's artificial arm; but if they have left you only four fingers' length of thigh at the hip, the stump will be fitted into a case which forms the upper part of your artificial thigh, and a single movement of the hip suffices to imprint on the various parts of this extraordinary machine the different movements which imitate those of nature. Thigh movements are worked by the help of steel blades which lie along the thigh and so form mobile

hinges of every kind which make you move your knee, your foot, and even the toes you do not possess.

Go, therefore, unfortunate victims of the furies of war, and the caprice of Kings, go and find compensation for your lost limbs in the false legs and thighs made by the artificial limb makers of our day. Art, with amazing skill, has learnt to repair what the thunderbolt of the bullet has carried away.

GRISETTES

We give the name of "grisette" to a young girl who, lacking family and fortune, is obliged to work for her living, and has only the work of her own hands to rely on. These girls are trimmers of hats, dressmakers, and workers in fine linen, etc., and they form the greater part of this class. All these daughters of people in a very small way of life, accustomed from their childhood to work strenuously for their bare subsistence, leave their poverty-stricken parents at the age of eighteen years, and take rooms for themselves, and live in their own way; a privilege which the daughter of the fairly well-to-do middle class parent does not share. She has to stay decently at home with her autocratic mother, her pious aunt, and her old grandmother who talks of what was done in her day, and her old uncle who repeats the same things over and over again. Cloistered like this in her father's home, the daughter of the middle-class parent may wait for the husband who never comes. Should there be several sisters, the modesty of their marriage-portions tempts no one, and all their happiness is limited to smartening themselves up on Sundays, wearing their best dresses, and walking with the family in the gardens of the Tuileries.

A working girl is happier in her poverty than the

daughters of the " bourgeois ". She finds her freedom at an age when her charms are still at their best, her very indigence gives her freedom, and her happiness comes now and again from having had no marriage-portion. She sees nothing but subjection, work, and poverty in marrying with a man of her class, and early adopts the spirit of independence.

After the more pressing necessities of life comes that of dress; vanity, as bad a counsellor as poverty, whispers in her ear that she has the resources of youth and prettiness to add to what she earns by her needle. What virtue can resist this double temptation? And so liberty becomes licence. Under the colour of her trade she follows her caprice and soon meets some friend, some man, who takes a fancy to her and takes her under his protection. Some have been known to play a quite brilliant part, however transitory; those who have any sense save something and marry when they get older.

One sees with astonishment the enormous crowd of marriageable young women who thus occupy a position which is neither marriage nor celibacy; it is the great stain on modern legislation, and a stain which marks not only Paris but all France and a greater part of Europe.

Who cannot see that here is a necessity for a new law to remedy a new evil?

It should at least assure an easier means of existence to great numbers of young women by teaching them suitable trades. And they should be authorised to exercise such trades without domination or interference or hindrance; nor should they be taxed. A man who is free has multiple resources, but the poor girl scarcely any, and difficulties are put in the way of such as she has. Why take away her daily bread by taxing her trade? If your seamstress is to be taxed, you should pay her in advance of her work.

There should be no kind of tyranny preventing these girls from taking up any of those small sedentary industries which help them to live. Allow them every resource that they can discover, lay no tax on them, afford them every protection; public morals will be the better, and new industries might come into being. In a word, let women enjoy the same liberty as the men with whom they are incessantly mixed up, or else let them, following the Asiatic method, be sequestered and have no communication with them. One or the other, for the halfway course is worst of all.

A third notion presents itself to me: namely, to deprive women of their marriage-portion. This would strike a mortal blow at unnecessary extravagance, and bring about an equality only varied by nature's gifts of beauty and virtue. This is a matter that has not yet received the attention it deserves, and might be made the subject of a more reasoned study. However distant it may be from our existing notions and institutions, still, as all things in time yield to truth and good sense, an age will come when its necessity will be felt in the household, and its benefit in public affairs.

WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP

In Paris a man of sense should seek a woman as a friend, for there are a great number who, accustomed from early days to reflect, are freer, and more enlightened than anywhere else, and are above all prejudice. They have the strong character of a man combined with the fine feeling of their own sex.

In touch with all affairs, women nowadays have abjured all pettiness, they educate themselves because they have the aptitude; they observe men attentively, the finer shades never escape them, they recognise

them and they are never at a loss, for they possess a delicate sense of tact, they are able to give the best advice. When the illusions of early passion are over, their minds become matured. A woman of thirty becomes an excellent friend, devoting herself to a man she esteems, rendering him a thousand small services; giving and obtaining full confidence, she cherishes her friend's good name, defends it, uses tact in dealing with his weaknesses, notices everything and tells him all she learns, is of service to him on important occasions, is sparing neither of her pains nor her going to and fro; and the unlucky man lacking in fortune or in influential friends, regains what he has lost in his friendship with a woman.

The friendship of a woman holds a more delicate charm than that of a man; it is lively, vigilant, tender, virtuous, and above all lasting. Women love their old friends more tenderly, and certainly more faithfully than their young lovers; they sometimes deceive the lover, but never the friend, for to a woman the latter is sacred.

Let us conclude with Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who spoke severely of women because he loved them.

"I should never," said he, "have taken my wife to Paris, still less my mistress; but I would willingly have made a friend of a woman there, and that treasure would perchance have consoled me for the absence of the other two."

OLD BACHELORS

Much could be written on the subject of celibacy, so general in our day and peculiarly so in our capital city. To examine its causes and indicate a remedy would be no small matter. All our moral outcries and ill-written comedies will not succeed in making

one more marriage. We must reform the vicious system which sets up a dividing wall between two people who, hearing the voice of nature, yet flee each other from fear of increasing the weight of their chains. Nature herself has endowed man with foresight, and he shudders at the sight of the enforced association of pleasure and poverty. We see children born whose every cry is one of dire need, who would be better unborn than on the pavement of a town where they have no claim to a foot of ground. They will even lack the milk that is life itself to them if it is not prepaid before their birth, and should they live to grow up the result would be their filling the precarious position of servants to their more prosperous fellow-beings.

So do the unmarried found their arguments; but to avoid a danger they embrace a vice; a man is lonely, his heart either hardens or dries up; he flees from the toils of love to fall into those of debauchery. He has rejected a companion; he meets with an impious mistress who having no interest in practising economy, forges heavier chains than those he was wishful to avoid, and whose affection, held in leash by her cupidity, shuns all economy. She takes all she can by stealth, but long habit attaches him to a woman who is largely increasing her own secret savings by all she can steal of his surplus. He ages imperceptibly and he has so mismanaged his happiness that he will have no friends in his old age; having rejected those who, in the course of things, came his way. He has never rejoiced in a heart altogether his, and should he be susceptible to love, the precious quality of esteem will have no part in it, for he may not publicly acknowledge the companion of his couch, and the kisses he will give to children unrecognised by the law will be furtive kisses and a constant reproach to his paternal mind.

"Old bachelor, old rogue," says the proverb. Usually true; exceptions are rare. An old maid may say: "No one wanted me, I was plain, I was poor, I did not refuse"; but the old bachelor, who in the course of his life has not had the courage to take to himself a woman (after all, she he sought existed), who has not known how to win someone in sympathy with him, what excuse can be make? And of what weaknesses can he not accuse himself?

What do these bachelors do? At loose in society, they spread snares for innocent footsteps, and, scattering trouble in families, are self-worshippers; they take no count of beauty shamed, of the tears and sighs arising from the weakness they have abused. Others, still guiltier, attack the conjugal tie, and premeditating their sin, add to their perfidy the odious hope of hiding their evil deeds the more successfully, and of reassurance as to the consequences that may ensue.

It was a bachelor who first invented that dangerous language so intoxicating to feminine vanity in its exaggerated praise of beauty.

The bachelor's principal argument is that he is free! Free! A slave more often to the vilest courtesan . . . free! he who lays his fortune at the courtesan's feet, the plaything of her caprices and fancies, who, while seeking sensual satisfaction meets with the cruellest of smarts; deceived in his early youth, thieved upon in his old age, abandoned on his deathbed, while the lack of all feeling around him, that just punishment of his past life, helps to hasten his end!

BOOKS

Of all places in the world Paris contains the most books. The erudite and the compiler are at home here, and here they swarm. Books are made over again,

THE BOOK STALL

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melted down like tallow. Ignorance itself waves a trophy in honour of knowledge, for how many ignoramuses, possessors of large libraries, are like the booksellers who busy themselves amid a crowd of good books which they have never opened!

In one sense there are too many books, in another too few. There are too many when one considers that there is much that is wise and much that is useless written to-day; there are not enough, if books tend to keep facts in touch with moral ideas. There are more men than there are ideas, and centuries go by without adding one just or useful idea to the common repository.

What of a Tacitus, a Bacon[1], a Locke, who are distinguished among mankind for the grandeur and the number of their ideas? Such authors only appear at long intervals. They are too great as thinkers for the mass of the people; others are needed, who as Rousseau said, *are like servants cutting the bread for the children;* and such writers when they can produce popular works wherein the morality depicted is within reach of everyone, deserve our praise.

There is a certain measure of useful knowledge; beyond that, the remainder is but vanity and empty hypotheses on which interminable arguments are founded. This is an extravagance of the human mind; it proves its sagacity and its depth, but it adds neither to tranquillity nor to its happiness.

We only attain to this useful knowledge after much comparison. Therefore the multitude of books is a drawback, but not an evil; we take up a book, we choose, and such a one says nothing to one person and means a great deal to another. Therefore I am of Madame de Sévigné's opinion, who says with her usual charm: "As to Pauline, that devourer of books,

[1] When Bacon says of money, "it is a good servant but a bad master," has he not compressed a whole volume into those few words?

I would rather she swallowed bad ones than did not love reading ".

A certain minister, when offering a relative the post of librarian to the Royal library, said to him outspokenly: " My cousin, this is a great opportunity for you to learn to read."

This very amusing utterance, showing in what fashion posts of the first rank are given, becomes even more amusing by reason of the application it may bear. How often may it not be said: " Ah, Sir, a great opportunity to learn what you ought to know already! "

THE COURT

There is none of his subjects, be he far or near, who does not want news of the Court, and whose eyes do not constantly turn towards the King. Such a one asks himself: " Who or what is this man who rules over twenty-four million people and in whose name everything is done? He is surrounded with all the pleasure opulence can provide, new sensations are thought of so that they may be brought to him; he can enjoy every pleasure, there is no need he is unable to satisfy, he is spared everything even to the forestalling of his own desires. In this exalted position what notion can he form of his own surroundings? " So every subject who is within reach of Versailles journeys there to see the King; he enters the magnificent Castle, the whole Court parades before him, but were he in it every day for a hundred years in succession, were he to tread the polished floors of those long rooms for a whole century, his knowledge would remain precisely where it was.

The atmosphere of a Court stamps itself on a mere footman, on the humblest servant of the household. He who puts on a Prince's shoes (shoes that it would

be impossible for him to make!) esteems himself far above the shoemaker, for his is an official appointment. Even as a great gentleman will affect a modest demeanour, affable in contrast with his superb and haughty air of the night before, even so will the valet assume a manner which if used anywhere else would be excessively ridiculous.

At Court one edges one's way. A Courtier's salute is slight, his interrogation without regard, his step on the parquet is of incomparable lightness; he takes a high tone, he is to the fore in every circle, until some name or phrase breaking in, reduces him to the general level.

Are the polite manners of the Court so renowned because they issue from the stronghold of power itself, or are they due to a taste which is infinitely more refined? Here language is more eloquent, behaviour both simpler and finer, manners easier, the whole tone, even jesting itself, is particularly light and well-bred. But there is little justice in the opinions held, feelings of the heart are inexistent, it is a matter of idle ambition, and an inordinate desire for money without working for it.

Adventurers mingle among the crowd of courtiers, come and go everywhere, publish news either untrustworthy or apocryphal; let us look at the hurried courses they pursue; what are they doing there? No one knows and no one asks. He who greets you in the street does not know you at Mass or in the royal bedchamber! Follow him, see how he begs for admission of one of the ushers! The doctor, the soldier, the magistrate and the ecclesiastic, filled with the greatest contempt for one another, have but one language and one voice, and appear to live together like brothers.

Here people undertake to make you a bishop, a president, a colonel, or an academician.

In church, as Mr. Moore has observed, persons present turn their backs on the priests and the sacred mysteries, their watchful faces gazing at the King on his knees in the gallery. Noisy music deafens everyone and confuses the *introit* with the *ita missa est*.

When a Royal Prince is ill and unable to go to church to hear Mass, a priest rolls the altar to the foot of the bed, while his Majesty or his Royal Highness is enclosed within his four drawn curtains.

Everyone endeavours to divine what is hidden, and—so to speak—scent the invisible transpiration from a throne, and form conjectures nearly always hazardous, built on the hopes and fears of all these slaves of favouritism.

Who can tell us the part of the soul in the human body? I shall then be able to tell him where the soul of the government of a vast empire is to be found.

When a Royal edict displeases the Parisians, they compose a song about it and think it annulled from that moment. So one learns nothing from treading the floor at Versailles, but it is very interesting for a philosopher to frequent the *œil-de-bœuf* gallery and thence to observe the different faces which pass and repass. Oh, Molière! Molière! Such is poor human nature.

The King, the Queen, and the Royal Princes hold no communication save with nobles of the highest rank; these form their society exclusively; so one may say that princes leave this world without having spoken with a plebeian. They never talk, at least only very rarely, with a tradesman, a manufacturer, a labourer, an artist, or with a sensible man of the middle class in Paris; so there are an infinity of things that they do not know under their own names; for the varnish of a picture will always spoil the truth of it.

The aristocrats can easily understand the King's

mind, gain a knowledge of his character, and sometimes divine his thoughts; but they are none the more advanced for that. At the palace it is improper to speak of affairs to the King; and this rule covers so much that it needs His Majesty's express wish for a subject to dare enter on details or to broach any subject in its entirety. Rarely is a candid speech permitted; and when it is the expression of public opinion, truth then bubbles out at the very foot of the throne. Should the speech be a fortunate one it is repeated, but even then it does not always produce the desired effect. In reality no conversation is held, but a magnificent silence reigns only broken by words that mean nothing. One is conscious that, given the nature of public affairs, it could not be otherwise.

The art of a prince and of princes consists generally in the distribution of contempt and disdain; it is in apportioning these two ingredients in equal measures that they hold the people of their Court in a kind of stupor. None wants to be disdained, none wants to pass for being out of favour, and he who does not get a word, pretends that silence was not unfavourable to him. Mankind is governed very strongly by the fear of contempt, and princes seem to have divined how far this weakness of humanity may go; only the philosopher knows how to ignore this contempt, or laugh at it in the depths of his soul; but a philosopher is a rarity at Court.

At Court you must be neither a fool nor a wit. A great man must not be forestalled nor have his intentions guessed. If your wit does not rise above the happy mean you may look for some success. For the great feel no impulse to advance their betters.

At Court no political plans are made, but they profit by those made by others.

At Court you have rather to humour a fool than a man of sense, for a fool, in that world, pushed to

extremes, is infinitely more dangerous and you may guess why.

To be a valued courtier and an estimable citizen is as rare as it is difficult to reconcile.

Madame de Maintenon, who ought to know, compared the Court to a theatre behind the scenes, where you can only see the pulleys, the lights, and the sweat, and the coarse and dirty green of the backcloth; seen from a distance the Court is an enchanted palace, a country scene, a garden; near at hand, the pulleys, the machinery, the scene shifters and the working of the whole machinery are shown in all their ugly and unpleasant business.

By dint of finding nothing worth anything in your path, you become worthless yourself; that may be applied to the flunkeys at Court.

In that atmosphere you see pallid faces and weak characters. A young man is often as delicate as an hysterical girl, women show ill-health even more than men. All these faces, norwithstanding their masks, are unable to hide the cruel passions that devour them.

Princes, with rare exceptions, are doubly lazy mentally, as they are given ideas of what surrounds them, they have no ideas of their own, for just as they are dressed and shod and spared the slighest fatigue, so do they become accustomed to receive thoughts from others, ready-made and formulated.

The art of thinking requires a kind of prolonged meditation, and it is only by the clash of various contradictory ideas that one disentangles the true idea.

Princes of whatever country reason quite differently from other men, because they are ignorant of certain ways of life which are not to be learnt save by experience. At times they may have lofty notions, but they are not grounded on actual facts. They hold

themselves well, but they move badly. They are rich, but they cannot reckon. They speak well, but know neither grammar nor orthography.

ETIQUETTE AND CEREMONIAL

Princes who command in all things else, obey etiquette. These proud mortals who dispose of the liberty of others, are denied liberty in this.

The etiquette of Courts calls for the pen of a Rabelais; and must not princes themselves be astonished at their own punctiliousness in following the orders of so fantastic a master? Princes, surrounded with attendants, must at times wait patiently for their shoes to be put on their feet, because the official who by right of office presents the shoe to the foot, is not on the spot. So this subjection, of such singular kind, makes, of a prince, a man enslaved to a custom.

Etiquette presides at a prince's birth; and etiquette will have it that, even when he is dead, a splendid table should be spread for him, and solicitous inquiry be made of him on the subject of his health! . . .

It is even more difficult to write a letter according to the laws, than to make your bow rightly, and maintain a proper deportment in a prince's presence; and the bourgeois who knows not how to salute, nor to hold himself nor how to address a prince, knows still less how to write to him.

Etiquette is no proof of servitude. The proud English serve the King on bended knee, but that does not affect their liberties. The French hold it no humiliation to perform his domestic offices. Whatever touches the King takes on a character of nobility.

The *entrées*, or right of entry, descend but not ascend. That is to say that when you have your *entrées* to the King's presence, you have them to all the

princes. But if your right of entry is but to a prince, it goes no further. The late Queen was very particular on the point of etiquette. In her last illness she was offered something to drink, and a waiting woman said, in her hearing: "She will not take it". When the Queen rallied her first word was to reprove the indecency of the expression. The vulgar term "she" had been employed instead of "Her Majesty". When one remembers that certain monarchs have been termed the *Shadow of God*, the *Brother of the Sun*, etc., and that on a King's rising from table proclamation was made that *the other Kings of the earth may now dine*, it is not so astonishing that every look, movement, and step have been directed to express submission. There is a rule for sitting, for standing, for crossing the floor, for salutations and reverences.

"*Pourquoi demander le tabouret*—" why ask for a footstool when one has a comfortable chair at home? says the comedy. And the Countess who laughs at the joke like the rest of the public, puts in her claim for the *Tabouret* in the Queen's presence.

Etiquette at the Court of Spain was always a veritable despotism. There was real dispute over the wig-maker to Philip V. He had been imported from Paris because the Spanish barbers could not make wigs as they should be made, but there was fear lest a French barber might be indiscreet enough to introduce into the artificial hair designed for his Majestty, hairs drawn from the head of some common person. For a King of Spain must wear on his head hair that has grown on heads of distinction.

A prince of the blood has the precedence in service at the King's toilet, whether in presenting the King's shirt, or the towel. When the King communicates they hold the napkin. If there be but one prince he holds it alone. No mere noble may share this privilege. And when the King *touches* he hands the cloth.

Particular honours rendered to the princes of the blood are that in church the preacher addresses himself to them; they have a *prie-Dieu* and praying seat set apart for them; and they are brought the gospels to kiss.

THE DONJON OF VINCENNES

I stepped lightly across the drawbridge of this formidable dungeon, no longer a prison of State. The sentry boxes were empty, the drawbridge was not drawn up after me. I smiled at the piles of fallen rubbish which seemed to enlarge the principal exit, and visited the cells closed by three doors reinforced with iron. What thoughts took possession of me at the sight of those bolts and locks, those iron beds where remnants of chains still hung! I wandered all over, and it seemed as if an invisible God had chased away its vicious gaolers.

I visited that dungeon, and I was not a prisoner, and a pretty woman leant on my arm.

But sinister reflections destroyed beauty's empire, and the impression of past suffering made the smile vanish from the lips of my pretty companion. Our thoughts became more gloomy; our first impression had been pleasurable, but the second was bitter and melancholy. No. I have never seen a man imprisoned for the nobility of his writings, or for his manly courage, but I have shared his chains and his sufferings. When I am alone at night, and my evening lamp is lighted, I think I am with him. I fortify his soul. I ask him to endure his sufferings for a few years more in order to gain centuries of gratitude and glory; and thinking as he does I almost reproach myself for not wearing the same fetters.

Here were imprisoned the Cardinal de Retz, and

the Great Condé. Here gaolers, inquisitors, and executioners, have put great men to torment, men with brains that were probably capable of leading great revolutions. But while Montesquieu wrote, these bolts and locks held living men within their unyielding doors. What a terrible law that enables men to imprison men! A voice says, "Let him be imprisoned", and the mouth of the dungeon opens and he is swallowed up!

Here, I said to myself, pride, revenge, egotism, wrong-headedness, error and folly have punished (in days less fortunate than our own) a song, an epigram, or a page of print; and who knew at what point a courageous word might be called a libel!

I climbed presently by a badly shattered staircase with its overworn treads, to the summit of the root of the donjon. The ceiling was bomb-proof, as if if were forbidden to prisoners, there shut in, to die even by visitation of thunder. In various cells was evidence of the dismal pastimes of idleness: men who had never painted before had painted on the walls, and painted in the manner of savages.

One of these paintings struck me particularly. The prisoner had drawn a number of prison towers and on the summit of every tower he had placed a head. The poor creature, unable to see above the roof, nor to be seen as he would have wished, had pictured himself in imagination above the tower in which he lay. He had varied and repeated these heads looking out from the towers, some five or six hundred times. Never I think did the grief of a captive express itself in more simple and touching fashion. Others had drawn the crucifix, either from a sentiment of religion or to exhort themselves to patience by the image of the sufferings of a just man.

And I said to myself inwardly, where is our great Charter, the basis of the government of England and

formerly the basis of ours? Where is our *Habeas Corpus*, of which the English are so justly proud? The spectre of Richelieu rose before me and I seemed to see at his side the ex-Capuchin Father Joseph who may be said to have invented espionage and *lettres de cachet*, so greatly did he extend their use. Both forms seemed to glide before me and to repeat the terrible words—the most terrifying in the language . . . *Reasons of State.*

And again I thought to myself: Yet did both English and French start from the same point for their political and criminal law; for in the famous meeting of the States-General in 1355, King John signed the same charter which is to-day the corner-stone, the glory, and the pride of England.

And so, starting on the same road, two neighbouring peoples have gone different ways; but my pretty companion, seeing that I became too serious, pressed my arm and said, "Let us leave."

From the peepholes of the keep you can see the Bastille. The celebrated Howard, one of those rare men who devote their lives to the service of humanity and the upholding of its rights, penetrated all the prisons of despotism. He visited the remotest cells and surprised imprisoned wretches who for fifteen years had seen no face but that of their dumb and terrible gaoler. But never did this intrepid friend of the poor prisoners, despite his zeal and address, manage to get inside this Bastille, so great was the vigilance of the guard set upon all goings and comings.

Now we might put the fact of Monsieur de Latude's marvellous escape, which would be incredible (were it not properly attested), among the wonders of the world. He is a unique example; and when we think of all it cost the prisoner in toil, suffering, work, anguish, and terror, death itself might have seemed sweeter than the escape from this perilous fortress.

If the love of liberty can inspire such long, painful, and uncertain endeavour, what torture must not the privation of liberty be to him who attempts the impossible for it; for the success won by this astonishing prisoner is a veritable exception to every human probability.

I recounted to my pretty lady the tale of the escape, and it seemed to her almost a miracle, and ever since she has wished to be taken over the ruined Bastille even as I have taken her to-day over the half-ruined donjon, now empty of its prisoners; and I have promised to make every effort to do so.

In 1562 the arsenal towers were struck by lightning which exploded 20,000 lbs. of powder. The fortress of Charles V was spared by the explosion, and stands to-day although I have destroyed it in fancy. But one day down it must come.

THE KING'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS

They form a number of rooms, communicating, but on no regular plan. They have been made by piercing walls and demolishing staircases, which have had to be replaced, so that you go up and down stairs continually to get from room to room. They form the King's habitual retreat, where he can read and study.

He has three rooms filled with books, in the private apartments, and these three rooms may hold as many as twelve to fifteen thousand volumes. The works of the best English poets are among them. The most handled volume is Boyer's English Dictionary; it is thumbed like a schoolboy's, proof that it is in daily use. And a work which the King consults with even greater assiduity is the *Gazette de France*, in two hundred quarto volumes. This is certainly the only

complete copy in Europe. This Gazette, the witness to Court presentations, register of etiquette for marriages, and for ceremonies of every kind, is the Table of the Law: it is the Court Code, and a curious one.

The King is a reader, a great reader; he seeks to inform himself, and he is well informed.

In other rooms numerous scientific instruments; few pictures. There is the portrait of the Emperor of China, sent by him to the King of France. The Chinese Emperor is robed like a monk. One is shown drawers full of plate, gold spoons and forks, salt cellars, and egg holders, not in use, and gold candlesticks. One object, carefully preserved and shown to the curious, is Louis Quatorze's walking-stick. It is modest enough, with a crutch in porcelain. When you handle this cane you call to mind the mighty grasp it bore, the hand that built this great palace where you now are; and you remember also the vicissitudes of his reign, and the blood and tears its bygone grandeur cost the Kingdom.

The poets tell us that one of these days the walking-stick of Voltaire, so jealously kept by M. Clos, will stand along with that of Louis Quatorze; no doubt someone has traded on their credulity.

We leave the private apartments with the reflection that though the King figures elsewhere as King, here he is at home, and that he values his leisure hours and his peaceful solitude above his public ceremonious life.

The business of being a King is the most difficult and laborious of businesses. Are any of us happy, as we are, in the condition it has pleased Providence to assign us? No—we are happy by reason of its intervals, in the hours we can surrender to our tastes, unconstrainedly, and unwitnessed. These three rooms full of books lent interest to the apartments, and afford a more pleasurable recollection than the grosser riches

they enclose. The books tell of the pleasure of a monarch, the best of pleasures, a pleasure that does not wear out, but is lively to the end of life; a pleasure that increases by its exercise.

The crowd imagines its princes as living in continual dissipation, and leading disorderly lives, for the crowd itself can picture no other pleasure. I can certify that the King gives several hours a day to study, and that few private individuals put them to such good use.

He studies history, that great source of enlightenment. The phases of liberty interest him, if it be true, as I am assured, that these words have fallen from him: "*These republicans are to my liking; but I was born to an ancient Kingdom, and I am its King.*"

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

There are always new seekers after the Philosopher's Stone . . . To be numbered among these impostors or dupes is an ex-Capuchin . . . called Dubois, whose life was a romance. He had travelled in the East when he was young; after a period of loose living he became a monk, but wearied of the frock, and escaped over the tiles. Three years later his unquiet spirit led him to turn Franciscan: he took vows and was admitted to Holy Orders. Another ten years and he quitted the habit once more and betook himself to Germany. There he turned Lutheran, and met with certain adepts who initiated him into the master-study. Trickster or tricked, he came to Paris with his pretended secret of transmutation of metals, and as if it gave him courage, he braved the hooded fraternities and married, he who was monk and priest, at St. Sulpice, with the daughter of a prison warder.

Your charlatan is always a talker, and talks well enough, for his conversation is of his business. The ex-Capuchin seduced a few weak and credulous minds, and by degrees worked his way into acquaintance with the famous Père Joseph, Cardinal Richelieu's right hand and adviser. The minister lent an ear to the promises of an initiate who boasted that he could swell the riches of the Kingdom, increase the grandeur of his Eminence, and pay the War budget. Sore need makes the cleverest man credulous; the Cardinal thought nothing impossible, and was confident that no one could deceive his penetration. He believed Père Joseph, and it was determined that the practitioner should operate in presence of the King and Queen, of the Cardinal and Father Joseph, the Minister of Finance, and others, who put great price on this important discovery.

A day being fixed, Dubois repaired to the Louvre, bringing a crucible for his experiment, lighted his fire, arranged his vessels, and lest he should be suspected of trickery, took for his assistant one of the King's guard, chosen by the King himself. He asked for a dozen musket balls from one of the soldiers, threw a grain of the "projecting" powder on the leaden bullets which were already in the crucible, and said in a loud voice: "Will His Majesty order someone to blow away the cinders with the bellows?" Louis seized the bellows himself, and as he blew hard in his impatience to discover the sample of the infinite wealth promised him, the ashes flew over all the bystanders, and the Queen, still more curious and more interested, was nearly smothered. The ashes being removed, the ingot of gold was seen. There was a general cry of surprise and joy. His Majesty and His Eminence embraced Dubois; the King in his enthusiasm would have ennobled him; he knighted him, giving him the accolade, and as a last and over-

whelming favour, gave him permission to hunt in the Royal preserves.

Cardinal Richelieu, whom I have always admired, for he was great of soul, had a generous thought: he said to Louis XIII that the taxes and subsidies should be lifted, and every charge on the people, and that the King should reserve but his own domain along with certain monopolies and rights, as mark of his suzerainty and sovereign power. His eyes sparkled with joy, he announced the arrival of the Golden Age, and, what flattered his political genius, the domination of France over the powers of Europe. He embraced Father Joseph, and promised him a Cardinal's hat. The King's guard was given eight thousand *livres* for his hand in the work, and everyone present, in intoxication and delight, looked with respect on the ex-Capuchin. I can easily believe it. If the goose of the fable, the goose of the golden eggs, really existed, she would be a proud bird at Versailles, and they would mount guard over her, and line up round her and fence her in.

Dubois repeated his experiment, and the King himself drew the crucible from the fire with a pair of tongs. Joy was renewed at the sight of the new ingot, and when it was cold His Majesty took it in his hands, and sent for a goldsmith; he, after assaying the two specimens, found the gold to be but of twenty-two carat fineness, that is to say, of the money standard. The Capuchin, fearing that this exact tally would raise suspicion, hastened to say that he did it for the purpose of the experiment, but that when he made gold on a large scale it would be of twenty-four carat fineness. The august assembly, charmed with its own illusions, was quite satisfied.

The Cardinal now drew Dubois aside and told him that, as a commencement, the King could do with eight hundred thousand *livres* a week, but that it

must be delivered regularly. The charlatan promised everything, only asking that he should be given ten days for the proper preparation of his powder which, owing to accident, was *incrudate*, according to his jargon. The Cardinal said he might have twenty days if he wanted them. But the Capuchin, instead of getting on with his work and subliming his powder, enjoyed the pleasures of the Chase, kept good cheer, entertained all his acquaintance, feasted them royally, and talked of his success and the knowledge of his sublime science; he was looked upon as a very extra ordinary person.

Time passed and nothing was forthcoming.

The Cardinal sent Father Joseph to ask the thaumaturgist to get to work. He asked some days more, which were granted him, but which he spent to as little profit. The King was not less impatient to handle his big fish, the ingots of five and six thousand *livres*; for Kings must have gold, even as I must, the humblest subject. But no gold fish being forthcoming, doubts arose, and then fear of dupery.

Orders were given that the charlatan should be closely watched, and that he should not be allowed to flee, as he indeed intended. Very soon the Cardinal, who made little of a man's liberty, had him transferred to the Château de Vincennes, where he was allowed to make numerous further attempts—all fruitless. There was no further room for doubt but that he was an impostor. In vain did he protest that he could not work except at liberty, and that his forced labour destroyed the virtue of his powder. He was led to the Bastille, and put in a cell. Cardinal Richelieu was not the man to pardon such solemn and public abuse of confidence, but he was too wise a politician to wish to appear deceived in a matter that would have afforded too good an occasion for mockery. The ex-Capuchin's private record was looked into, for anything that

could inculpate him; a Commission was appointed; it was brought home to the monk that he had sweated the coinage, and it was easy to condemn him for falsifying money and even for coining.

His wandering and vagabond life showed many a scrape. He was judged by the Commission and sentenced to hanging. When about to die he confessed that he had by premeditation deceived the King and Queen, and the Cardinal; that he had never known how to make gold; but that being aware of the extreme credulity of men on any matter which promised fortune, he had turned their weakness to his profit and lived at the expense of those who lent ear to him. He said that he had composed a little book containing his pretended secret and that he had raised or lowered the price of it according to the interest or gullibility of buyers. He said that his whole ability lay in a little sleight of hand; that under pretext of arranging his crucible he adroitly slipped some gold clippings in the ashes, and withdrew the lead. The gold came from clipped coinage; and so it was that he had had the boldness to dupe the King and Queen, and Monseigneur the Cardinal.

Dubois was hanged on the 25th June, 1637.

Tragedy apart, and forgetting the Capuchin's sorry end, do you know, my dear reader, a more amusing story, a theme better fitted for comic opera? Eminences in red, eminences in black, grave personages bent over the crucible, the scamp playing with all those actors who themselves played such great parts on the world's stage. These great-part players who need gold as much as we do, love it as we do, and never have enough, and embrace anyone who can offer it. What a comedy for philosophers! I laugh aloud, alone in my own study.

ON VARIOUS TYPES

The Parisian is never indifferent to what goes on around him, and the slightest new thing will stay his steps. A man has but to direct his gaze upwards and appear to observe something attentively and you will see others stop to look also. The crowd gathers, and everyone is asking what there is to be seen. A canary escapes from its cage, and a whole street is blocked with people; and as it flies from one street-lamp to another there are exclamations and cries from all sides; every window opens and is full of heads looking out. The momentary freedom of a pet bird is a spectacle of general interest. Is a dog thrown into the river, the quays are black with people. All are interested in its fate. Some would save it, some want to see what will happen to it; it is followed by the gazers till the current bears it away.

Street performers and quacks draw an audience at the first motion, though it melts away as quickly as it forms. I believe that there is nothing easier than to arouse or incite the Parisian populace, but very little serves to disperse them; and the wandering crowd in the streets is made up chiefly from the outskirts, of people little familiar with their surroundings, or of those who like to waste their employers' time. Examine any group; out of a hundred there will be forty servants and nearly as many apprentices.

What are called labourers or *gens de peine* are nearly all foreigners. Savoyards are the scavengers, sawyers, and floor polishers; the Auvergnats are nearly all water-carriers. The masons are Limousins; the Lyonnais furnish chairmen and porters, and the Normans are stone-cutters, paviours, or else menders of broken china-ware, or dealers in rabbit-skins. The Gascon is a wig-maker or surgeon's prentice, and the native of Lorrain a wandering cobbler.

The Savoyards live in the suburbs and are distributed in groups which have each a leader, an elder, who looks after the young people until they are able to manage for themselves. The Savoyards, who are hewers of wood and drawers of water, running porters, and such catch-penny fellows, sit about at the cross-roads. They shove one another about and often knock against some passer-by who is ſtrange to their rough ways and curses them for their manners.

Another annoying class of idiot carry their sticks under their arms ready to knock your eye out; you are lucky if you get off with a scratch on the cheek. Others use those ſticks shod with iron which come down on the foot that encounters them. It requires an angelic patience not to use in reply the ſtick one has in one's own hand—the ſtick we carry now in place of that useless piece of furniture, the sword, wisely abandoned to the soldiery and to the vile agents of the *fisc*.

Then there are the wig-makers' apprentices, the *merlans*, floured from head to foot, and whom you muſt be careful to avoid if you are in a black coat. What a disaſter if it be your only coat! They are surgeon-apprentices of an afternoon, and should be forbidden entry to surgical schools unless properly dressed, for they make the amphitheatre look like a dirty barber's shop.

The millers and bakers, and market-porters who handle sacks of flour, are also whitened, but are not so impudent as the *merlans*. The coal-porters, who are their contraſt, will turn aside a little, though loaded, for fear of blackening you. I like the coal men. Their look has brightness and expression. Theirs is the saying that *the coal-man is maſter in his own house*. I walked one day with Jean-Jacques Rousseau along the quays; he saw a little black fellow, a negro, carrying a sack of coals, and he began to laugh, and he said

to me: "This fellow is in his right place—he need not go to the trouble of cleaning himself—would we were all as well placed," and he laughed again, and followed the blackamoor with his gaze.

ARTISANS' WIVES, ETC.

They work in concert with their husbands and are consequently in a good position, for they always handle a little money. There is equality in their functions, and the household is the better for it. The woman is the soul of the shop—even at the gunsmith's a woman will sell you a sword or a gun, and the watchmakers' and jewellers' shops are kept by women. Women sell anything from a pound of macaroni to a pound of gunpowder. They busy themselves in all the small trades, the trinket-shops, bookstalls, tinsmiths, and buy and sell and traffic and exchange; all table provision passes through their hands, for it is they who sell you poultry, fish, butter, and cheese, and who open oysters with such quickness and dexterity. And women keep the small stores where salt or tobacco is sold, or letter paper, lottery-tickets, and so on. Those women who are not condemned to inactivity have more to say in household matters and are happier therein than the wives of minor officials and government, or business, clerks, who handle no money and consequently can make no savings or small personal profits. The draper's wife, or the wife of the grocer or haberdasher, has more half-crowns for her pocket-money than a lawyer's wife has sixpences. The wives of such as live by their pens have empty pockets, and get nothing but what the husband may give, and such husbands are of the calculating kind. The retail dealer on turning over his stock does not look so sharply after his fractions, and

they fall into the pocket of the wife who keeps the till.

Nothing can be more depressing than the lot of literary men's wives, and they show sulky faces in comparison with the broad, smiling countenances that dominate the shop-counter, talking with all-comers, chinking the cash all day, and spending it on Sunday without recourse to marital generosity; they laugh at the notary's wife or the agent's lady who, having pretensions to quality, are bored to death, and fall between two stools, neither attaining to good society, nor belonging to the easy-going and pleasurable.

To have nothing to do is misery to anyone, but for a woman it is a vice. To avoid positive unhappiness she must have a household or a business of some sort, or else live in the whirl of society and tire herself by running about. When I see a woman wearied of herself and her life I can guess that she is the wife of a quill-driver. It is the shops of Paris that show the merriest of wives, and the shrewdest, and women who shine most in looks.

I hold in much esteem the daily occupation of these shopkeepers' wives who yet do not fail in their household. They are assiduous in their duties, do not gad about, and let pass with indifference the daily crowd of loiterers and idle women who, even at home, run after pleasures that ever escape them. And since no one is more interested than I in the well-being of these industrious women I advocate the surrender to them of all those callings that should properly be theirs. Is it not ridiculous to see men dressing women's hair, using the needle and the shuttle, selling underlinen and fashions, and thus usurping the sedentary employments of the women, and forcing them, thus dispossessed of the trades they could exercise, to heavier labours or to a life of prostitution?

It is an unpardonable wrong in the State that so

many men should become women by calling, and so many women be left with nothing. . . . Men who so forget their proper sex, all these hairdressers, dressmakers, sweetmeat sellers, and wool-winders, should be condemned to wear petticoats.

THE DARK CELL

Even in a cell we cling to life, for people live even in the dark cell at Bicêtre. A man deprived of air, deprived of light, holds out against the horrors of solitude and darkness. He still seeks even in this place of tombs to avoid death, and his sufferings do not extinguish his love of life. Alone in his frightful dungeon he sees the universe narrowed to his damp and gloomy dwelling, and, buried alive as he is, he dreads to finish his wretched career.

These subterranean cells exist. Openings pierced obliquely permit a little light to enter; but what light! When a prisoner is taken from his dark cellar he trembles like a drunkard, the pure air intoxicates him. This very explanation was given to Monsieur Necker who could not understand the reason of the tottering gait of some unhappy wretch.

The gaolers say that one must at first put the prisoner in a cell somewhat less gloomy if he is to be kept alive; it is only by this gradation of cells that he can escape death.

And such a cell is a concession made to a criminal who, in his subterranean dungeon, has not even the liberty of the space he occupies, for he is often fastened to the wall by a chain. I am sadly convinced that there are even now four or five prisoners shut away in these dungeons to which one must descend with torches, and where there is neither air nor day.

At Bicêtre they call these victims the *cachotiers*.

Besides Bicêtre and Charenton the police have several prisons. They have made one at Charolais, another at Mont-Rouge.

Much of this imprisonment is illegal, but it is none the less often necessitated by circumstances, or by decrees obtained by heads of families.

Maniacs and idiots, and violent people of all sorts out of their wits, might do a great deal of harm in society before the law could lay its hands on them. This terrible power is subject to abuse, but then again, there are many offences which call for repression and that with celerity.

DOGS

These animals, of which there are too many, have become an object of caprice and luxury; rich people have small troups of them and danger results from it; even the poor have dogs, thin and miserable, which reflect the misery of their masters, and which make known, even before one sees them, their dirt and their neglected condition.

How many people give to their dogs the bread they refuse to the poor; or even prepare broth for them. They are fed on sugar, and are entertained on sofas, and on beds and at toilet tables. Among the rich these animals take on a peculiar corruption. I would invoke death on all these small dogs that surround women, and are so many symbols of depravation. Who cares to kiss a mouth licked by the tongue of these vicious and ill-tempered little beasts? When I see a spaniel jump from a pretty woman's bed, I have no wish to approach it.

How can women so surround themselves with dogs and so offend the delicacy of their fellow-creatures! A country woman among her cows seems to me a fairer

and more affecting sight, than one of our pretty ladies amusing her dog, caressing it, promenading it, and playing the part of lady's maid to it.

THE PICKER-UP

This is a Paris trade. The Picker-up, or finder of lost articles, rises early of a Monday morning because all the world has walked abroad on the Sunday. He goes his way along the boulevards and main streets, and his trained eye discerns from afar off anything fallen by the way. His gaze searches the ground without pause; you may pass near him but he has no eyes for you; he does not see you, but he sees a watch-key half covered with road-dust; he sees on both sides and seemingly from the back of his head. The human eye has eight muscles, and this man works all the eight as he goes, with astonishing mobility. He walks hastily, as if he would overtake his object, and picks up what he finds with such celerity and assurance that you would think it was his own. The first rays of dawn light him on his search, and by the time the sun is high in the heaven there is nothing to be picked up on his tracks. A great crowd will always drop things—that he knows by experience; and the morning after a review, or a public fête, you will find him on his hunting ground. We have a proverb in Paris that a man might be rich could he gather up all his little losses.

The Finder is not a crook, he is not a thief, but he comes next them. He says that Providence sends him what he finds, and imagines he has a profession because he gets up early, and because he will occasionally restore something of value which he dares not appropriate. So he, like others, uses one virtue to disguise all the sins he shuts his eyes to.

FIRES

When there is a fire, the Watch assumes the power to stop any passer-by and press him, like an English press-gang. These soldiers make an amusement of it, and pursue and strike free men without respect for age or function or insignia.

Everyone must lend a hand to save the burning edifice, but the confusion caused by this brutality does not help matters. The sudden violence of this insolent soldiery which they think themselves authorised to show, should be repressed, for it violates personal security. Such help should be voluntary to be of any efficiency; but to drag by force and with derision, men whose health or occupation makes them incapable of effort, is to forget all order and decency.

The interest of a crowd depends on the nature of the burning building, but in every case it is not numbers but skill which checks the danger. Why annoy half the town when a few firemen would suffice?

When I was a young man of twenty-two, in a black coat and with long hair, I was seized and forced to carry a bucket, and the soldiers were much amused when buckets full of water were spilled over my locks, and at my anger which vented itself in eloquence to which they turned a deaf ear. I was furious, and seized the sergeant by the throat and struggled with him and fell on him. I seized a bayonet and frightened his cowardly comrades, and escaped through the crowd. Had I struck one of these citizen soldiers my whole life might have been ruined. The sergeant was hurt, and I myself was so hurt by my fall that I suffered for two years from it.

When the Opera House was burnt . . . it could be seen many miles away. The country people were seized with fear, but when they learned next day that

it was but a playhouse, they laughed, and were no longer concerned. The agriculturist is not in touch with the shepherds and shepherdesses of the stage.

WIDOWS' ALLEY

In former days women who had lost their husbands did not dare to show themselves, even in the deepest mourning, in the public streets. The Champs-Elysées had its *Widows' Alley*, a sombre and unfrequented walk where it was only permissible to walk after dinner, to take the air; and thereafter they returned home. To-day, one sees women in crêpe showing themselves in places of public amusement, and others positively make of their weeds a subject of display, and give the mourning worn for a husband the aspect of Court mourning. This does no honour to the memory of the dead; the last act of decency is no longer observed by women, who, thinking more of their appearance than of public opinion, after their husbands' death brave the laws which they despised during the days of their marriage.

This behaviour on the part of women deprives them of every consideration they could claim, and so marriage, which was once the rule, is like to become an exception.

The mourning veil has been profaned; this emblem of sorrow is now but a mode, a display, a new dress, changed as if for a new scene on the stage. O for a public censor to enforce that respect for the memory of the dead whose neglect is evidence of the greatest depravation of morals! Women of the town at Gourdan's used regularly to wear Court mourning, and rejoice in dresses which were furnished to them for nothing and which set off their charms. Then there was a Marquise who one fine day said to

her waiting-maid: "I have worn this wearisome mourning for a fortnight! But tell me, Rosette, who am I in mourning for?" And Rosette told her.

And finally, absurd perversities begin to show themselves in our tributes, in those signs of grief which are respectful among all other nations of the globe. Monsieur de Brunois, having lost his mother, ordered barrels of ink, and put the fountains in the park in mourning by staining them to this lugubrious tint.

CARRIAGE TRAFFIC

What are we to say of crimes committed with deliberation, with insolence, and barbarous inhumanity; when, to save a minute out of hours given to pleasure, we make a joke of wounding and crushing others? What use to speak of laws when the most necessary of all edicts has not yet been passed.

Whiskis, carriages, and coaches cost yearly the lives of 200 souls, and legislation, which is so voluminous in the matter of taxation, does nothing to restrain the barbarity of the rich.

Personal safety is even more precious than political liberty, and what is the use of the grand and imposing body of law when the pavements of a proud city are daily stained with the blood of citizens. This magnificent town is dishonoured by these acts of cruelty and carelessness.

I do not say that the soldiers should shoot down these travelling butchers; all vengeance is wrong, and blood cannot ransom blood; but it would be much to the purpose if the people made one of these wretched madmen descend from his seat, when he had pushed his horse with barbarous speed in a crowded street, and broke his vehicle in pieces.

THE PALAIS-ROYAL

A *whiski*, on Easter Day 1788, crushed, in the twinkling of an eye, a woman and a priest. I was witness to this horrible accident, and I repeat that the capital is dishonoured by its indifference to the lives of its citizens. The town has been purged of assassins, but the dagger is a gentler means than the toothed wheel of a carriage which sometimes leaves a cripple to suffer for life.

You may escape from the robber, or the assassin, by keeping watch, but not from the inhuman rich who ride over your body.

THE PALAIS-ROYAL

They call it the capital of Paris; it contains everything that may be; let loose a young man of twenty there with an income of 50,000 *livres*, and he will never wish, he will never be able, to leave the enchanted spot; he would be a Renaud in the gardens of Armida. And just as that hero wasted his days and his good name, so our young man will lose his and perhaps his fortune into the bargain.

Henceforth it is there he will seek his pleasure; everywhere else he will be bored. This enchanted spot is in itself a little town of luxury enclosed within a greater, it is the very temple of pleasure, where vice is so bright that the very shadow of shame is chased away. And there is no raree-show in the world more depraved and yet with a better grace. All is laughter, and only innocence need blush.

As for the building itself, it is a pity that the site did not permit a larger development, an oblong form instead of a square which lends it rather the air of a close. But with what rapidity it rose from earth. But there were some lively murmurs heard from the public, and when the august proprietor was remon-

ſtrated with on the immense sums his building was going to coſt him, he replied good-humouredly: "Not at all, for everyone throws a ſtone."

Everything may be seen, everything may be heard, everything may be known; a young man may become a savant in little matters; but here it is that the tyranny of libertinage exercises its sway over the unchecked youth of society who display a hitherto unknown indecency in their conduct. License here is day-long, all day, all night the temple is open, and at prices to suit all.

The resort is a pretty enough casket of Pandora, chased and elaborated, but every one knows what the box encloses.

Art, appetite, and science are ranged alongside; and near by the bright coloured veils of pleasure hang inſtruments of surgery whose necessity they invite. Every frivolity of fashion living for a day may be seen in the same shop-front along with exquisitely made aſtronomical inſtruments which may see a century of life before them. One man passes and says: "Would I could command all these things," and sighs. Another man passes and says: "What a lot of things I can do without," and laughs. The cafés overflow with men whose whole occupation throughout the day is gossip and news, news only to be recognised later by the colour each man lends it. The rents of the shops, run up by keen competition, ruin the dealers, and bankruptcies are frequent; and the impudence of the shopkeepers has no parallel throughout the country. They sell you copper for gold and paste for diamonds with brazen effrontery, and all their ware is but a shining imitation of the solid; the excessive rents under the arcades lend them licence to cheat you without remorse.

One's eyes are captivated by the glittering surface

and the deception is scarcely appreciated until it is too late for remedy.

It is sad to see such numbers of debauched young men, pale of face, self-satisfied, impertinent of demeanour, whose coming is heralded by the rattle of the charms on their watch-chains, circulating in this labyrinth of ribbons and gauzes, flowers and masks, feathers, boxes of rouge, and packets of pins : they walk the Camp des Tartares in that utter idleness which is the mother of vice and their arrogance cannot conceal the nullity of their minds.

What they call the Camp des Tartares are the two galleries which are still but in wood and wait their completion with columns, a superb decoration which will put the finishing touch to the beauty of the building. Here it is that every evening the women come in couples to affront the gaze of the men, wearing the various fashions fantastic as they are, which may be their fancy for the day and which they will change the next.

The mother of a family dare not cross its noisy ways of an evening with her young daughters ; the virtuous spouse, the honest citizen, dare not show herself among these bold courtesans ; their dress, their bearing, and often their very words force her to flee, sighing over the corruption of the sex.

Crowds of young people may be seen, who, humming the latest airs, flock in to the side-shows which are still more frequented than the theatre for they are more immoral.

And here it is that you may hear recited in no uncertain tone the most infamous lines of the infamous " Pucelle," and the irreligious principles of the man who is the seducer of France, but who seduces her alone because on her alone he exercises his arts—the man who has more reputation than genius to merit it, who has influenced even more hearts than he has corrupted, and more minds than he pretends to have

enlightened. Only one thing is wanting and that is the statue of Voltaire in the middle of the garden.

Nevertheless, not every hour of the day is given up to open immorality; there are times when one may walk there with a show of decency. Towards five o'clock of a summer evening, and particularly of a morning towards eleven, a virtuous woman, even a pretty one, may walk in the gardens of the Palais-Royal without cause for complaint. A beautiful woman, who affords us the most beautiful sight in nature, may then spread the attraction of her charms.

All the same, this quarter of Paris calls for a vigilant eye, for more vigilant and more detailed inspection than does any other quarter. The Palais-Royal and its dependencies occupy the police as much as all the rest of the town.

IRONY

Irony is the soul of our intercourse. Formerly it consisted of a delicate and fine mockery. Socrates handled it skilfully. It seems nowadays that irony has taken a less happy turn, which takes away something from its physiognomy; it ought to be light and subtle; then it may advantageously take the place of serious and reasoned criticism. We must distinguish clearly between the irony of the critic and that of the satirist; it must not be pushed too far lest it become a veritable insult.

Gaton said that Monsieur de la Motte merely resembled the Homer whom he wished to imitate, by his blindness (both of them having lost their sight); that was gross. A journalist wanting to be ironical, often becomes merely brutal.

It is also rude to apply irony to proper names;

there is something both puerile and common in rallying anyone on his profession or trade.

I have read somewhere that Louis XIV was extraordinarily reserved, and that he never employed irony. Nevertheless, it happened to him one day to say to a gentleman whose sword-point, sticking out of its scabbard had pricked the King in the leg: "Your sword has never harmed anyone but me." The gentleman, overwhelmed by the cruel jest, drew his sword, and said: "Sire, it shall do me greater harm than it has done you," and plunged it into his breast. Truly this was taking the thing very tragically. The *maître d'hotel* of the Prince de Condé, who killed himself at Chantilly because the fish had not arrived, exclaiming: "I am dishonoured," was no madder.

Irony must be handled with the greatest lightness: the moment it becomes a weapon of weight it misses its blow.

MARLY

Louis XIV was one with the Sun a hundred years ago, as we all know, and so he surrounded himself with a dozen pavilions in allusion to the twelve Signs of the Zodiac. But the place is not to be described. It should be visited. The late Queen had a marble chemise thrown over the shapely Venus and would have it moreover that the gods and heroes decently concealed under leaves of stucco the insignia of their virility; many were pitilessly mutilated and have since lost, under the action of the atmosphere, their added coverings, so that to-day their degradation is worse than the former scandal.

Sculpture and shamefacedness do not go well together. How can beauty of form be offered us without imitation of nature? But then, how did it come about that this Pagan freedom found an asylum

with the Eldeſt Son of the Church, he who would tremble at the voice of the prieſt?

When he built this enchanted Palace he loved to show its springing beauties, and was pointing out the works for the admiration of one of his courtiers who was wearing a new and superb coat, when it began to rain: "You will spoil your clothes," said the King, "let us go in." "Nay, Sire," said the courtier, "the rain at Marly does not wet."

There is a charming spot at the extreme end of the foreſt of Marly, known as the Desert, whence there are some very picturesque outlooks onto what one would call English gardens. It is delightfully situated and worth seeing, and the Chinese pagoda is something new and unique in its decoration, and conforms perfectly to the reports furnished by various travellers who have seen these things.

On approaching the place one sees a gateway which seems to have been built by giants to an old ſtronghold half ruined and demolished; modern furniture and fittings of the gayest description adorn the interior, and windows knowingly placed do not mar the unison of the Gothic ſtructure which from far off shows no doors nor windows but the cracks and crevices of time; but it is through these crevices that the singular building, while keeping up the illusion, is perfectly lighted.

THE TWO CRÉBILLONS

When I was nineteen the name of Crébillon the tragic poet was at its higheſt. They set him up againſt Voltaire, for the public looks round for a rival to every illuſtrious man in order that it may balance one againſt the other and relieve itself of too great a load of eſteem.

I was a witness of those days when we were all so little advanced in our views that people spoke, and thought of speaking of none but Racine, Corneille, Crébillon and Voltaire.

It seems inconceivable that questions so futile should have been so long agitated. I was young, I was but half submitted to the universal impression, and admired less than did others these vaunted tragedies. I found a sameness in them, a constraint, a monotony, a falsity, which was not to my mind, which was enamoured of greater and more irregular beauties; and I would read the novels of Abbé Prévost which gave me more pleasure than all the tragedies of the day.

Still, on the strength of his reputation, I called on the elder Crébillon. He lived in the Marais, in the Rue des Douze-Portes. I knocked and straightway heard the barking of fifteen or twenty dogs: they surrounded me open-mouthed and bore me company even to the poet's room. There was a kennel odour on the stairs fouled by the various animals.

I entered, announced and escorted by them, a room whose walls were bare; a truckle-bed, a couple of stools, and seven or eight dilapidated chairs composed its furniture.

I saw as soon as I entered the figure of a woman no more than four foot high though three foot across, who slipped away into a neighbouring closet. The dogs jumped up on the chairs and growled in chorus. The old man, his head bare and also his legs, and his chest uncovered, was smoking a pipe. He had big blue eyes, his locks were white and sparse, and his physiognomy was most striking.

He quieted the dogs, not without trouble, and forced them, whip in hand, to concede a chair to me.

He had taken his pipe out of his mouth by way of

salutation, and put it back and continued to smoke it with a delectation which betrayed itself on his very strongly marked features.

He remained silent for some time, his blue eyes fixed on the floor; he spoke but briefly, and the dogs growled and showed their teeth at me. At length the poet put down his pipe.

I asked him when he thought to finish his *Cromwell*. "It is not begun," said he. I asked him to recite me some verses. He said he would when he had had another pipe.

The woman of four foot high came in on her deformed legs.

She had the longest nose, and the sharpest and most malignant eyes I had ever seen. This was the poet's mistress. The dogs yielded her a chair, and she sat down facing me.

The poet laid aside his second pipe and recited some very obscure verses from some romantic tragedy, which he had made up himself and recited from memory. I understood neither the subject nor the scheme of them. They contained some very strong denunciations of the Gods and also of crowned heads, for which he had no love. The poet seemed to be a very amiable man, very absent-minded, given to dreams, and speaking but little.

His mistress expressed as much malice as was in her looks, for the poet having recited his verses fell a-smoking and I talked with his lady. My gaze sought the place where her legs should have been, but those of the poet were naked to the view, like the limbs of an athlete reposing himself after his struggles in the arena.

I rose to my feet and the dogs got up and started barking again and followed me to the street-door. The poet scolded them, but gently, and his affection for them was perceptible through the words of com-

mand. None but he could have lived amid so much canine nastiness.

I did not fail to remind him that Euripides also loved dogs, and that he would probably see the length of days of Sophocles; he was eighty-six years of age at this time. Gratified by what I had said to him, he bestowed a little card on me, on which his name was written in very finely traced characters. This was a pass for the performance of one of his tragedies, but as Voltaire saw to it that they were very rarely given I had to wait a month for my visit to the theatre.

The old man foresaw that there would be a long delay and made no bones about attributing it to his rival, whom he called a very spiteful fellow, but that in a remarkably good-natured tone.

Two or three years later on I made the acquaintance of Crébillon the younger. He was as tall as a poplar, and as long and as thin, and made a contrast with the strong frame and depth of chest one saw in Crébillon the tragic writer. Never did Nature throw two beings together who were more dissimilar. Crébillon the younger was all politeness, amenity and grace. A touch of causticity appeared in his talk, but it only affected literary pedants and enemies of the commonweal. We got on very well together. He had seen the world; he had known women as much as it is possible to know them, and perhaps loved them a little more than he esteemed them. His conversation was sparkling: he regretted the days of the Regency, looking on it as a period of good manners when compared with the manners that obtain nowadays. Our literary principles were also in accord. One day he told me in confidence, that he had never yet read all his father's tragedies; it was a pleasure to come. He looked on French tragedy as the most perfect farce that human wits could have invented. He laughed till he cried at certain theatrical productions and at a

public which, in all the kings of the tragic stage, could only see the King at Versailles. The rôle of the Captain of the Guard, now the faithful servant, now the traitor, according to the author's fantasy, caused him enormous amusement. He gathered every detail about the man who played the part. He was his favourite actor on account of the amusement he caused him. One day a janissary, the next deposing Tarquin the proud, the prime mover in every entanglement, in the course of a year he would overthrow more thrones than he had halberds in his troop, and killed tyrants thrice a week with an admirable precision. Crébillon loved everything about him, his movements, his attitude, his indoctrined pride of port; now Royalist, now Republican, he followed every order with a philosophic indifference which never dulled the edge of his sabre.

Crébillon was Censor Royal and Police Censor. He licensed all the ballad-sellers and all the printed verse that flew about on broad-sheets. In those days a really frightful quantity was turned out, it rained epics; he licensed everything with a charming politeness and imperturbability. Never did Crébillon keep an author waiting were he but a ballad-monger. He was also attentive, affable and easy of approach; he dissuaded me from writing verses.

As every day that passed his door was open to a multitude of versifiers and budding authors, he said to me once: "Stay with me till after midday, for that is the time for the poets to come and bring their manuscripts."

I seated myself.

The bell rings; Crébillon opens the door; an author appears; he is quick and vivacious, makes his addresses with grace and speaks well, takes a chair and draws a manuscript from his pocket. There is some conversation and our author speaks not without wit.

"What part of the country do you come from?" says Crébillon, who is by way of licensing from forty to fifty thousand verses a year.

"From near Toulouse," replies the author.

"Good. Leave your manuscript, come in again, or send the day after to-morrow, and your permission shall be ready."

When the author had gone out, Crébillon, holding the manuscript in his hand, said to me: "Now I do not know what is in this; you have heard this young man; he talks with readiness and has some wit. What will you bet that his work has neither rhyme nor reason? But why this rash judgment? You shall see. You shall read it, my friend."

And indeed the piece offered him for censorship was quite devoid of sense.

A second ring at the bell. A new author. Crébillon opens to him. The author shrinks in the doorway, he can neither come in, nor speak, nor sit down; he is awkward and wooden; he nearly upsets a little table on which the Censor's *déjeuner* is spread. It requires stage management to get him to sit down; he backs away from every invitation to do so; at length he is seated; he tries to speak, he can but stammer. His answers are not to the point. After gazing for five minutes at his pocket whence his manuscript sticks out, he pulls it forth, dropping his hat and stick; looks everywhere for his parasol as if someone had stolen it from him; hurts my leg with the end of his sword by moving it awkwardly, and at last manages to say, "I beg of you, Monsieur, to despatch my business, for they tell me you will be so kind as to do so."

Crébillon takes the paper with his customary amenity, puts the gentlemen at his ease as far as it is possible to do so, and asks the same questions as before: "What is your part of the country, sir? The neighbourhood of Rouen. Good. In three days I shall

have your manuscript licensed." He shows him out, and helps him to recover his parasol. The doorway seems scarcely wide enough for the poet's passage through, he knocks against the door-jamb, slips on the landing and stumbles down the first steps, repulsing the Censor with his hand several times, which is apparently a Norman civility.

At last the door is shut on him.

"What a bumpkin!" I cry, "and he thinks he can write."

"Well now," says Crébillon, "you have seen and heard him, or perhaps you will say you have heard nothing. What will you bet that his work is not without merit?"

"Oh, oh—you know something about him then?"

"I know him no more than I knew the other. I have never seen him. But let me read. . . ." And we read. The clumsy Norman's manuscript showed ideas and style and was a very estimable piece of work. When I showed my surprise at the spirit of divination exhibited by the Censor, he remarked: "Many years' experience has proved to me that out of twenty authors who come to me from the south of France nineteen are detestable; and that out of the same number from the north at least half have some grains of talent and are susceptible of improvement. The worst verse in the world is written between Bordeaux and Nîmes; this is the latitude of bad versifiers. All the writers from down there are wind-bags, whereas those who come from the north have some sense and innate talent which only asks for cultivation."

I have had many occasions to test Crébillon's observation, and have almost always found it just. The headpiece of the Southerner, with some exceptions, does not seem to me that of a writer; it lacks logic.

I cannot pass over in silence the fact that proves once and for all his courage, and his friendship for men of

letters and for myself in particular. In January, 1771, I published a play entitled *Olinde et Sophronie;* in it were allusions to the proceedings of Maupeou the Chancellor against the Magistracy. The Parliament of Paris was dismissed on the 20th of January and my play was published on the 22nd. The event lent an aptness to my work which gave pleasure to the public and fed its unspoken resentment. The Ministry, which was anything but indulgent, would have taken action against me. Crébillon, who had licensed the piece, far from giving way, pleaded my cause, made representations, and took the responsibility on himself. His generosity and firmness saved me a very unpleasant experience and it was owing to his sincere affection for men of letters. He has often told me that in spite of their foibles and their vanity he had found more virtue in them than in any other people.

His works present a delicate anatomy of the human heart and its sentiments, particularly the sentiments which agitate the hearts of women, whose first attribute is that they know nothing of their own hearts but can see well enough into the heart and character of man.

Crébillon the younger knew them well: he was a painter, and his touch, delicate as it was, was expert and often searching.

THE CHAIN OF GALLEY-SLAVES

Twice a year does it leave, on the 25th May and the 10th of September. Those condemned to the galleys are detained in the Château de la Tournelle until the hour of their departure for Toulon, Brest, and Marseilles.

And here you may see these captives, in chains, the fierce and violent creatures who have troubled society.

Look at them: punishment has not yet broken their

boldness of bearing; they have prostituted their vital energies to crime; they were born strong and turned their strength against their fellow-citizens. Draw near if you are a student of human features and see whether their brows bear the presage of their deeds. They are hard-visaged, yes, but it is their forgetfulness of virtue which has made them so, for it is crime which denatures a man's features.

When the day for their departure comes they are placed in long wagons. One long chain connects them and binds them to their rolling vehicle. Eight marshals' men escort 120 malefactors and off they go, asking alms from fellow-beings towards whom they have exercised violence and wrong. They go, and conscience, that irremovable judge, tells many a one of them that his punishment is light and that he has escaped the death that he merited.

I do not know whether I have any ability in reading countenances, but I seem to see a gleam of joy on most of their hardened faces, for this last sentence is a sentence of grace, and they are nearly all singing and their gaol delivery is a sort of favour to them. Many of them are almost astonished to have preserved their existence after passing through the Courts, and they owe it chiefly to humane magistrates, failing whom they would have mounted the scaffold.

The cries which reach my ear sound if I am not mistaken like cries of gratitude. Kindly philosophy has for some time past commended to magistrates an economy of bloodshed. But what a shudder passes over one in the midst of these wretches for whom no laws are sacred.

Their arms are loaded with irons, the very arms that would have attacked or struck you down in the depths of the woods. The scourges of many distant provinces are here brought together under your eyes, even as you may see in a menagerie wolves, tigers, and leopards.

They can no longer hurt you, and they beg from you. What is man's nature, one wonders; will morality be born again in these? Will misfortune break their guilty hearts? Will they be regenerated by repentance?

Could I but read in the depths of their souls which is the most criminal among them, which the most innocent, I should much like to know why and how and to what extent they strayed from virtue.

Is there among these individuals, as among others, an equal balance of vice and virtue; human law is so gross; and then, is the perfectioning of society possible, and to what point? But sad it is to see a white head among these malefactors. Alas, he had not long to live. Was he a hardened criminal who had escaped man's justice all his life, or was he merely unlucky and made a slip at the end of his career and lived too long by a day? This other, whose face is so interesting, did he fall into these depths for a head of game, a stick of tobacco, or a pound of salt; for among us very Christian people the revenue laws are more sacred than all, and bring it about that a partridge or a rabbit weighs more than a man in the balance, even if he be a father of a family.

This is what goes to my heart; but the wagon bears them away and with them their case and their defence.

But I will unload my heart by saying again here that out of a hundred malefactors condemned to the galleys, thirty at least owe their lives and exemption from execution to the humanity of magistrates. Such magistrates date from our own day; and without fear of prevarication they know how to lessen the cruelty of the law. To spare the guilty man a violent death, to restore the proportion between punishment and crime, to weigh circumstances which may diminish punishment, this is what their humanity and wisdom may now effect. They obey the spirit of the law which is for the good of society and not for its torture.

One day maybe it will not seem so necessary to deprive a man of life who is but guilty of robbery, and it will seem better to keep a citizen alive than to sacrifice human victims to an idol of gold.

A punishment proportioned to the crime will probably have a greater effect, seeing that capital punishment has not made theft less common; and, it may be, assassination, which too often accompanies robbery, will tend to disappear because a criminal will no longer have the same interest in the death of the man he has plundered, his interest lying in his all too well-founded fear of subsequent accusation.

"The man might live, the witness has to die."

This single line is as good as a treatise.

This revolution in our criminal jurisprudence might operate even to-day, seeing that capital punishment does not make men more virtuous and that morals are more than laws.

But if the assassin still seems proper for execution, it is not the same with the simple thief; all such are ordinarily of the class which lacks the necessaries of life, and they see on all sides the superfluity of the rich, their insensibility and their disdain. The sight tempts them, desire is too strong for them and they yield to it.

It is on account of our descent from barbarians that we take the life of a man who takes a few pieces of money from us. The Greeks, the Romans, even the Jews, Jews though they were, only punished robbery by temporary pains; but we, villainously consumed with the cruellest avarice, strangle our fellows to guard our gold.

Montesquieu is of opinion that a robber should be hanged, but he does not say so in so many words, it is true; to save his delicacy, no doubt revolted by the word, he masks his expression and tells you that *it is necessary that corporal punishment should take the place*

of money damage, seeing that it is those who have no property who attack that of others.

But is there but one kind of corporal punishment, and is there but the rope that we can offer to the guilty wretch?

THE HARP

An instrument borrowed again from the ancients, our masters in every walk of life; an instrument of harmony whose sounds wed naturally with the accents of the human voice.

Every grace is developed under the favouring attitude it imposes. A beautiful woman at the harp carries her head as in transport, in ravishment; her delicate and docile fingers fly over the cords and seem to draw their sounds from the skies; the rounded arm has full play, the little foot steals forward and seems to draw the eye. The harp, this rival of the clavecin, is now in favour, and the predilection shown it by the Queen has still further contributed to its dominance at Court and in town.

We never hear of the paintings of Paradise but only of the music we shall know there; for melody touches us more nearly than a gallery of pictures.

A SUBJECT FOR CARICATURE

A moneylender is making out a promissory note for a young prodigal who, according to his kind, promises to pay some time after date. The latter, with a light-hearted gesture, after scribbling a bold signature with his eye on the cash, picks up the powder-box to sprinkle over the fresh ink, and we see the moneylender snatching it from his hands and saying with a dramatic touch that even art cannot render, "Let be,

Monsieur, let be! I assure you it shall have plenty of time to dry."

What draughtsman shall draw us the moneylender's look; the half-open mouth, where cupidity, suspicion, joy and anxiety are so well defined? Who shall express even that "let be, it shall have plenty of time to dry"? What an amusing picture!

Another prodigal had sold a fine estate and his house therewith. Passing it at a later date he exclaimed: "Ah! how willingly would I spend you again!"

There is all the difference in the world between a usurer and your honest discounter; the smallest business, like the greatest, has need of money in advance, and, without money, we cannot even set up a dram-shop.

Lending on interest is the soul of commerce. An honest moneylender takes six per cent on good security which is no usury.

All commerce is honest if honestly conducted.

What is money? It is the common measure of value.

Why should not money be included among the subjects of barter? A money-changer may ruin me, an honest bill-discounter comes to my assistance, and renders my field of industry fertile.

FOREIGNERS

Every foreigner who has heard society in Paris so highly praised is astonished not to meet with this same society; but everyone lives in his own particular way here and in almost complete indifference to everyone else. It is difficult to obtain a footing in certain houses, and no one makes a regular practice of receiving strangers; so they are reduced to their lodging-houses, for with the exception of those days on which

there are balls, or on occasions when there are rare supper-parties, all the houses are closed or deserted. After the first visits have been exchanged no one troubles any further about the foreigner, who, wandering from house to house, eventually drifts to the Palais Royal and its surroundings. For a long period there was only Marshal de Biron who received and welcomed strangers, and d'Alembert, to represent the national genius, and he, in all good faith, expressed rather the academic mind.

As foreigners abound and arrive from all the four corners of Europe, it would be exceedingly wearisome continually to have to do the honours. The Parisian is very free in the conduct of his private life; there is nothing more difficult than to corner him. What this great city needs and will always need is a meeting-place for various societies. They are as mobile as they are scattered. This means that what is called good society moves in five or six different sets which, though not inharmonious, are nevertheless not of the same circle. So certain ways and manners will escape the student of society, for he will only have but fleeting access to certain houses, where he will meet with easy but impersonal politeness. It would take a whole life then, would it not, to open one's door to everyone who arrives unexpectedly with those letters of introduction we know so well? How can we refuse them? And then, these many foreigners bring their wives with them, another source of worry; they cannot even guess at the ins and outs of Society, and cannot speak or move without committing some blunder.

The foreigner does what he can; he is to be found everywhere, he glides almost by chance from one to another, it is he who must pay court to the Parisian, for the latter pays court to none.

Parisian society almost approaches that of savages who meet by chance, and take leave of one another

unceremoniously, all to pass the time of day. The foreigner retains his own characteristics in Paris; the Russian complains that he is dying of cold, the Englishman that there is no wine to be drunk, the Spaniard finds us over-familiar, the Italian that we sing out of tune, the Swiss that we leave the table as if we fled from it, while the German looks for the aristocracy and can find none. With us the Italian is sober, and will never invite you to dine; he will offer you an ice as if in his own country; he wants to see pictures so as to poke fun at them, and to listen to music so that he may laugh.

The Englishman has his independent tastes; he goes to restaurants instead of taverns, rides on horseback, and does not dress at all. The climate of London is both foggy, sulphurous and soot-coloured, so that these islanders, swathed in such an atmosphere must do all they do in a melancholy fashion. So the English revel in our sunshine. The taste of our wines is exquisite to them, and they are always great meat-eaters, and spend a lot on their food. The Englishwoman with her beautiful blue eyes, and her always white skin, seems a little pale in our eyes, a little indifferent, quiet and serious; she is a contrast to our women with their vivacious and graceful ways.

The Portuguese are ostentatious; their gestures seem dictated as if by an *Angelus* bell; and they will bow before a statue, or a monk. The Pole seems to believe in the resurrection of his republic but he would have the people in slavery or serfdom; and this he justifies by doing violence to historic facts.

The Russian lets you perceive the hardness of his character through his affectation of politeness; he will show surprise at not meeting with slaves accustomed to their yoke; he always justifies Diderot's words, who, when speaking of a polite-mannered

Russian said, "tear open his shirt and you will find his hairy skin."

The German carries with him everywhere his indifference and calm conceit. The Spaniard is at more pains than any to distinguish himself; he wishes to be admired and that his country should be respected, and drops any point of conduct which he cannot defend.

The Dutchman begins his day by washing himself out with three or four cups of tea and after that attacks a big ham of which he will perhaps eat a pound; he will then smoke two or three pipes and drink two or three cups of *café au lait*, then half a dozen slices of bread and butter, and finishes his breakfast with a bottle of Bordeaux.

The Swiss, whatever you may say to him, will have a reply to everything; he knows something about all countries and for money will do anything you want; but he has no opinions of his own.

The young German is a walking parody of deportment and good taste, and is always the last man to understand the manners of a country.

All these people put their trust in their bankers, who are their mentors and guides in their early steps. They all want to make acquaintance with our courtesans, but it is the Englishman who pays them most magnificently. The Swiss pays them little or nothing.

What most astonished the Emperor was the house of the late Beaujon; he could not imagine how a private individual could become so rich through finance.

Beware, for all these strangers, without exception, and however modest their bearing, are the inspectors and critics of our national genius, and they will doubtless pick up material for small satires against the French; but even so they will prove the singular liberty and independence enjoyed by Parisians in their round of diversion and pleasure.

It is true enough that we only care to speak to

strangers of their country that we may, however politely, vaunt the superiority of our own. Interrogations are chiefly malicious, and the replies become embarrassing. The Parisian, in general, must needs talk of everything instead of restricting himself to what he understands.

Rameau said to me one day: "I am an ignorant man, it is no use talking to me. I know nothing; talk to me of music, it is all I know about; I can only talk of music."

But Rameau was unique among his fellow-citizens.

JUDICIAL SEPARATION

Marriage is indissoluble, divorce is forbidden by human and divine law, but if married people wish to separate they have but to exchange slaps before two witnesses and Justice will separate them at once. They cannot marry anyone else, but they can live apart until death at length breaks the chain which had become so heavy. Admire the wisdom and profundity of a legislation which forbids divorce and admits separation; which makes two people useless to the State and devotes them to libertinism.

Children whose fathers and mothers are not married in church are declared bastards; thus are they punished for the faults of their fathers and mothers, as though it were not unhappiness enough to have no father to their names.

Concubinage is forbidden by human and divine law but authorised by the best usage. And bishops, abbés, priests, nobles, magistrates, and merchants, and even workmen, live in concubinage, and concubines form a third of the female population.

Women separated from their husbands enter a convent, which has a decent air, but then they leave

again every day of the week. They form a community such as that of St. Chaumont in the Rue St. Denis. All being in the same situation they entertain each other mutually with their particular histories, and the word *husband* in this pious retreat sounds worse than the very devil. Indeed, they shrink from it, and visitors always refer to husbands as the *adversaries*, and married women are not received with pleasure. It is an understood thing in the community that every husband is a tyrant and a monster, and that it is but the extraordinary sweetness of women that enables any marriage to subsist.

Judges, holding the scales between man and wife, seeing beauty, and beauty in tears, cannot imagine that it can be in fault, and all the lenity of the Law is on her side.

In the community of St. Chaumont all the women who live under a separation order lend counsel to one another, and exchange also their lawyers, and allies, and have in common all their wiles and all their eloquence: it is a league. And the husband, who thought himself at loggerheads with one woman finds he has a score of irreconcilable enemies to draw his portrait and multiply it as in a many-faceted glass. The voice of the community swells and speaks, and a concert of invective and accusation is born and is not to be stilled. Separated or reconciled, it is made known that the wife is an angel and the husband a demon.

Sometimes a lover and a post-chaise cut the affair short. Then, three months later, bills come in from all sides, perhaps from a hundred miles away. They rain down on the husband's head; he is asked for the half of his fortune; the wife is ready to return and prove her innocence; the lawyers are all ready; the Superior of the Community will speak for her, and is ready to condemn any husband in the universe, as she is ready to receive any wife. Never is the wife in the

wrong. And the proof is that she pays a good pension to the pious community.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Forty years ago the English language was so little known among us that, one fine day, it was impossible to find anyone in the Cabinet who could at a moment's notice make a State document in English understood.

They eventually enquired at the entrance to the audience chamber whether anyone present had a knowledge of English. Profound silence reigned, when a Mousquetaire stood forward who, coming from Calais, had acquired some knowledge of English, being such a near neighbour. He translated the foreign document, and the King gave him a company of dragoons as a reward, and a thousand *louis* in gold as well.

Nowadays when a novel appears there are twenty hungry translators who make a rush for it; the quickest man gets it. There are wholesale employers in this sort of work, and pupils make versions for their masters, as a tailor orders his workpeople to turn a certain coat. When two translators possessing the same version in their pockets meet face to face at the publishers, you may judge of their surprise; they grow pale with terror, for the adoption of one man's work is the annihilation of the other.

So the reading of English papers is as universal now in Paris as it was rare forty-five years ago. This must affect national ideas; also literature, though hemmed in by the limited and narrow-minded taste of academicians, has nevertheless taken colour from England. Several of their political works, which have appeared in our language, have enlightened

us on civil and political law, almoſt forgotten by the writers of the time of Louis XIV, who all—without exception—were ignorant of the English language. Moreover, this republican tongue is not ſtrange to the sovereign who rules over us—and all the better for us, dear citizens.

There are also German translators, who, having a poor knowledge of the language they translate, are also little versed in the French tongue. These they call *labourers*.

A certain Monsieur Bonneville owns that he has been such a labourer, but he complains about it as if he were a victim and had been submitted to an outrage. But why? You muſt be a bricklayer if you are not born an architect.

Now for one translator, fine, accurate, vital, and elegant such as *Le Tourneur* or *Riccoboni*, there are twenty *Bonnevilles* diſtorting the fineſt originals at so much a page. German authors complain of being disfigured by these scribblers, who add to their wretched ſtyle a ridiculous desire to criticise. These authors assert that it would be better for them were they entirely unknown in France, rather than suffer under the heavy-fiſted clumsiness of these labourers. I give the publicity they deserve to these legitimate complaints, so that the noble ſteeds of Apollo so full of grace, majeſty and life, may no longer be flayed alive by these skinners and tanners.

When a pretty woman has learnt English she makes a little translation—it is one charm the more gracefully displayed, and she thus escapes the severe criticism which falls on a woman writer of wider scope.

It is the beautiful and vital translation of Shakespeare by Monsieur Le Tourneur which has enabled us to produce several of the Englishman's plays in our theatres. Writers who, while forgetting to

mention his name, make use of his translations, owe much gratitude to his memory.

THE CENSORSHIP OF BOOKS

There are two kinds of censorship: one emanates from the Chancellor, or Keeper of the Seals, the other from the Minister, or Chief of Police. The first issues a parchment carrying a *licence* to print any book however foolish; the second is the permission given to sense and talent to slip furtively into the city without saying whence it comes nor from whom; it carries no yellow seal.

That is how it comes about that a book that has been forbidden, burnt, censored and cursed, sells, not from the booksellers' windows, but from the back shelves of his shop.

The number of copies is usually limited, and the bookseller who is chosen for their clandestine distribution has nothing to fear from the moment that he makes himself known, and renders an account of the matter to the Magistrate.

This does not imply contradiction nor the conflict of two authorities, but a wise and sensible tolerance accorded to books which are bold without temerity and piquant without being licentious. The impudent pamphleteer hides himself because his conscience is bad. The courageous writer shows himself because the first characteristic of an honest man is to own to what he has written. We are told, moreover, that there is a persuasion that the best books would get themselves printed abroad, and that an author who has chosen the terrifying task of telling the truth, even if he does not do that, may tell the Government something new and enlightening. Everything is not wrong in a book; one piece of information given at the

right moment may redeem a thousand foolish pages; it ensues that what is false invariably comes to nothing.

We are perhaps nearing a time when a more enlightened administration, having in hand all sects and parties, will no longer make war on authors who are neither seditious nor insolently satirical. The present situation in Europe demands a hearing for those vigorous and masculine minds which, like to experienced pilots, perceive the coming storm in a darkened sky, and give orders to the ship to shorten sail and alter her course. Moreover, there is no work that one cannot successfully attack or ridicule once it has overstepped certain limits, and a Government will never make a better showing nor assume a stronger appearance than when it shows no fear of any writer's pen.

And since everyone nowadays strives to imagine something new and profitable in the way of King's taxes, I, after much thought, and like a good citizen, have imagined a tax which will bring in much money, for I dare affirm that from the very outset it will bring about a marked augmentation in His Majesty's revenue.

Our journals and publications have little interest; we read little that we want to read, their prose is insipid and their verse is worse, and this, and the wearisome disputes of men of letters fill most of the sheet. Editors going round and round in a circle rearrange their matter every day in vain; threequarters of it is not read, and what makes it sadder for them is that they see their subscribers falling off daily: the paper manufacturers feel the loss and the printers fall away; well, here is a remedy—a veritable specific.

Let all privilege be suppressed for journals, gazettes, and other publications, and let every news-sheet pay a tax (on condition that the Press is free) and you will

see newspapers without number burst into being to rejoice the nation and enrich the Treasury. Every individual being at liberty to treat in his own particular style, and according to his pleasure, political or literary matters, this branch of trade will become very important; and the natural gaiety of the Frenchman, his light tone, his talent for pleasantry which leads him to laugh at and console himself about everything in a very short time, all this will favour the distribution of public newspapers; and lively discussion of the affairs of the day, of trade, commerce, politics and finance, Court intrigues and ministerial jealousies, will give birth every day to amusing news-sheets which will be read by duchesses and chambermaids Marshals of France and apothecaries' assistants.

Every laugh raised will produce so much for the King, so much nett profit. The man who laughs pays cheerfully, and he will laugh and he will pay; the French, lacking the ballast to stay long at rest, and ever subject to the inconstancy of their national character and to change of fashion, will find new subjects every week. And, as ridicule in France is never lacking, either of persons or of affairs, attacks will not fail; money and good humour will circulate, and the bile of more atrabilious temperaments will be canalised and the nation kept from the sadness and sulkiness it seems inclined to contract.

This would be no small thing, for if we cannot keep ourselves French we shall become worse than our neighbours.

The King must have money, and we must have fun; I have perfectly conciliated these two ends, or rather these two necessities; enrich the Monarchy and laugh the more as its finances grow, what project could be sounder? And yet it is mine.

THE CAFÉ IN THE RUE DES BOUCHERIES

I would recommend you, my dear readers, if you are fond of the theatre, to be sure to go and see what goes on behind the curtain before it rises. You find a sort of dark cavern where spectres of every colour and shape wander pell-mell, and so confusedly that there is scarce time to observe them. You see a variegated crowd of actors and actresses of all ages, some of whom, half-dressed, are hastily pulling on the most superb garments, throwing aside perhaps an old shoe to give place to the heroic cothurnus, and others, grimacing as they mutter, endeavouring to recall, by the light of a candle end stuck on a piece of scene carpentry, the words of some part which their memory has all the more difficulty in retaining since they do not understand the sense.

Others, lively and noisy, spring rhythmically in front of a broken mirror, exercising the steps and gestures and movements of the body as it springs, falls, rises again, darts forward and gyrates.

You may see the Queen of Carthage sitting in a dilapidated chair and all her serving train but a little nigger half-blacked who looks and laughs. Augustus renews his rouge and singes his artificial laurels in the wick of a reeking lamp. Orosmane, thrusting in his belt the dagger which is to pierce the beautiful and virtuous Zaïre, chatters with her and makes a mock of the catastrophe. The most familiar intercourse and the most indecorous method of address serve as introduction to the divine language of a Corneille and a Racine.

But there can be nothing in the world similar to what occurs at Paris during Easter week in a little Café in the Rue des Boucheries.

Imagine all the managers of the provincial theatres

thronging thither to a sort of public market to recruit their companies, and all the crowd that ſtruts on the boards haſtening thither on their side in bands, to engage and hire themselves out. The hectic queen, the simpering moppet, become matter for bargain, and also the noble father, proclaimed by his bald brow, his broken voice, and trembling hands; the impudent servant, whose face bespeaks his part; the humble confidante, almoſt always as bad on the ſtage as useless to the piece; and the fop who thinks to possess at every age the fire and grace of his youth.

It is a confused medley of actors and actresses who well know one another, who outdo one another in their extravagances, each thinking himself superior to all, as indeed he is in his deteſtable performances. But mediocrity is the over-tone; it swells and spreads with the vanity and ſtupidity of a peacock in a poultry-yard, and recounts to every goose within hearing the applause it has gathered from the furtheſt corners of the kingdom where the French language is scarcely underſtood.

An empress is engaged at a hundred and forty francs a month, while the confidante sulks because she has but seventy-five, and has to play the part of prompter into the bargain. In a word, you have assembled the whole crowd who are about to mutilate, on all the huſtings of the kingdom, its language, its drama, its tone and its rightful meaning, and be none the less applauded to the echo.

The greetings of friends who embrace with as false a transport as any that may be seen on the boards; the resentments of enemies as real as their secret jealousy; handsome fellows, proud of their looks, ogling dried-up old actresses; the deep-mouthed imprecations againſt managers who are bad paymaſters, and againſt a public which pays them with booings;

all this offers a sight, newer, more varied and more amusing than any they could stage.

Here is one who has posted from the North and is leaving for the South by coach, and here is another who has come from Marseilles, whose lot is cast at Strasbourg.

Chance disposes of them, they do not know whether they will be mouthing in Gascony or in Normandy; they make engagements which are broken two hours later by caprice or by necessity; they raise and lower their prices like poultry in the market, they belaud and abuse, and swear at one another by turns.

The Café overflows with these noble instruments of the dramatic art. They stand in groups over the street gutters. Remains of a costume coat is contrasted with cobbled shoes, or a magnificent waistcoat overhangs a pair of patched breeches.

Ask such a one where he is going, and he will reply to you like Æsop: "I know nothing."

The managers walk about bargaining with the actors in the midst of this queer market, one as curious to see as any where they sell animals. They flatter a man whom they wish to get at a cheap price, and make a particular feature of advances. A bad actress gets in under cover of the actor who has secured an engagement because he is her lover; she would show a bold face if the manager spoke of separating them.

Such are your comedians, who, with fifteen or twenty parts in their heads, are well persuaded that they have nothing to learn in the matter of their art and speak of it with a confidence which would make you believe that they knew its principles to their foundations. When the leading provincial companies have been formed, the dregs are left; and oh, dear! these dregs filter through to the wandering booths, destined to amuse the crowd, even as that Monsieur Destin and Mademoiselle La Caverne celebrated by Scarron in

the least detestable of his works. There is no human passion but peeps in and out on the faces of this race of mummers who know every town in Europe and most of its vices.

At last they have all passed the test, been bargained for, bought and sold, these men who on the provincial stage represent our human passions in order to correct their defects in us by the soft emotions of pity or the penetrating shafts of ridicule.

If into this rabble chance or curiosity should lead some actor of the capital city, how cold his smile of disdain. The title of King's player makes him regard himself as of a different species. A Bishop could not look down on a parish sacristan from a greater height.

As for our singers, their pride is in proportion to their rarity; they are beyond price. The aria singer is better paid than Melpomene or Thalia. Also, she is commonly younger, better dressed, and less debauched despite the large number of her admirers.

His unbridled liberty consoles the actor for all his misfortunes, even for the affronts inseparable from his trade. It makes him insensible to hisses, and he takes his revenge in indiscipline and impudence for the despotic rule of the public.

Such, however, are the mouth-pieces of the dramatic authors who are the glory of the nation; such are the interpreters of genius; such are the men commissioned by the State to propagate the fame of the masters of the drama. All these posturers are leaving this Café on their way to represent in every town the immortal masterpieces which they regard as their own property because they get their daily bread by them; but they are ungrateful dependents, and the greedy directors mutilate plays to suit them to their own bad taste, and show no gratitude to those who feed them. Women are theatrical managers, though how

such a profession can suit them I do not know. The demoiselle Montansier has a company of comedians who travel about the kingdom. She has her assistants, she is in management at Caen and at Rouen, and has her licence, for everything in France, even our pleasures, must bear a licence.

The provinces may be vexed because a manageress is stingy, but the provincial public must put up with her whims from afar off, for it is her peculiar business to gain her livelihood through the contortions and gesticulations of others. Any play is good for a theatre manager so long as it costs nothing; it takes on a bad aspect so soon as there is payment to be made, however modest.

INDISPOSITION OF AN ACTRESS

It is the secret of the Comédie, it is the art of cutting short a play whose author is unpopular; it is a palliative for having failed the public; it is a minor revenge wreaked on a rival; it is an excuse for carelessness, idleness, and vanity, in fine—what am I saying—it is the answer to everything.

An actress indisposed! Corneille can write no more; the Russian and German Princes will have to leave without seeing some play for which they have waited in vain. An actress indisposed! It will be discussed at all the supper-parties.

Can you not see her from here, with two doctors whose carriages stop at her door twice daily, and straw scattered all up and down the street making a muddy mattress on the road? And she is not ill at all! Oh, unbeliever! Slander will have it that the actress, having escaped by a secret door, is in the country amusing herself; but it would be very surprising that she who plays comedy could not imagine a little comedy of her own to deceive or to pacify an irritated public.

Everyone understands the import of the bulletin, for you cannot put in big letters: "*Mademoiselle . . . has a scratched face and a swollen cheek, a memento from a jealous lover . . . Mademoiselle . . . has been hurt in the lists of Venus.* But when an actress is pretty, and talented, the public pretend to believe in her indisposition, and demand news of her, making a great fuss which becomes quite farcical. The staid doctors take part in the stratagem, because they are paid for it and because they are certain to effect a cure. This farce may last six weeks or even two months; then the actress reappears; she makes use of a certain white liquid which gives her an air of sickly pallor, and the first faint tint of convalescence.

This identical public which had banished the actress to the Salpetrière, which would have ordered her to her knees two days following her crime of *lèse-majesté* against the stalls, receives her with rapture, and doubly appreciating her art, forgives her impertinence for the sake of her artfulness and her simulated apologies. The authors whose plays have been cut short may exclaim that their art and they themselves have suffered outrage; the actress carries the day, and all the medical students repeat: "*We have seen the doctors' carriages at her door*", and every Æsculapius grows triumphant over the imaginary cure.

But an actress's illness becomes necessary when she is forced to pay the penalty for pleasure, which nature wreaks on her sex, for the child of Melpomene and Thalia will not be gainsaid any more than that of her serving-maid, and there is no actress who would dare to show herself at such a season even playing the part of Idamé or Eugénie. The indisposition of an actress becomes a necessity also when the goddess has met with a Diomedes in the world, he who struck Venus; had Venus been an actresss she would have published the fact that she was indisposed. How should she

reveal the brutality of Diomedes? Such a shocking outrage must be hidden, imagination must not even play with it. How can the public be shown a scratched face? A broken arm would shock less; such crimes should never be revealed, and the Faculty itself thinks it no derogation from its dignity to veil such a scandal.

Play postponed owing to the indisposition of an Actress is accordingly an announcement which may mean a hundred things: caprice, resentment, vanity, and any and every wound inflicted by passionate or malicious love.

If the proud Clairon instead of refusing to play with her comrade Dubois, because he had not paid her surgeon, had feigned a sudden indisposition or fainting fit, she would have remained an ornament of the theatre, she would not have lost her talent, which being a made thing must evaporate even as the power to dance vanishes by its non-exercise; the *Journal de Paris* would not, twenty years after the tragedienne's faults of demeanour, have made an heroic sacrifice of this retreat from the stage and compared, so to speak, her renouncement of the boards to that of Christina and Charles V.

Or, maybe, some actor finds that to handle 34,000 francs a year salary is not worth the risk of being hissed at times; he wants unceasing applause; so he resigns, and trails his declamatory outpourings through the countryside where he is considered a great man wrongly persecuted; he gains twice as much, and prides himself on not having submitted to the bad judgment of the Capital.

ROUGE

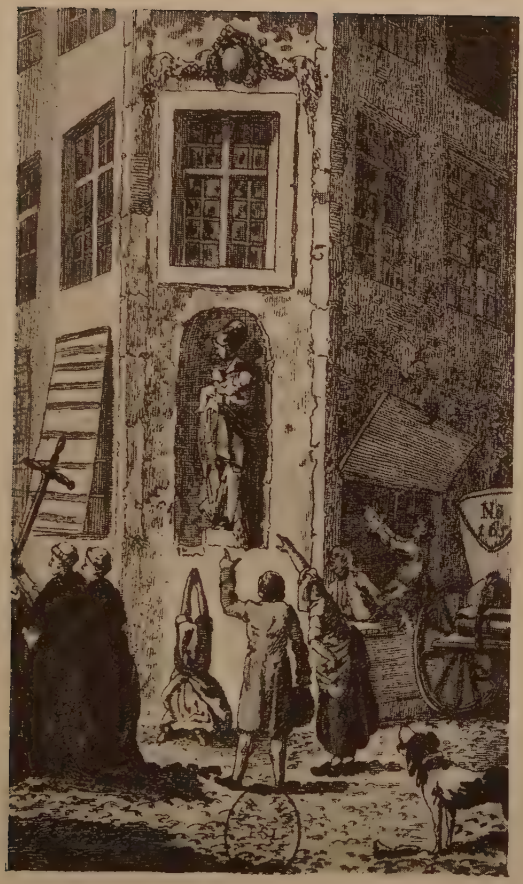
Everywhere is Paris one sees these rouged women who continue to wear rouge in spite of their sixty years and to follow the social round. These everlasting

females whose venerable features betray no inner change are not old—one is but old, according to the judgment of society, at seventy; not at sixty-five. These terrible young women who walk out with butcher boys, put on their rouge at the street corner—it is scarlet, but that of the Palais-Royal charmer is rose-colour. It is an important matter, the choice of rouge. Actors must have a colour to suit the foot-lights, and it is horrible seen near, almost like the old masks of tragedy.

Ladies at Court pay a *louis* for a little pot, and ladies of quality six *francs*; courtesans pay twelve *francs*, and your bourgeoise does not bargain over it though she wears but little. The choice of rouge is a great subject of quarrel between mistress and maid, worse than that of hair-dressing, which is to say much; and sometimes the rouge-pot is thrown down, while looking in the mirror. It is the blush of early spring that is sought in the little vase, but it has no magic virtue, and all the charm lies in the abused vision of the amorous swain.

MY LEGS

Men who row have muscular arms, but they do not know how to use their legs. I have been about so much while drawing my Pictures of Paris that I may be said to have drawn it with my legs; also I have learnt to walk lightly and briskly on the pavements of the great city. That is a secret one must master to enable one to observe everything. You obtain it by practice, for nothing can be done slowly in Paris because there are always other people behind you. The insight gained by reading is speculative and vague and to know men you must frequent their society, but the ways and manners of a capital city are of such subtle shades



THE STREET CORNER

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that it is practically impossible for the delineation to resemble that of the year that will follow it.

On the last day of the old year a *Te Deum* is sung in all the principal churches; every good Christian has to attend, to thank God for his escape from the thousand and one perils which, from the roofs of the houses to the pavements, assail the little figures circulating in the labyrinths of the streets, as well as from the dangers of bad air, water, and the various compounds of all kinds that are used in the manufacture of food and drink.

Everybody has called me to account for my various chapters. Monsieur Ferseran, the curry-comber-in-chief, interrogated me in the name of his fellow-workers, as did Monsieur Rougillon the prosecutor, Monsieur Paperasson, the notary, and Monsieur Antiquaille, who knows nearly as much Greek as a cobbler in Athens. No one finds food for laughter in the chapter on his own doings, but merely in the one relating to his neighbour. I should have had to defend a thousand actions had I lent an ear to the blind self-conceit of every type of man. Everyone is the centre of his own universe and sees nothing else. A workman passes carrying a mirror; I notice everyone looks in it and is pleased with his reflection; but everyone is not so pleased with the mirror I hold up before them.

An ancient sage said that the dead walk in your town. This saying is applicable to Paris, and the philosopher would have understood my saying so.

Juvenal predicted the fall of Rome even in the midst of its splendour, and he inveighed with vehemence against the moral reasons for its corruption. Would that I had his voice to cry aloud to my country that so long as she does not sacrifice that redoubtable and cruel Finance which causes the pure blood of the country to flow into the rich channels of luxury, the number of poor people, increasing every year, will soon entirely

exhaust agriculture, commerce, and the useful and consolatory arts; if the Government cannot put a stop to the scandal of the money-changers which at once kills the moral and diverts the subsistence of the people from its rightful course; if the Government allows Finance to concentrate all the money in the hands of a small portion of the citizens; if the big capitalists are alone to be considered, if every arrangement made is to be for them, both princes and their subjects will soon be sucked dry by this all-devouring body.

And what does this same Finance do? It provides a living for a few extra lackeys, it assists fashion to change more rapidly, but these are mere palliatives. These rich people invest their money in India and in China and their opulence does not profit the poor living in France. Unhappy is the age that sells itself to the rich, and where gold wields such prodigious power!

What impulse does this great town not give to other far distant towns, modelling themselves upon it and even, so to speak, accepting its laws as their own? I am not merely speaking of provincial towns in France. Paris takes the lead in Switzerland, in Italy, in Germany and in Holland; the Cabinet in France holds command over republicans all the world over, as well as over a number of minor Royalties; but the country which has been most strongly opposed to French methods and which has put all its strength and its glory into its resistance, and into its defiance of all its ideas, is England. London, rival and neighbour, has inevitably become the parallel of the picture I have drawn and it offers itself as such. The two capital cities are so near and yet so different, although in many respects resembling one another, that to finish my work it is necessary that I should let my gaze be drawn to this rival of Paris. I will go, there, I swear it by Newton and Shakespeare. I will wander on the banks of the

Thames and salute that temple of liberty designed by that most terrible of all architects, a Cromwell. I shall see that famous island which has proved the possibility of possessing a wise Government, and if this second Picture be not beyond my power, I will undertake it, endeavouring meanwhile to supply by the most resolute and impartial observation, the lack of other talents which heaven has refused me.

GREEDINESS

I know a man who maintains that the pleasures of the table are the greatest of pleasures. Mankind, say he, begins by feeding at the breast, and never loses his appetite till he dies. The pleasure is renewed two or three times a day, and if it is not a pleasure for every man it is because only one man in fifty thousand has a first-class cook. This man is the slave of his belly which is already very big. He exults over a succulent dish. He maintains that there is all the difference in the world between feeding and eating—he *eats*. When his cook is ill he hastens to the best doctor in town and begs him to spare no art or pains to restore health to one whom he regards as a second self, and the joy of his life.

He makes the finest distinctions in viands, even as a trained ear catches the semitones in music. He glories in his greed, and pities, not the hungry, but the eater of bad dinners.

It is not his appetite that governs him, but an artificial hunger he has created for himself; which goes to prove what habit can form, and how astonishing are the latent powers of the stomach, since it leads us from victory to victory until that day comes when the battle is lost and indigestion kills him.

The conversation is of truffled turkeys of Perigord,

of pâtés-de-foie gras of Toulouse, of tunny from Toulon, of the red partridges of Nerac, larks of Periviers, and boars'-head of Troye. He neither knows nor cares of a province or town save for its poultry or fish, and tells you of the arrival of a fine carp from Strasbourg; and he meets the coaches at their arrival and would double the posting facilities to hasten the coming of *bartavelles* from the uplands and snipe from Dombes, and cockerels from Caux.

He never walks through the Rue St. Honoré without entering the Hôtel d' Aligre. This is the famous temple of gluttony. Immense eels form the columns of its entry, and hams lend the hangings of the doorway. Every town in the kingdom is an eager tributary to this magazine of succulence. Daily comes the comestible for which each place is renowned, bearing the name of the proud city of its origin; there may you find all things which impatient and spendthrift gluttony could buy and consume. What a sight! Everything that can flatter the palate is spread on the counters. Whatever is seasoned, or salted, or savours of the wild, is there in jars of all sizes carefully sealed that nothing may evaporate.

Quails and ortolans from the uttermost parts of the land are delicately embalmed in tombs of pastry. Anchovies, salmon, Bologna sausages, and oysters, fresh and salty, lie side by side; and pots of mustard and pickled cucumbers whose gay labels revive the jaded appetite.

There you may purchase in a quarter of an hour, a complete feast and all ready prepared. Cooked hams from Bayonne, cooked tongues from Vierson, all ready for the table. Nothing is lacking, not even your dessert, for here you find dates from the Levant, figs from Marseilles, princess almonds, orange jelly from Malta, and Chinese lemons in confection; here are also the choicest wines and the rarest liqueurs

from Martinique, or, if you will, *crème* of Mexico, and maraschino of Zara. All the elements of a very pretty repast gathered from all the countries of the world, even as Apelles shaped his statue from thirty different divinities—and dined but poorly after all, maybe. You only want money, and a stomach able to hold out. But wait a moment! I had forgotten the digestive cheese of Parma, and that of Schapsigre, the king of cheeses for perfume.

Never was a gourmand in Europe better placed to satisfy his greed.

Within hands' reach he has the red partridges of Guercy, and Rhine perch; he can choose between the wood-hen from the Pyrenees, and the pullets of Caux. Fat-jowled Comus never had so varied an altar of offerings, and so charged with viands. Fresh game, and appetising dishes ready for taste, both solicit the buyer, and leave him undecided.

The odour of the shop is difficult to define, the sensories are so diversely stimulated. All things tempt your sense of smell, and the most resolute temperance might well be overcome; and he who would preserve his virtuous fast should never set foot here, for memory would follow and be a perpetual temptation. The monks of La Trappe could never know, save by the malice of the Demon, such undreamt-of mounds of delicate meats for hungry mouths; and even so is the friar transported in dreams into the seraglio of the Grand Turk.

But amid so many incitements to intemperance . . . is one simple and salubrious food, admirable for the health, agreeable to the taste, which will not ruin your purse, and that is—the sauerkraut of Strasbourg.

It is the principal food of the Germans, who do well on it, and I believe that were it in use in Paris it would restore many a feeble constitution. At the Hôtel

d'Aligre, Rue St. Honoré, we see that man is master of the globe, and that everything that flies, swims, or goes, is matter for his tooth. Oil of cinnamon, clove, nutmeg, all go down his throat, and his is the only stomach that can dispose of such heterogeneity. What a sight to astonish an Indian, innocent feeder on sago and rice, is the table of a modern epicure! It surprises me, this warehouse of sensuality, this encyclopædia of indigestion, when I see it! But, it comes to this: there is nothing really good in it but sauerkraut, macaroni, and apple-jelly of Rouen.

It is easy to perceive that all this provender is frequently renewed, for the quails and ortolans would go bad in their spiced beds, and spread the smell abroad, did not the diners arrive in their crowds; and they do arrive, and the white partridge of the Alps is eaten by no vulture but by a fat financier at his table.

Formerly, trout from the Lake of Geneva would arrive by post and courier, all ready for the table of Louis XV, with the sauce all hot; for it was the sauce that gave the value: the King waited for it, nor dined till it arrived.

RAMEAU

When I was young I knew Rameau the musician; he was a tall man, thin and dried-up, and with no presence. And as he was much bent he would walk in the Palais-Royal with his hands behind his back to redress his balance; he had a long nose and a sharp chin, his legs were mere sticks and his voice was harsh. He was not a man easy to get on with.

He talked ramblingly about his art in the manner of the poets.

He used to say in those days that he carried in his head all the harmony that was known. I would go to the opera, but the operas of Rameau, with the exception

of certain Symphonies, I found strangely wearisome. Since everyone said that his music was the *nec plus ultra* of music I thought I must be deaf to that art and mourned in secret, when, however, Glück, Piccini, and Sacchini, arose to search my soul and awaken my dormant faculties. I could not at all understand Rameau's great reputation, and it has seemed to me since that I was not altogether wrong.

I knew his nephew, too, half cleric, half layman, a man who lived in the café and who reduced to a matter of mastication every prodigy of worth, every operation of the spirit, every devotion of heroism, in fact every thing that we call great in this world. According to him nothing had any purpose or result but to fill the mouth.

This doctrine he would preach with expressive gesture and pantomimic working of the jaw; and did anyone speak of a fine poem, a noble action, a high decree, he would say that all this, whether proceeding from a Marshal of France or a cobbler, from Voltaire to Chabannes, is indubitably done to bring bread to the mouth and fulfil the laws of mastication.

One day in the course of conversation he said to me: "My uncle, the musician, is a great man, but my father as a violinist was greater than he. You shall judge for yourself; he was a man who could find the way to his mouth! I lived under the paternal roof, carelessly enough, for I have never busied myself much about the future; and I was twenty-two years of age when my father came into my room one day and said to me: 'How much longer do you mean to live like this . . . an idle do-nothing? I have been expecting to see you do something these last two years; do you know that by the time I was twenty years of age I had been hanged and had a position in life?' As I was of a comical turn of mind I replied to my father: 'To be hanged is already a position in life,

but how did you come to be hanged, and yet to be my father?' 'Listen,' said he, 'I was a soldier, and a freebooter; a provost laid his hand on me and had me strung up to the branch of a tree; a light rain that was falling prevented the cord from running as it should or as it shouldn't; the hangman had left me my shirt because it was ragged; some hussars passed and still left me my shirt since it was worth nothing, but cut the cord with a sword-stroke, and I fell to earth. The ground was damp, the freshness revived me; I ran in my shirt to a neighbouring village, entered a tavern and said to the woman: "Don't be frightened to see me in my shirt; my luggage is following me." I only asked for pen, ink, and paper, a bit of bread, and a stoup of wine. My ragged shirt no doubt moved the woman to pity, and I wrote on the sheet of paper she gave me: *This very day, great exhibition by the famous Italian; front seats six sous, back seats three sous. Positively no free list.* I concealed myself behind a hanging, I borrowed a fiddle, and I cut my shirt into strips. I made five marionettes, daubed them with a little of my blood, and in no time there I was making my dolls talk, and singing, and playing my fiddle behind the hanging. By way of prelude I drew astonishing sounds from my fiddle; spectators thronged in, the room was full; odours from the kitchen which was not far off inspired me with fresh strength, and hunger which inspired Horace, inspired thy father. During a whole week I gave two representations a day and there was no '*relâche*' on the handbill. I left that tavern with a cloak, three shirts, shoes and stockings, and enough money to carry me to the frontier. A slight affection of the throat occasioned by my hanging had quite left me, and every stranger admired my sonorous voice. You see that at twenty I was already illustrious and had a position in life. You are twenty-two, you have a new shirt on your back, so take these

twelve francs and be off with you.' And that was my father's farewell to me. You must allow that he was a stronger man than the author of *Dardanus* or *Castor and Pollux*. Since then I have seen many a man cutting his shirt according to his talents and exhibiting puppets in public to fill his mouth. Mastication, to my mind, is the upshot of everything in this world, however rare."

Rameau's nephew, full of his doctrine, made a fool of himself, and wrote to the minister asking for something to masticate on the strength of being son and nephew to two great men. St. Florentin, who, as we know, had a way of his own for getting rid of importunate people, shut him up for an annoying lunatic and after that I never heard of him again.

This same nephew of Rameau's on the day of his marriage hired all the hurdy-gurdy grinders of Paris at so much a head and walked in the midst holding his bride on his arm: "You represent virtue," said he, "but I wish that you should shine the more against the background I have provided."

Rameau, visiting a fine lady, sprang suddenly from his chair, seized the little dog from off her lap and threw him out of a third-storey window. The horrified lady crying out: "What are you doing, Monsieur?" "He barks false," said Rameau, walking off with the indignation of a man whose ears have been offended.

Rameau could never make Voltaire understand a note of music. And Voltaire could never make Rameau understand the beauty of a verse. So that when they did an opera together they very nearly came to blows and that while talking of harmony. Voltaire had the deafest of ears for music, yet wrote about it, and painting did not exist for him: be comforted, ye common herd!

COOKERY

Modern cooking is to be preferred to the old for the sake of health as well as for its taste; a good cook helps us to live longer, for he lends an unction to his dishes and hides their natural crudity. Nature gives us food in the raw; the cook improves and perfects it. Cookery when handled by a good artist is no longer the old murderous business it was: you do not dig your grave with your teeth, as that outspoken Regnard said; when one is endowed with a delicate and sensuous taste one is not greedy. Moderation always accompanies fine taste. Yes, when I have acquired all Mesellier's[1] knowledge, I shall put it into technical verse; there would be no more than one hundred lines, and every pupil would learn them by heart. Excellent, succulent catechism! *Non omnis moriar!*

Appetite should not be irritated, but rather satisfied. Who wants to be a Pandarus, a celebrated diner, to whom Ceres accorded the gift of being able to devour everything recklessly without ever having indigestion?

The assiduous study of his master's taste, whose palate should become as his own, is what does a cook credit. A delicate choice of food can only result in a praiseworthy concoction; the coarser parts are eliminated, no longer fatigue the stomach and consequently ought to result in a better chyle.

The common herd eat because they must, but they do not eat for pleasure; that art has grown to perfection with the genius of various countries. Louis XIV's cooking was bad, he gathered many great men round him but no skilful cooks. There is a link between bodily and spiritual taste. The fineness of these two kinds of taste depends upon a certain

[1] A famous cook.

practice, and one is no judge of cooking if one has not always lived very well.

If the Swiss are heretics, they are so above all in cooking; you may give admirable lessons to a cook or a chef, you will be unable to induce them to abandon their heresies, their schismatic routine, and their false theories.

Books have been written on the art of cookery. Well! they resemble our poetical theories; they do not result in a better dish. Progress in cookery is more marked in those who follow their instinct, and cooks who excel do not theorise, but tasting the sauce with a finger-tip, approve or condemn.

The keepers of a good table in Paris are honoured by the parasite profession, because it is not a matter of eating alone, but of enjoying and, above all, of knowing when praise should be given.

Sensual enjoyment combines very well with economy; good cooking depends on care and attention; a bad cook spoils all the fruits of a lengthy task; a good one draws out all the juices and all the salt and savour of food; he presents them in all their untouched purity.

There are certain nations who will never understand eating, who take pleasure in spoiling their meat and fish, and who will never acquire the possession of a delicate palate. They were made to browse, and many Germans, odd to say, are more perverse than the Swiss in this matter.

The interests of our health demand a delicate taste, for so the stomach is better provided, for what is ill-provided is undigested.

There is no merit in denaturalising the gifts of nature by loading your dishes with salt, pepper, cloves, nutmegs, and other spices, ingredients more precious than gold when used in right proportion, but poison when lavished.

The table of Lucullus did not hinder him from being the best man and the most accomplished in Rome, except perhaps Brutus. Not that I approve the excesses to which the Romans delivered themselves up; they were as culpable in their prodigality as the Spartans, with their black broth; but I approve the stews of Apicius; they were long the fashion; and there was a company of cooks, *Apicians*, in Rome even in the time of Tertullian. I would found no school of gluttony, but there should be a good tradition in favour of preserving the particular flavour of dishes.

I rule out all our belly ammunition, which, thanks to good sense is lessening day by day. The art of cookery and of good cheer have, in France, long consisted in an ill-understood profusion; but we are retrenching on this to-day to the advantage of delicacy. Interests of health are no longer divorced from good taste which has proscribed these ardent sauces and peppery stews of bygone culinary art; that of the present day, finer in workmanship but simpler in its base, respects the volatile salts belonging to each substance it uses. No doubt we are superior to the Roman who had some very odd preferences. The flesh of the ass and of the dog was once in fashion with them, they fattened snails for table, they ate peacocks; I read Petronius but the table of his time does not tempt me; our Palace cooks know more than those of the Greeks and Romans. And yet there are here and there those who are better still, because they have a very finely practised taste and are susceptible to every sensation of the palate. A *gourmet* of this description, his cook being ill, and he, alas! in the country, posted twenty-five leagues in quest of Bouvard and brought him down; and when his cook was cured, he, in my presence, embraced the doctor and paid him a large fee.

The pleasures of the table soften our manners, and

I, like Cæsar, have no fear of "fat men and such as sleep o' nights," but only of those who are thin and haggard.

But there is no reason to abandon oneself to luxury, to kill two or three thousand carps for the sake of their tongues, to compose a soup with a milk of fresh eggs cooked in their shell, or a dish composed solely of the best cut of veal; greedy folk of this kind are as much to be blamed as those who spoil the fruits of nature by their ill-dressing of them.

There was the Royal omelette, only made in the household of the Prince Soubise for the late King, which cost more than fifty crowns. It was made of cockscombs, etc. An acquaintance of mine has the receipt, given him by a partaker, and according to him the one that he saw made and of which he partook cost 157 *livres* 10 *sous*.

The dishes of to-day then have a particular lightness, a delicacy, an odour; we have found the secret of eating more and eating better and of digesting more quickly. A cook is a chemist who works metamorphoses, he changes and corrects nature, softens what is too piquant, and lends a flavour to the insipid. He makes things eatable we had not thought of eating; all things take on a new savour in his hands, and he develops in us a host of new sensations. He tickles all the nerve-centres and all the wonders of taste appear through his address.

The new cooking is good for the health, assists the duration of life, equability of temper, and of temperament. Certain it is that we are healthier and better nourished than were our fathers.

The table of their Royal Highnesses the King's aunts is supposed to be the most delicately furnished at Court in the matter of superfine cookery.

Man of uncultivated palate, I pity you! If you only knew how much you could better the delicate

taste that nature gives to her favourites, a taste one cannot make for oneself, you would know that the best things are nothing till they have passed through the hands of a skilled cook. You have not yet dined if you do not know the miracles of modern cookery, even as a man who has never heard anything but French music, knows not and cannot know what melody may be.

EPISTOLARY LETTERS

Women write very good letters, infinitely better than the most amusing written by men. But therein they use all their guile. As far as professional writers are concerned their personal letters are sparks of their genius, but then, in general, authors remain authors in their epistolary correspondence; they are unable to get away from themselves and get inside the soul of the person they address, and one must be metamorphosised into that other, to write letters which console.

Letters are a form of communion between two people separated from one another. One's thoughts should be expressed in the simplest and most naïve of ways, as if one were talking; but the affectation of our manners and the mania for appearing witty at all times, have altered this language like any other; it is difficult nowadays to judge a man's character from his letters because art and concealment both enter into them. It is looked upon as good style to give a fresh and unexpected turn to an ordinary subject, and he who aspires to make an impression imagines that he has posterity before him when writing to an old friend of his school-days. The man of letters composes madrigals for the woman he is in love with; and she, in turn, will exhaust every expression of fine feeling when writing to *her divine*, to her *exquisite friend*. We endeavour to use the fine, the delicate touch,

even in a note offering or demanding a ticket for a box at the play. All this is charming, no doubt, but it is not what is called an epistolary letter.

Two friends, linked this many a year by similarity of tastes, by reciprocal esteem, and suitability of character, sometimes united, sometimes separated, accustomed to share all their thoughts, continue the dialogue interrupted by the absence of one or the other, with their pens. It is a tête-à-tête, a heart's outpouring; one is alone with one's friend, one yields to one's feelings: business, fears, troubles, hopes, cares, gaiety, all find their places, and subjects for conversation crowd to the point of the pen.

One writes without thinking one is writing and almost instinctively; it is a desire that one satisfies, one is blind to everything but the friend to whom one is talking.

These are the epistolary letters which deserve to be kept, to be re-read at the end of ten years, and which contain more ideas than the works of the moralists.

Madame de Sévigné never suspected that her letters would be collected and printed; she abandons herself to her maternal feeling, and to her natural high spirits; in reading them one is, one might say, flattered by being in her confidence, although the people and events of which she speaks interest us no longer.

In Ireland, a married couple of position and merit, above the ordinary, unfortunate as regards money, and obliged to keep their marriage a secret, corresponded for twenty years; and their letters in a time of misfortune were published by a friend.[1]

This collection, which runs to six volumes, was read with the liveliest interest. They contain neither love, nor love-making, nor passion; there is real feeling, a constant friendship, which is never mentioned but

[1] A series of genuine letters between Henry and Frances, Dublin, 1746.

shows itself in all they say. These letters, moreover, contain no consecutive story, no interesting anecdotes.

Now, no author would ever write such a book from his imagination alone; it would be the most insipid of works. Nevertheless, we read this correspondence without being bored, because it is the conversation of two intelligent people, united by a very rare and tender feeling.

There are then no letters worthy of the name but those dictated by the heart for the correspondent who alone can understand them. When we compare the simple, familiar, easy and modest style, which characterises the letters of Cicero and his friends, to the etiquette and formality, to the flourish and the emptiness of epistolary correspondence to-day, we regret the frankness and freedom which strike us in the Roman orator though he wrote in the days of violent crisis in the affairs of the Republic; we may see Cicero had no fear of the "*breaker of seals*": to-day our style is measured because whoever confides a letter to the post or to the courier has no certainty that it may not be read.

Letters which begin too high up the page, or which stop too low down, whose two corners are not turned over sufficiently, are things posted to-day by people who are neither Ciceros nor Plinys, but who calculate such wretched trifles as a point of pride and show therein a puerile vanity.

THE LITTLE DUNKIRK

This is a jeweller's shop on the slope of that hill going down to the Pont-Neuf. It glitters with all the frivolous gewgaws which fatuity covets and for which opulence pays; toys that are given to ladies of repute who, while declining to accept money, will take these

gold trifles because they may be offered without offence.

Nothing is more dazzling to the eye than this shop, nothing more melancholy to reflect upon; one does not know whether to smile or sigh at this exhibition of puerile luxury. You admire the grace lavished on these trivialities, these superfluities which are the toys of grown children, and here above all a philosopher is able to say: "How many things there are of which I have no need!"

Nevertheless, there are drawers crammed with a thousand knick-knacks wherein the genius of frivolity is displayed in line and colour. The cost of the making is ten times that of the material employed. Every colour has been used, and crystal, enamel, and steel make faceted mirrors, and the childish frivolity of industry here reigns supreme. A man gets out of his carriage, enters the jeweller's shop, and buys charms at a price the half of which would keep several poor families for a whole week.

Young fops buy these jewelled trifles on credit and give them away carelessly, and money thus spent on trifles exceeds that spent on necessities. It is melancholy to witness considerable sums being paid for such trivial luxuries. In the early days of the New Year the shop is filled with buyers; they have to employ a watchman.

You must be able to say on showing a box to your friends: "*It comes from the Little Dunkirk*". Every year these small gewgaws are given fresh and quaint names. But after lamenting as a philosopher we must do justice to the taste of the owner. He inspires and he directs the artists, he thinks of what will please. In making various knick-knacks the vogue, he is producing in the town what would otherwise have to be procured at great cost from abroad. Jewellery has grown more beautiful since he has offered the public such elegant and varied designs. Moreover, he has a fixed price for his jewellery, and if his rivals are

inclined to say that one pays double for anything at the Little Dunkirk, it is the voice of jealousy we hear. The charm and finish of his attractive baubles make them no more costly than elsewhere.

Voltaire, during his last visit to Paris, much enjoyed the gorgeous shop in this uncommon house. He smiled on all these objects of luxury; I think he perceived a certain analogy between these glittering jewels and his own style.

As objects of luxury are eternally changing in type, and as the fashions alter very rapidly, workers in luxury trades suffer ruinous vicissitudes, and their lot is always an extremely uncertain one, unlike that of the agricultural labourer. A certain knick-knack goes out of fashion and you have workmen unexpectedly in need. Another time a new style is launched and workmen who are starving find themselves unexpectedly with plenty, and can barely answer the demands of their customers. But these artisans, victims to trifles of the minute, merely enjoy periods of fashion, and they do not know what object to choose to be certain of a living. When the capricious fashion changes, many are not in a state to take up another calling. Penury withers them up, and the State loses citizens whose heads and hands have grown absolutely idle.

Were we to say that the workpeople whom fortune favours profit in their turn by the suffering of others, and compensate the State for the loss of those more unfortunate, we ought to be able to add that this abundance will be lasting. But it is not so, they invariably fall once again into the abyss of poverty, for these ever-changing frivolities demand particular skill, and they cannot turn this skill to the making of useful articles. Of value one night, worthless the following morning, it is either too well or too ill-paid according to the vogue of the quaint toys. So the artisan, knowing the instability of his trade, is unable to

standardise his production, and his profit does not profit others. Every period has its own mould of form, which eventually vanishes or changes, and becomes so altered that two centuries have scarcely the same physiognomy. Who shall discover the imperceptible but existing links by which our ways and our manners are held together?

When women wore large-panniered dresses the goldsmiths produced chased salvers of huge size. The knick-knacks at the Little Dunkirk seem to suit the small houses of to-day, the dainty furniture, our dress, and the arrangement of our hair.

So one thing is connected with another, each having its origin and its connecting links.

MILK-MAIDS

A police regulation has wisely forbidden the carrying of milk in copper vessels; but the obstinate peasant keeps them in his house, and running counter to the law he draws the milk from the cow into copper, and pours it off in the morning into fresh tin cans. Like wine, milk is adulterated; it is watered, and the country-woman cheats the good faith of the public as if she were a townswoman.

But a far more serious fault, and a real cause of ill-health, is the taking of the milk from a cow too near calving.

The milk-maids come in the morning with their customary shrill cry of "La Laitière! Allons vite!" —or "Milk! Milk!"

Straightway, little girls, half-clad in slippers, their hair flowing, hurry down from their fourth floor, and each one buys two or three ha'porths of milk, and should the milk-maid lag behind her time, there would be a famine in feminine breakfasts. At nine o'clock all the watered milk is sold.

The consumption has become considerable since the public, being unable to procure drink owing to taxation and the adulteration of wine, has developed an unbridled taste for coffee; it is an everyday habit in the homes of threequarters of the town.

These milk-maids in their red jackets, weather-beaten as they are, are scarcely such as Greuze has drawn them. This painter's pictures are as little like life as are the idylls of those poets who copy Theocritus and Gressner, among the carrots and the cabbages of the Faubourg Saint Marçeau.

In these rapid sketches of ours we endeavour to keep as near the truth as possible, nor do we lend them those fictitious embellishments which disfigure the real trait. Greuze's figures are those of his fancy, but the seductive and rounded features he takes pleasure in drawing are not those we meet when we buy our butter, milk, and fruit.

TOILETTES

A pretty woman makes her toilette twice regularly every morning. The first one in complete privacy and her lovers are never admitted. They only come at a fixed hour. You may betray a woman but you must never take her by surprise; that is the rule; the most favoured, even the most generous of lovers dare not infringe it. For it is then that all the mysteries of the toilet are employed for beautifying the skin, as well as other preparations which with some women form a science apart; dare I say, an encyclopædia?

The second toilette is merely a game played out of coquetry, and now a grimace in front of the mirror is a grace that has been well studied before. It is not a contemplative reflection but a matter of self-admiration. Should a long flowing tress need putting

up it is already waved and scented. Curls are so quickly made they fall into place under a feather-light hand which seems barely to touch them. Should an alabaster arm be plunged into perfumed water, it adds nothing to its polish and whiteness.

This second toilette is merely a part played to favour the development of a thousand and one hidden or barely perceived attractions. A disarranged peignoir, a slender leg laid almost bare, a slipper falling off a tiny foot which it scarcely clasps, a voluptuous disorder showing the body's rounded curves, all this increases the thousand opportunities to flatter feminine vanity. Everything, from the airy, oft-interrupted chatter, fitting so well with the easy, unconventional attire, tends to set light to the wandering fires of the imagination.

AFTER THE REVOLUTION

(THE NEW PARIS)

PRELIMINARY

I WALK in Paris but among memories of what has been. I was well advised when I gave twelve volumes to my description. Had it not been done, the original is now so defaced that it is but the discoloured portrait of some dead and gone forbear, relegated to the attic. I was the first to draw a picture of a great city, to paint the manners and customs in minutest detail; but what a change has come over it!

A Greek poet said two thousand years ago:

> When discord reigns in the city
> The worst hold authority,

and if it be not the worst it is the stupidest. Thirty or forty scoundrels still more inept than barbarous have undone all the greatness and grandeur that genius and boldness had contrived. And these thirty or forty the leading members of the Mountain, as I shall show in these pages. Justice, divine and human, has punished them at their own hands, but their abominable maxims must not be confounded with those of the Revolution. For as small distinction is drawn between periods, occasions and places, persons are also soon confounded, and that is why it will be, perhaps, impossible to understand and judge properly this memorable revolution in its various aspects.

We may say of the new Paris what Strabo said of Greece: It is in every way the scene of the extraordinary and the tragic.

How am I to paint so many facts and happenings? I shall say what I have seen. Borne on the waves of the storm, subject to every blast, my eye marked certain particulars in the uproar. All the roaring winds loosed from the sceptre of Æolus, striving among themselves and oversetting all in their course, make but an imperfect and untrustworthy simile of these combats of the passions of humanity wherein philosophers were trampled and overthrown, while everything that is vile and contemptible in style and reasoning dictated laws from a polluted source to the mob, to the populace at large, who took them for heaven-sent decrees.

Hideous chaos of revolutionary writings, masses of periodicals, books and pamphlets, obscure and voluminous heaps of contradictory outpourings, overflowing with invective and sarcasm, dust-heap where calumny itself is smothered, terrible record of the most obstinate and sanguinary of causes, avaunt! nor weigh me down—a Tacitus would recoil from thee! I will not turn thy pages, I will not consult thee! I will read no more. I will take but my own word. What can issue from this cauldron whose froth has not even yet subsided?

Is it for us, toys or victims all of us of every passing opinion, to mistrust the present generation or work for the enlightenment of the future? One day he will arrive, the historian, with his new documents and his full knowledge of the hostile and perfidious action of foreign ministries, and will pronounce up to what point the scoundrels and the honest men have been marionettes, obedient puppets, unsuspicious of the string that moved them. The infernal policy of the allied thrones has used such art in suggestion, has

AT THE CAFÉ DU CAVEAU

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known so well how to profit by the ideas and passions of every man, that the more honeſt and the more upright muſt look long for truth and juſtice; and beyond the deceitful veils of untruth will yet find themselves in trammels of eternal illusion.

In times of revolution one comes to know men better in six months than in twenty years of normal course. Intereſts, great or small, ordinarily so carefully concealed, come then to light. It is then that each finds his place nor is ushered to it, shows us his juſt measure as a man across the libels and calumnies that seek to blacken him; he is measured againſt his neighbour. But it is less easy to pass judgment on the popular effervescence, which may be natural or may be raised by partisan action.

Paris is a singular city where one may find every kind and colour of personage to one's choice. In less than twenty-four hours a member of the old police force will gather you three hundred men at any spot and make them vociferate to this or that tune. It is known that in the days of the Fronde Cardinal de Retz and his colleagues procured that shots should be fired at their carriages that they might have a pretext for raising a party againſt the Queen and Cardinal. In the same way, the Court wanting to know if it could count on the French regiment of Guards, had the Revéillon works broken into to afford a pretext for the entry of troops. The guards fired on the pillagers and massacred them; it was a rehearsal of the bloody tragedy that was to follow some days later: but the Court was taken in its own trap. The bloodshed gave the soldiers pause; they were debauched, made much of; they were filled with horror at what they had done, and shuddered at the thought of killing their fellow-citizens. One of them whom it was sought to detach from his allegiance, liſtened without words, plunged in reflection, then urged to make up

his mind he replied: "Not yet, I must consult the shade of Colonel Biron."

The hot-head Charles IX fired with his own hand on his fleeing victims. During the days of bloodshed he walked through the town with his courtiers, and admired the stains of massacre imprinted on the walls. He even went to the gibbet to see the Admiral's body. Ye gods! what princes do you get in power at times over great empires? The brothers of Louis XVI made the tour of the capital to see the plans of the siege, and where the troops were to enter, and rubbed their hands with joy. The traitors! Could they have brought about widespread want and poverty, lack of money and food they would have done it with joy. But it was their homicidal plotting, that daily increasing conspiracy, which gave the Commune of Paris the irresistible movement to revolution.

Nothing can be more certain, and better proved, than the Court conspiracy, and from now onwards there can be no peace between Royalists and Republicans. And though the members of the Republican party be yet more narrowed, none the less will the Republicans be the victors.

THE OUTBREAK

It was Paris that made the Revolution, and it was Paris that brought it to grief; it is my concern to consider it under both aspects.

Of all revolutions ours was the most just, the most lawful, the most imperatively called for by circumstances. The Court of Versailles had to be slain lest it should slay us. The Revolution came about because it had to come about, because the capital was in danger from the Court satellites. The immense population of the great city reacted, and just in time. It was the stroke of the whale's tail sweeping away the

harpooner's boat. There is no doubt that foreign influence played a great part. The British Government was unwilling that Englishmen alone should bear the reproach of having decapitated their King. The British ministry having made an incapable and wrong-headed monarch sign the treaty of Pillnitz desired that the death of Louis XVI should mark the destruction and dismemberment of France at home and over-sea. It happened otherwise. In his desire to destroy the republican credit beyond all hope, Pitt shook that of the Bank of England. His gold is ours. The Revolution might have stopped at the 18th July when Louis XVI accepted and kissed the national cockade on the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville, but Pitt and his accomplices had need of the delirium of horrors of which France became the theatre.

All these attempts on France but show the nakedness and weakness of an enemy and its Government. It was isolated; a power of the third rank. Its geographical position once surprised us with a kind of admiration which is no more. The infidel ministers of a people become insolent and encouraged in arrogance, now hear from afar off the tempest of indignation raised against them. Now comes the term of their charlatanism, now is at hand the moment when the foot of the Frenchmen landing on their shores shall destroy their usurpation and restore their outraged rights to a political community. The chastisement of these islanders will assure the tranquillity of the world, and liberty shall visit a people born to know her.

THE DEGRADATION OF THE MONARCHY

It may be said that in 1788 there were five or six Kings in France. The Queen was a King, fat Monsieur was a King, and all disputed the authority of the King

in the matter of nomination to place and office, employment, benefice, and pay; and very little they recked of the King and Royalty. It might be seen from their conduct, procedure, and particularly from their talk. I can declare that Louis XVI was the perpetual butt of their mockery and contempt. Sarcasm, untruth, and calumny they used with a quite peculiar skill, and they could certainly vaunt themselves on the fact that in no reign was the talent for epigram against the person of the Prince carried to such degree of perfection.

Having thoroughly besmirched the idol, this handful of privileged good-for-nothings, brainless and arrogant as most of them were, would have people believe that the powers of Europe would take up arms to defend their place and office and benefit and pay, and all their other petty gratifications. They were agape with surprise when France would no longer be their dupe. Fat Monsieur was head of a band which bore I know not what order of decoration, and all who were not of this band were looked on as the vilest scoundrels in the world. These chiefs of nobility openly despised the King, and dreamed of restoring the old feudal system. Louis was aware of it, and it inclined him to the popular cause, and determined him to convoke the Estates.

All those important and privileged people had their small empires to themselves. They came to be called aristocrats, and were everywhere at open war with the people, and with the King, whom they mocked and annoyed, and even menaced when all was not to their liking. When the National Assembly decreed that the King alone should have power, these declared that he had surrendered and disgraced his authority. These aristocrats will never know any king, party, or interest, but their own pride and vanity.

A REVOLUTIONARY COMMITTEE

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THE DAY OF THE 21ST JUNE, 1792

At length the 21st June, 1792, dawned. Calm, wise, and magnanimous had been the atmosphere of the 21st June, 1791, but how different from his former self was the Parisian of this fourth epoch of the Revolution!

As terrible as the day when, under Lafayette's command, he went forth to seek the King at Versailles, he now marches under the banners of the various districts to the Château of the Tuileries. The diversity of arms, and their menacing import showed the temper of each one's character and his savage zeal. It looked as though, for every individual man, there were a king, to stab, to cut in pieces—to dissect.

In a second the palace was entered, scaled, and cannon placed against the doors of the vestibule. Brigands, climbing the high walls, got in at the windows. Everything which was in the path of the impetuous assailants was smashed in pieces. Fluttering down from the top of the Pavillon du Nord, and falling on the terraces, were scraps of the papers of the Orders in Council scattered by these sacrilegious bands.

Already the principal conspirators had penetrated as far as the King's chamber. At the sight of the monarch seated with his wife and children they were taken aback, and came to a standstill. And it is only just to say that Louis appeared calm, having but his heart as a defence against 200,000 bayonets. Soon their stupor changed to irony. One of them crowned Capet with the Cap of Liberty, offering him a bottle of wine to drink to his assailants. The King drank and touched glasses with a *sans-culotte*.

The battalions of democracy despairing of this ridiculous conclusion, and judging the whole attack

a failure, disbanded; they left the gardens along with the charcoal burners' company who bore no arms but sticks, and carried for colours a coal-sack tied to the end of a cudgel. They made way for a regiment of Flanders and for the Grenadiers of the Parisian Guard, who were drawn up in fighting formation along the whole length of the terrace.

Meanwhile, the King, having escaped the sword once more, but trembling for his length of days, shut himself in his castle and forbade the public the entrance to the Tuileries the following morning.

THE FIRST SYMPTOMS ON THE MORNING OF THE 10TH AUGUST, 1792

The storm could be heard murmuring in the distance. The inhabitants of the surrounding districts united to form a redoubtable body under the name of *sans-culottes* which had been given them in derision by Lacueil, and which they thereafter preserved as a title of honour. The very women would make themselves heard in every group, and the word "tyrant" replaced the word "King" in every mouth, while nobles were called aristocrats and priests *Calotins* or black-caps.

The terrace of the Feuillants was the only passage open to the public leading to the sessions of the Assembly. The people, for fear lest it should soil the foot of freedom with the dust of a despot's garden itself marked with a tricoloured ribbon the line of demarcation, and it was scrupulously observed.

The inner side of the Royal promenade received the name of the *dark forest*. The indignation of the citizens was at its height but they were now on the eve of the day when so many plots and perfidies were to be expiated.

The Marseillais had begun their assassinations as soon as they had entered Paris, the audacity of their leaders was unequalled and patriots applauded the leadership.

On the 9th of August by four o'clock in the afternoon they had assembled in the Faubourg Ste. Antoine to the number of two or three thousand to lay siege to the palace. The terrible word of command was straightway communicated to every section, and that very evening a man paraded the terrace of the Tuileries with a banner bearing the legend " To-morrow, friends, the throne will be overturned, to-morrow we shall be free ".

One read on men's faces the expectation of a sinister event. Confirmation was not long in coming. At eleven o'clock at night the tocsin sounded, and the alarm was given. The attack was timed for two o'clock.

Numbers of individuals who, the evening before, had besieged the furriers' shops to procure themselves Grenadiers' bonnets, hastened to the palace to swell the chosen body of Royalists, some in uniform, some in parti-coloured clothes; all these made their way in by means of a pass giving free entrance to every bearer of a blue card carrying these words in black letters: " Pass to the Apartments ". But the General Staff had particularly signalised one man who was to have presented himself for entrance and to have assassinated the King. But he did not appear.

THE 10TH AUGUST, 1792

The King did not retire to rest. The number of his defenders increased to such a point up to nearly four o'clock that he could scarcely make his way to his cabinet. An avenging people began to show itself at three o'clock.

Battalion detachments, preceded by their artillery, spread through the gardens and courtyard, and by five o'clock were more than 6,000 strong.

Detachments of the National Guard and of the Swiss Guard had been posted right and left of the staircase which led from the Chapel to the King's apartments. The danger became more and more menacing. Already there was talk of leading the Royal Family to the Assembly as a conciliatory measure; and even of sending a request to obtain the dismissal that morning of all the Marseillais and Bretons who were in the capital.

On these propositions being made, there were cries of "*Vive le Roi!*"

Presently Capet, surrounded by a crowd of General Officers, Courtiers and Grenadiers, came down the stairs to review the various detachments which on his passage uttered loud cries of "*Vive la Nation!*" while the Royalist party cried "*Vive le Roi!*"

After he had passed one could see that the troops were ill-content; he had scarcely retired into the palace when a part of these very troops he had just passed in review withdrew from the scene, and at six o'clock there were not more than two thousand men left.

But the Parisians and the population of the suburbs bristling with arms poured through the streets.

They crossed the bridges in long columns in spite of the cannon which menaced them, and advanced on the Tuileries with giant strides.

The air resounded to their ferocious cries mingled with the beating of the tocsin.

Before seven o'clock they and the Marseillais were ranged in battle on the Place du Carousel, facing the palace.

In the interval the officers of the Swiss Guard served their troops with brandy. A General Officer offered the same to the volunteers of the National

Guard. Shortly after, a voice having raised the command "By your right flank—left file" . . . a cohort of courtiers, suddenly displaying blunderbusses, daggers, swords, and pistols, defiled through the midst of the volunteers, drew themselves up in fighting order against the King's cabinet, and it was in this hostile situation that he was summoned before the National Assembly. A part of this armed body and a detachment of the battalions of St. Thomas, which very nearly shared the fate of the Swiss Guard, protected his passage through the floods of a populace in fury, which the insinuating power of words could only quiet for a moment or two.

But at the sight of the Swiss the crowd were indignant and roared with anger, and then it was that a private citizen throwing himself in front of the King, who was then in the open, and seizing his hand, said: "This is no assassin who speaks to you, but an honest man who wishes your safe conduct to the National Assembly. But as for your wife, she shall not enter, she is a—— who is responsible for the misfortunes of France."

The King, seemingly impressed, clasped the man's hand, and at the same moment, the deputé Roederer, who was near Capet, left his side and approached the terrace of the Assembly Hall.

There he proclaimed the decree of the Assembly, which summoned the King and his family before it.

The voice of Roederer calmed the people once more and Louis and his family entered the Hall. But, great God! the calm was but the interval between the lightning and the thunder!

Suddenly one heard a discharge of musketry; more shots replied. Clouds of smoke rolled through the air; the sky was dark with it, and one could no longer see things; the grand staircase was already strewn with dead and dying.

It was at this fatal moment that the Swiss feigned a reconciliation, throwing packets of cartridges through the windows and crying, "*Vive la Nation!*"

The Marseillais, and the volunteers of the Paris Guard, persuaded that the Swiss were surrendering to the will of the people, crowded towards the grand staircase; when suddenly the traitors opened battalion- and file-firing on the volunteers and the Marseillais. Three consecutive volleys loaded with dead the steps of the fatal staircase, where the victims lay in floods of blood.

The combat then became general. Eleven cannon shots, still visible to-day, struck the front of the palace opposite the Carousel, one cannon-ball burying itself in the window-frame of the King's room.

The populace was now deliberate, keeping an imperturbable sense of what it was doing, although transported with righteous anger. It fought in defence of itself like a lion, and would have reduced to ashes the palace and the tyrants who sought its death.

Now the flames had seized upon the headquarters of the Swiss Guard, and the houses near it. The rash Swiss lost countenance at the sight of a hundred thousand men, but still held out. What cries of grief and rage! What terrible uproar! One heard them fall with their heavy arms, and the dreadful rattle of death in their throats.

And now this same people, forgetting its magnanimity, must needs stain its triumph with dishonour. Thirsting for blood and for wine, they burst into the cellars and, cruelty turning into ferocity, the most hideous vices were unchained.

The Swiss, everywhere dispersed, are everywhere pursued, and vainly ask for grace, even on their knees, but the drunken victor is deaf to their prayers. They are struck down without pity, stabbed and massacred

and bayoneted, their very limbs, dispersed and scattered, receive fresh mutilation. My pen trembles to set down what I write, for women, veritable furies, roasted them on the fiery braziers of the ruins and watched, unmoved, the smoking entrails.

The battle over and gained the palace became the prey of all the brigands who had gathered to the spot for days past from every department.

While the patriots, the true men who had just overturned the throne and based their liberty on its ruins, now returned to their homes singing hymns of victory and carrying away the bodies of their companions-in-arms who had fallen on the field of honour, monsters in human form appeared in hundreds in the vestibule of the south front and danced mid seas of blood and wine. One butcher played the violin among the corpses, and robbers with their pockets full of gold hanged other robbers from the hand-rails.

Millions of persons, men and women, more horrid and threatening one than another, in their blood-stained rags poured through the apartments and the broken mirrors fell tinkling under bayonet strokes. They came to the Queen's bed-chamber. The shameless drunkenness of the crowd made it a scene of the most infamous and disgusting outrages, and the boudoir of the modern Messalina became the rendezvous of the vilest prostitutes, and one saw scoundrels belching on the bosoms of their mistresses, and others, overcome, couched on their heaps of booty.

The sack of Priam's palace showed no more terrible spectacle; the staircases resounded under the tread of hurrying thieves who ran up and down, hurtling against one another, rushing through the corridors, penetrating into every room; they broke open the desks of the King and Queen and Madame Elizabeth, and of the ladies of the Court.

Gold and silver coin, money bills, watches, jewels,

and jewelled caskets, precious ſtones, and other objects of value were shared among them.

Navvies might be seen walking in the galleries with watches and diamond chains; others, thieves by profession, were cutting off the gold lace on the King's liveries, going through the wardrobes, and pillaging ſtuffs and linen, table silver, liqueurs, candles, and books from the library—anything that could be carried off; they broke porcelain of the greateſt value to possess themselves of the mounts.

And even while this violence was doing, the leaders oſtentatiously sent the great silver candleſticks from the chapel and its silver service, and a purse of a hundred *louis* to the Assembly to lay at reſt any suspicion of spoliation.

It is after the ſtorm that one reflects on its ravages, when fear gives place to reflection how one muſt groan over the aſpect of things! Imagine the feelings of peaceable citizens whom curiosity led to the Tuileries to see whether the palace ſtill ſtood; how they wandered slowly, ſtupefied, the length of the terraces briſtling with broken bottles.

There was no lamenting: they seemed petrified, thunderſtruck. Horror checked their ſteps at every pace, the odour and aſpect of bleeding corpses, bodies mutilated and disembowelled, showing anger even on the face of death!

Others, more ſtoical, pointed out to one another the clouds of flies covering the gaping wounds and ſtaring eyes.

But the crowd, fatigued with the bloodshed and borne down with the weight of its spoils, disappeared towards sunset to take repose.

On this day it was that anarchy firſt made essay of its frightful power and gave a foretaſte of the massacres of September. The Legislative Assembly might have acquired immortal glory and merited the title of

the Founder of national liberty, but in the moment of its triumph over dynastic tyranny it showed neither wisdom nor dignity nor courage. It showed no front to the assassins, robbers, and plunderers, nor imitated the action of God, who, stretching forth His hand majestically over the storm, commanded the winds and the sea to be at peace. It allowed its victory to be abused by a band of scoundrels, who, in a frenzy of intoxication, looked upon itself as the head and heart and arm of France.

THE SEPTEMBER MASSACRES

Future generations will refuse to believe that these execrable crimes could have taken place among a civilised people in the presence of a legislative body, under the eyes and with the consent of those who embodied the law, and in a city of eight hundred thousand inhabitants motionless and struck with stupor at the aspect of a handful of scoundrels paid to commit them.

The number of assassins did not exceed three hundred; and in addition certain others who, behind the bars, constituted themselves the judges of the accused.

In establishing one's concatenation of facts it needs no supernatural penetration to be convinced that these massacres were the work of this all-devouring faction which arrived at power by robbery and murder.

Whatever the horror that these days of blood and shame[1] arouse in me I will not cease to remind Parisians of them until they have the courage to call for vengeance. The situation in the town seeming to call for more active and wider surveillance, the General

[1] The 2nd and 3rd September, 1792.

Council of the Commune set up a Committee of Twelve.

They who defend the massacres will scarcely maintain that the jewellery and diamonds of those arrested were objects of suspicion. Nevertheless, both persons and belongings were seized. This alone gives one a clue to the massacres, one thinks. When the question is asked of the anarchists why should the Committee of Surveillance have seized property as well as person, they have no answer to make.

The deposits accumulated at the Committee's office came from effects seized at the Tuileries and at the houses of persons arrested, such as Laporte,[1] and from many others who had abandoned houses and possessions at the time of the domiciliary visitations which preceded the massacres.

The depôts where the property was stored were the very rooms occupied by the Committee of Surveillance, and it was notorious that this was the very bureau where were deposited the boxes, cases, and portmanteaus, etc. And there were, moreover, in this room two large presses filled with objects less worthy a predatory attention, namely, pistols, swords, muskets, and sword-cases.

It was in this dark spot that the September massacres were planned, and here it was, in this abominable resort, that decree of death was pronounced on eight thousand French people, mostly detained without lawful motive, without accusation, without any trace of guilt, simply at the arbitrary pleasure of these robbers on the Committee.

Some days before the massacres certain members of the Committee, frightened at this violation of principles, and affected by the frightful spectacle of such a multitude of citizens shut up in the Mairie, all crying out against their arrest and demanding to know

[1] Minister of Louis XVI, guillotined in 1792.

AT THE CAFÉ DES PATRIOTES

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the motive, would have given day and night to their examination that liberty might be restored to such as were retained without cause, and prison awarded to such as were to be hailed before the tribunals.

On the 2nd September news came that Verdun was taken by the Prussians who, it was said by the bearers of the news, had obtained entry by the treachery of the townspeople; and thereupon alarm guns were fired and the tocsin sounded. Municipal councillors on horseback rode through the streets confirming the news, and making proclamation to incite all citizens against the enemy.

At the first stroke of the tocsin it was asked not without reason why should Paris be thrown into alarm on the slightest occasion and terror instilled into her inhabitants, were it not to shake their courage. But those who failed to understand the plot were soon made wise by experience. O day of sorrow and shame! It was the signal for rallying the assassins to the prisons—it was the prelude of the most frightful carnage.

The brigands, distributed by bands, made for the prisons. Some broke the doors, others made the gaolers open, and seized the victims there gathered by the Committee for a fortnight past. These assassins armed with sabres and murderous weapons, their sleeves rolled up to the elbows, carrying the proscription lists drawn up some days previously, called out each prisoner by name.

Members of the General Council, decked with tricolour scarves, and certain others, took their stand at the wicket within the prison. There was a table covered with bottles and glasses, and round it were grouped the self-appointed judges and those who were to carry out their sentence of death. In the middle of the table was a list of warrants.

The assassins went from room to room, called up

each prisoner in turn, led him before the tribunal of blood, and then put the usual question: Who are you? As soon as the prisoner had declared his name, the cannibals in scarves looked up the register, and after some vague and insignificant interrogatories, handed him over to their satellites in cruelty, who took him to the door of the prison where other assassins murdered him with a ferocity to which it were vain to seek a parallel among the worst barbarians.

At the Abbaye prison it was an understood thing that every time a prisoner was conducted through the wicket door with the pass-word "to the Force"[1] it was equivalent to sentence of death. And at the prison of La Force those who did the same office understood from the words "to the Abbaye" that death was to follow.

Such as were acquitted by the bloody Tribunal were released at some distance from the prison amid cries of "*Vive la Nation!*"

The Legislative Assembly deputed various members who were charged to recall their brigands to law and order, but what could words of reason and decency effect with murderers thirsting for blood, and mostly in a condition of disgusting drunkenness? The measures were insufficient; harangues were in vain, for armed force was necessary to overawe these tigers, and the entire Assembly must have turned out, and formed a ringed guard round every person. Every counsel and suggestion of peace was repulsed with menaces. The Abbé Fauchet, Bishop of Calvados, a member of the Deputation, was threatened and insulted, and threats were not far from becoming blows; and there was a moment when he saw himself in danger of becoming a victim. He withdrew, and made his report to the Assembly which was itself in a state of stupor and degradation, and menaced with total

[1] La Force—the prison in the Marais quarter.

extinction by the infamous Robespierre who then exercised a limitless tyranny in Paris.

Witness the accusations brought against Robespierre by the deputy Louvet, published in the early days of the Convention; the conduct of this false patriot towards the Legislative Assembly is there exposed to the light. One sees in him a bold conspirator who would set up a dictatorship on the ruins of representative government: and yet Robespierre never ceased talking of his civic virtues and of his disinterestedness; the wretch gave up his post of public prosecutor to the Paris criminal tribunal to live, as he said, in retirement; he had set forth in print that he was no intriguer, that he sought no place and would accept none, and then, of a sudden, perches himself on the General Council of the Commune, and thence goes to the Capitol.

The priests, shut up in the Carmelite Church, were all massacred with one single exception. They were brought out one after another, sometimes two together; at first their assassins disposed of them by musket fire, but, as a multitude of women who were present testify, presently finding this method too noisy they used their swords and bayonets. The unhappy victims, prostrate in the middle of the courtyard, abandoned by the universe, without help or other consolation than the witness of their own conscience, raised their eyes and their hands to Heaven and seemed to implore the Supreme Being to pardon their assassins.

Ye, who were partisans in these massacres, conspirators in ferocity, and unceasing in your deception of the credulous multitude, dare you say that it was impossible to seize the arm of the assassin? Will you say that it was not in your power to suppress him? You have told the department, through your false commissaries, that you could not stay the anger of the people. Miserable men! You prostitute the public

name! You invoke it but to dishonour it, and to cover your disgrace and your crimes! Was it the people who did these execrable deeds? No. They groaned and said nothing. It was you, the ferocious executive, who in sympathy with the General Council and the minister Danton, prepared all and did all. It was you committed all these crimes by means of a handful of sworn dependants, and that you might enrich yourselves with the bloodstained spoil of your victims: you it was who made Paris the cut-throat of the rich, and paved the way to public misery by breaking all social ties, drying up the channels of human communication, and destroying the necessary public confidence so indispensable to common prosperity and happiness.

Were it not proved that you alone bear the opprobrium of those early days of September, I could cite two undeniable facts. I would recall to your memory the payment of the 850 *livres* by order of the General Council to the wine-merchant who supplied drink to the assassins at the Force prison during the horrible executions. I would remind you of the hiring, by the Committee of Surveillance, of carriages destined, and used, to carry the corpses to the quarries of Charenton.

If the National Guard had been requisitioned, had it been called out in the name of the Law, a Law half-paralysed by its treacherous and sanguinary heads, how strong and bold might it not have shown itself. It would have responded like one man. But this same National Guard, the mass of whom remained untainted amidst every kind of corruption and brigandage, had it no fear of being accused of acting without warrant? Had it no fear lest in punishing crime it might itself be accused of criminality? The thought restrained it: it made no movement.

I have seen the Place du Theâtre Français covered with soldiers summoned by the tocsin. I have seen

them ready to march and then dispersed on the traitorous assurance that it was a false alarm—that it was nothing. Ye gods, nothing! Already the courtyards of the Carmelites and also the Abbaye prison, were running with blood, and filling with corpses—it was nothing!

I have seen three hundred armed men exercising in the garden of the Luxembourg, two hundred paces from where they were massacring priests in the Carmelite courtyard. Think you they would have remained inactive had they been given orders to march upon the murderers?

At the gates of the Abbaye and at the other prisons were wives pitiably imploring, crying aloud for husbands whom a tragic doom was separating from them; others had the grief of seeing them massacred at their very feet.

The same carnage, the same atrocities were repeated at the moment in every prison and place where lay groaning the victims of arbitrary power. Everywhere was cruelty being exercised, and everywhere with particulars of the most grievous or remarkable kind.

At the Seminary of St. Firmin the priests who were detained there without warrant were waiting quietly, as were other priests detained at the Carmelites, for the municipality of Paris to give them their route, and their passports out of the country according to the terms of a recent decree which enjoined their departure and allowed them three *livres* a day for the journey. It is beyond dispute that it lay entirely with the authorities that this should have been carried out before the date of the massacres, but the priests were marked down and reserved for them. They were torn to pieces. At Saint Firmin some were flung from the top storey down on to the pavement.

At the hospital at Salpetrière the monsters slit the throats of thirteen women, after violating some of them.

At Bicêtre the gatekeeper, on seeing the advance of the mob of murderers, tried to receive them according to his duty. He had trained the pieces of cannon on them but was struck down even as he would have applied the match. The assassins left no prisoner alive.

At the Châtelet the same carnage, the same ferocity. Nothing escaped their fury, and whatever was imprisoned seemed to excite the same treatment.

At the Force prison they remained for five days. Madame, the former Princesse de Lamballe, was detained there; her sincere attachment to the wife of Louis XVI her only crime. She had played no part even in our most agitated moments. Nothing could have rendered her suspect in the people's eyes, to whom she was only known by her multiple acts of charity. The most violent pamphleteers had never invoked her name.

On the 3rd of September she came before the bloody tribunal, at the Force. To sustain the horrifying sight of these bloodstained butchers called for supernatural courage. Several voices were raised from the crowd on behalf of Madame de Lamballe. The murderers hesitated an instant, undecided. Then she was soon struck down, fell, bathed in her blood, and expired.

Her head and breasts were cut off, her body torn open, her heart snatched out, her head borne on a pike, and paraded through Paris; her body dragged behind. The tigers who tore her indulged themselves in the barbarous joy of showing her head and heart to Louis XVI and his family at the Temple.

Everything that the most horrid ferocity and cold-blooded cruelty could do was exercised on Madame de Lamballe.

One thing was done which decency scarcely provides words to tell, but I owe the truth, and I will tell it in

its entirety. When Madame de Lamballe was mutilated in a hundred fashions and her assassins had shared the bleeding fragments of her body, one monster made himself moustaches from the *pudendum*, in sight of spectators overcome with horror and terror.

THE FURIES

The womenkind of the men of the second and third of September would never quit the courts after the sitting of the two *Bloody Committees*; they surrounded the scaffolds; their voices were raised in every group; they tucked up their sleeves on the 4th Prairial to assassinate the conventionals. They were the sworn battalion of Philippe d'Orléans.

When the Directors drove past the Quai du Louvre on their way to the Institute, these Guillotine Furies yelled all the curses of Hell at them, and at the Constitution of '95 Robespierre and Dumas were loudly regretted. An honest fellow frightened at the outcries stopped a journalist and patriot and making him listen that he might hear for himself, said, "But do you not shake in your shoes?" The journalist replied: "I have more fear of a King than of this rabble."

FRATERNITY

Indignant at the prostitution of the gentle word *fraternity*, Chamfort paraphrased the inscription traced on every wall *Fraternity or Death*, by the words *Be my brother or I will slay thee*. Said he: the fraternity of these folk is that of Cain and Abel.

The words *or Death* were subsequently removed.

TREATED LIKE A DOG

Under the old régime the pensions on the treasury, known as *royal*, amounted to a hundred millions. Those accorded to former pupils of the Royal Academy of Music amounted to two hundred and sixty-eight thousand *livres*; observe that a pension of six thousand was given to the hairdresser to Mademoiselle d'Artois who, dead before she reached her fourth year, had no hair to dress; but mark, also, that the Government could be economical in certain circumstances. For example, the brave Aude who took General Ligonier prisoner at the battle of Laufeld, and contributed to that victory, what did he get? The royal treasury accorded him a pension of two hundred *livres*. But by economy, and by means of rebates, it was reduced to a hundred and eighty *livres*, three *sous*, and in the end its payment was forgotten altogether. An instance, by the way, that under the old régime our brave soldiers were treated with less humanity than His Majesty's dogs. In the register of 1788 you may read: "For the feeding of His Majesty's dogs at eight *sols*, six *deniers* a day, per dog: 40,000 *livres*. For the replacement of the said dogs, per annum, 10,000 *livres*. Now, a soldier's pay was, at most, six *sols* a day; His Majesty's dogs were better paid than the soldiers who shed their blood to defend what he called his *rights*. No soldier but would have been thankful to be *treated like a dog*.

A DETHRONED RACE

Is it really the same person, crowned and consecrated at Rheims, high on a dais, surrounded by the great and they on their knees; saluted by a thousand acclamations, and almost worshipped as a God;

whose very look and tone and gesture was a command, sated with reverences, honours, and pleasures; something apart from the human species, one may say; is it really the same man whom I see pushed about by the hangman's assistants and forcibly undressed, his voice drowned by the drums; tied to a plank, and struggling, and meeting so ill the fall of the guillotine that it is not the neck but the head and jaw that were horribly cut?

His blood runs down: cries of joy from eighty thousand armed men rend the air and strike my hearing. The sound is repeated all the length of the quays; I see the scholars of the College des Quatre-Nations[1] lifting their hats on high; his blood runs down; and the people press to dip a finger, a feather, a scrap of paper—there is one who tastes of it, and says: "It is horrid salt!" An executioner at the scaffold side sells small portions of his hair and the ribbon that tied it. They carry off small fragments of his clothing, and some other blood-stained scrap from the tragic stage. I saw the whole populace go past, arm in arm, laughing, talking, as if returning from some merry-making.

There was no alteration of countenance, and it were false to say that stupor reigned in the city.[2] It was not till some days later that reflection and some undefined anxiety for the future, cast a cloud in some quarters. The day of execution made no impression, theatres opened as usual, and restaurants and drink-shops on the ensanguined square, saw their glasses emptied as usual. They cried hot cakes and pies round about the decapitated body; it was put in the wicker basket of the common criminal, taken to the cemetery de la Magdeleine and thoroughly covered with quick-

[1] Founded by Mazarin, 1661.

[2] There was dancing on the Pont de la Révolution the day of his death, 21st January, 1793.

lime, so that all the gold of the powers of Europe should not find a relic of his remains.

It was the Minister of Justice who announced and read to him the sentence of death. It seems that Louis XVI had some hope up to the last moment, for it is certain that he lost his self-control and fought in some measure against the six executioners, and he spoke at some length and loudly.[1]

Some say that it was Dugazon the actor who forestalled Santerre who was in command, and ordered the drums to beat. Religion also seems to have sustained him in the dreadful passage from the throne to the scaffold, and the words of his confessor were sublime: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven".[2]

A throne is but a step above the point of view of some, and the death of a King on the scaffold is not an event to trouble the constitution of the physical universe or intercept the laws of nature, or to check the march of things here below. Louis XVI might have died a more painful death; but when men overthrow their idols they are yet frightened by the very stroke they deal, and we are all more or less like the sculptor who fell on his knees before his own work.

[1] The struggle between Louis and his executioners took place when they were about to tie his hands. The Abbé Edgeworth addressed some words to him which induced calmer feelings. "They tied his hands," says Louis Blanc, following Abbé Edgeworth and the reports of the day, "and they cut his hair; then, leaning on his confessor's arm he set about mounting the steps, which were steep, of the guillotine, slowly, and looking overcome. But arrived at the top step he pulled himself together, crossed the breadth of the scaffold with a rapid step and advanced to the left side of it; then indicating silence to the drums, he said "I die innocent of every crime imputed to me . . ." His face was suffused and his voice so strong that it might have been heard at the Pont-Tournant. Some further words resounded distinctly, and he would have continued but his voice was drowned by the roll of the drums.

[2] The Abbé Edgeworth makes no mention in his *Last Hours of the King* of having used these words. They are much contested.

What I can attest is that five or six days after the execution, the greater number of the legislature who had voted the death-penalty were, as it seemed, scared by what they had done. They looked on one another with astonishment. They experienced an inner failing and repentance seemed to be induced in some of them. They began to avoid those who had been of the contrary opinion, and did not dare question them. I remember very well that they drew together, and apart, and that our approach embarrassed them.

Certain it is that at this time an almost complete separation was established between those who had and those who had not voted the death-penalty: that enmities were inflamed and hatred grew, and that reproaches whether veiled or recognised took on something of a menacing air, and that the end of Louis XVI threatened all who had wished to preserve him therefrom.

These insolent and bold threats drew from us truths tardy indeed, but overwhelming. We no longer spared these men who, being out equals, dared to call us cowards, and abuse us, and incite popular fury against us. We had nothing left in common, for they could not pardon us our opinion.

It was because they had struck the head from Louis's shoulders that they nerved themselves to follow its fall with those of their colleagues, on the same scaffold. They were possessed with fury, vengeance, and rage, and I think there was more fear for themselves than thought of the republic.

Moreover I discerned in some at least a profound remorse. Desacy, a man of gentle manners, upright and modest, not innocent of historical studies, died of grief. Men are like that—they are led, carried away, in spite of themselves: they yield to the passions of others, they have not the courage of their opinions: and there are few who can maintain their character

when their surroundings shake and menace dissolution.

The Girondins regretted their use of gentle methods. They repented of the wrong way they took when they appealed to the people. They saw their opponents become as tigers for their dismemberment. They lacked the courage which forestalls and defies danger. They believed in the enlightenment and wisdom of the nation, and in a strength which should be exerted on their side. The nation, undecided and divided against itself over this great event, knew not whether to approve or condemn, and it left the divers parties of the Convocation to the fate which should befall them and awaited the result in an apathy hard to understand, and fatal to itself.

THE HEADSMAN

That monster I once saw. He was for long a slave in Morocco, whose ruler reckons among his minor amusements half a dozen decapitations before breakfast of a morning. There it was that he exercised on compulsion the horrible trade he subsequently followed by choice in Paris.

They say that at Versailles this ferocious fellow kept his beard, which he wore, under his coat collar lest the rain should wash out the blood that stained it.

When he came back to Paris after the night of the 6th October, 1789, he said: "It was not worth while sending me down there for two heads."

He boasted of having torn the heart from Foulon's breast, and from Berthier's, and claiming that his deeds were patriotic would have demanded the civic medal from the National Assembly. People pointed at him in the streets as at a pedlar.

How did people come to obey those proconsuls

who mowed down the human race? Whence was this regiment of butchers who inundated France with blood? One's love of mankind must be great to love them still. And after that they prostrated themselves before the image of Marat, and admired Collot and his battle of the giants; and in every town and village were gaolers and scaffold-builders and as many assistants as could be called for. The nation must have been plunged in a trance or one would never have witnessed such cowardice and such passivity. All save our brave soldiers, but they were engaged in overthrowing the Austrians, and cleansing the territory of France.

At the outset the Guillotine was called the *Head-cutter*, but this name did not long attach to the invention which, by dispensing with the hand of the executioner, favoured the multiplication of executions and facilitated more than anything else the reign of blood under the two committees. One speaks of the *Guillotine;* the *reign of the Guillotine;* the *argument of the Guillotine*. Had Montesquieu seen the word take its place in the political dictionary, what would he have thought?

Samson, The Executioner. Voltaire said that it was for the public executioner to write the history of England; we may say that it was for Samson to write the history of the Reign of Terror.

What a man! Impassible, and always himself, always the headsman. He decapitated the most powerful monarch in Europe, and his wife, and Brissot and Couthon, and all their opponents, and that without change of countenance. He shed in streams the mingled blood of princes, legislators, plebeians and philosophers. If a gaoler be called a *verrou-animal*, a creature of bolts, Samson may be called a *Hâche-Guillotine*, a clock-work headsman. He cuts off any head that comes along, no matter whose. What an instrument—what a man! He must be frightened to be

alone in Paris. What is his speech? What are his thoughts? Does he ever reflect that he put to death every head of every party? Charlotte Corday, Fouquier-Tinville, Madame Roland and Henriot? I should like much to know what passes in his mind, and whether he took his terrible office simply as his trade. The more I think of this man, the presiding genius of human massacre, mowing down crowned heads, and heads republican without a frown or without a smile, the more my mind is amazed. How did he sleep after hearing the last words and meeting the last looks of all those falling heads? Verily, I would that I could see into the mind of that man for an hour. One might surprise some things unknown to us. He saw Danton die in drunkenness, whose every decree smelt of drink. He saw Robespierre and his hateful satellites in the last moments; saw them pale and sweating with the same fear that they had inspired. He cut down Condorcet as he did Marat. What an extraordinary man! And his existence is no problem! He has heard thousands of female furies applaud with frenzy the frightful deluge of blood. He sleeps, they say. It is quite possible that his conscience is at rest. The Guillotine has spared him as part of itself. They did not burn the plank on which the victims were pushed under the steel. And truly he was not, as was the headsman at Nantes, executioner, president of the popular committee, and paid witness against the prisoner, all at the same time.

There was no competition for him as son-in-law as happened at Nantes, nor as at Nantes, was he met with the proffered friendliness of all classes, and with eagerness to press his blood-stained hands. But the women of Paris did not wear, as many did at Nantes, enamel guillotines in their ears.

They say the Queen apologised to him on the scaffold when she touched his foot with hers. What were

his thoughts? He was for long on the Royal treasury list. What a man! He comes and goes like another, and visits the Vaudeville Theatre at times. He laughs, his look falls on me. My head escaped him, but he knows nothing of that. And that being indifferent to him, I never tire of gazing on him and his indifference, the indifference that launched into another world such a crowd of men and women of every degree. And he would begin again if. . . And why not, for it is his trade!

When the carts bearing their innumerable victims dragged by with their wretched old screws, three or four to a tumbril, how was it that in all those fourteen months a couple of score of determined men never struck down the horses, or gave a sign of courage fit to wake their fellow-citizens. But no! The brave were all dead or at the front; and such was the terror that had it been said to anyone "To-morrow at such an hour the tumbril will be at your door, and you will come forth and take your place in it" he would have waited for it, and come down his stairs, and taken his place in it.

MR. SAVE-ALL

In the making of our small coinage Mr. Save-All of happy memory has been forgotten, and the *denier* and the *liard*, the farthing and the half-farthing, have been scornfully overlooked. The lowest piece of money is a halfpenny and the result of this is that to-day any insignificant article costs a halfpenny; a match costs a halfpenny, a bit of green stuff, and if a radish costs a halfpenny there are probably not enough *sous* to go round.

What would Mr. Save-All say to all this? He would groan at the debasement of his dear coinage and would find it very impolitic, very inconsiderate.

In the midſt of all these high financial speculations it was not observed that it was mercantile cupidity which was being fed and was trying to force down the copper coinage.

The pooreſt of us is not dispensed from giving alms, but nowadays a man that has but eighteen *sous* gives nothing because he would be giving more than a twentieth of what he possesses, and so the beggar whines and is not heard. What is a halfpenny, you say. Ah! many a little makes a mickle!

Where are the days when leaving my bed at six o'clock on a winter morning, my arm too short to embrace my French and Latin dictionaries, I would Cross the Pont Neuf and to eke out my breakfaſt would buy a little *pâté* for two *liards* as big round as the top of a cupping glass; being a prudent scholar I had eaten my week's allowance of two *sous* by Friday morning, and a save-all fellow schoolboy advanced me Fridays and Saturdays at the intereſt of a finger of barley sugar, or rather more than a quarter of a ſtick.

You muſt have lived more than fifty years fully to realise the words of Saint Albin who, learning from his father that he has 1500 *francs* a year, finds himself rich enough to afford and maintain a wife and family. These treasures of our manhood have greatly gone up in price.

The huckſters who call themselves tradesmen and complain that trade is bad would have none of these small coins. But along with the small coins have disappeared the little cakes, which made the joy of infancy and sometimes of older people, and in default of them again there are no more of those little impromptu treats, or waterings of the mouth before the fruit ſtalls; you can no longer buy a single pear not scorch your pocket with hot cheſtnuts in winter.

High finance gives no thought to the infinitely little things which govern the world. And Paris

dealers, that is the hucksters, not the manufacturers, or traders, would think it a good world if the smallest pieces of money were five *sous* and they could sell every plum at that price.

CATHOLIC WORSHIP OVERTHROWN

Only the year before we had seen the processions of the Blessed Sacrament and Corpus Christi followed with all accustomed ceremony, and the Almighty had had His escort of officials. Nothing indicated so sudden a destruction. The people at large had appeared attached to the Catholic ritual; but we have seen bodies struck by lightning which preserved the appearance of life, yet fall into dust at a touch.

The people had appeared to believe in the Mass, in the Real Presence, in accepted dogma; but they did not so believe. The sarcasms of Voltaire against the priests, every joke of the author of the "*Pucelle*" had come home to them. The conduct of Bishops before their very eyes, the manners of the clergy, the riches of the Church, that fatted calf so long marked down for sacrifice, the freedom working in dieas and action were bringing to an end a worship whose idolatrous tendency was repugnant to reason, and which was only sustained by its prestige. There was but a step to be made, and the axe would fall on the altars laden with gold and silver. Had the altars been bare they might have escaped.

It is not their overthrow which should cause astonishment, but that they should have fallen in a single day with every manifestation of hatred and deep contempt. The progress of irreligion was rapid indeed among this people armed with hammers and crowbars for the breaking up of the sacred images before which they had but six months before bowed the knee. The persuasion was easy that it was a work of utility to turn

churches into warehouses, chalices and crosses into money, metal work into bullets, and bronze cherubim into cannon. National sovereignty being decreed the people imagined it had the right to do anything, to command everybody and obey none.

They heard with joy, some during the celebration of the offices, the blacksmiths' hammers breaking down the chapel rails.

Paid stonemasons laboriously effaced with hammer and chisel all titles of nobility in sculptured epitaphs. The archives of filial piety were alone worth preserving, and pious memories of regretted friendship should alone draw the gaze of feeling men. Monuments and tombs were attacked, and masons were greedy for the job of carrying out the plans of the committees of demolition.

Contracts were delivered for the removal of saints from their niches, and the dislodging of virgins, the effacement of arms on tombs. Crazy scaffoldings were pushed up into the dimness of vaulted roofs to scratch away presentments of old popes hidden under centuries of cobwebs; angels and archangels were mutilated; here St. Theresa lost her nose, and there the Infant Jesus His head; St. Paul parted with his limbs, Christs fell face downwards on the soil. Sword, pike, and lance found diversion in wounding the unhappy images, and laughter and mad frolic inspired the wanton war against all that religion and art had held sacred and inviolable.

There was no fury of fanaticism, but derision, irony, and a popular abandonment to the pleasure of the moment all calculated to astonish the observer.

In the crypts and subterranean dwellings of death, the revolutionary commissary, torch in hand, searched the ashes of the dead for any trace of feudalism, even a worn impression on a coin of gold or silver.

Spouses inseparable during their lives trusted that

in death they would not be divided. Their dust was scattered. Epitaphs preserving the remembrance of famous deeds done by illustrious warriors and great personages, were wiped out because they were inscribed within temple walls, and thrown aside along with the wreckage of altars, like so much refuse in a stone pit.

Carpenters, locksmiths, jewellers, hucksters, and old-clothes dealers cried wares for sale, seized or obtained from churches and sacristy cupboards; and one saw chasubles and old breeches hanging side by side at the rag-dealers, and the furniture shops exposed crucifixes and syringes, altar cloths and close-stools, indifferently. On the morrow of the Inventory of all this Church wealth, priests might have been found celebrating Mass in secular attire, and using a glass or an egg-cup for a chalice. The resplendent gilt gates of the Metropolitan Church, the beautiful woodwork of the Choir at the Chartreux, were broken up and sold; the magnificent baldaquin over the high altar at the Invalides was thrown down in the dust.

How many a reliquary once sparkling with rubies has disappeared, broken up and parcelled, and one guesses by whom; their precious stones are in the hands of foreign dealers. Emeralds that once had shone in the monstrance were seen on the fingers of presidents of revolutionary committees; one such gentleman had himself made a pair of velvet breeches out of a cope; and others wore shirts (their first!) fashioned from the albs of the choir-boys.

All the church-plate from eighty-three departments and from Belgium, was swallowed up by the Mint, and indeed we ate God and His saints in silver, for the silver went to pay for our corn.

All this stone-breaking was next followed by festive outbursts for which Paris gave the signal to all the

departments of France. The performers who figured in the fêtes were all drunk with the brandy imbibed from chalices after eating fried fish off patens. Astride on donkeys, with chasubles for saddle-cloths, and priests' stoles for reins, cruets and Sacraments clutched in the same hand, they halted at inns and wine-shops, and the publican would fill the profferred ciborium again and again from the wine-stoup.

Then would come mules laden with crosses, candlesticks, censers, thuribles and sprinklers; it made one think of the priests of Cybele whose baskets filled with the instruments of their ritual served at once as shop, sacristy, and temple.

In this style did the profaners of the temples advance upon the National Assembly: in they came strangely bedizened with sacerdotal trimmings; they harangued and were harangued, and the wildest uproar greeted and applauded those scandalous processions. Saints and crucifixes of wood were burned in open places, and the flames of the bonfires leaped up above the second storeys of the houses, and people opened their windows and cast out books condemned by the Jacobins.

At these fresh orgies the people lost their heads and ran about in crowds priding themselves on their deliverance from religion; shouting with laughter they bore to the bonfires the confessionals which no longer constrained their consciences. The prostitute jokingly pointed out to her consort the picture of the chaste Susannah, half in ashes; and the representation of the Last Supper served for long over a bootmaker's shop.

Chaumette, the atheist, swollen with the success of these profanations, thought he had driven God from the universe. He pushed his atrocious conceptions to the utmost limits of impiety. He invented the Feasts of Reason.

Then it was that priests in Paris and in the departments, terrified by the roaring of the Communist beast of prey, sent in their licences as priests, and apostatized to avoid death and torment.

Gobel, Archbishop of Paris, openly confessed himself an impostor, and a charlatan; and trampled on the worship of which he had been minister. A crowd of priests followed his example for pay. There was a rush to be unfrocked.

THE FEASTS OF REASON

These feasts took place in 1793. Witnesses will not easily forget them. It was hard to believe even what one saw and heard.

Reason was usually a divinity chosen from the *sans-culottes*, a woman. The tabernacle from a high-altar was her footstool; a gun's-crew, pipe in mouth, provided acolytes. The uproar from a thousand throats, the beating of drums, the braying of trumpets and the thunder of organs were such that those present might well believe themselves in the mountains of Thrace among the Bacchantes.

Such is the people when suddenly freed from political and religious restraint. It is no longer a people but a population turned loose—dancing in the sanctuary, yelling the *Carmagnole;* and the dancers—I do not exaggerate—without even breeches, with bare chests and shoulders, stockings down, imitating in their rapid gyrations the whirlwinds which run before the storm, carrying destruction and terror.

The wife of Momoro, the bookseller, the vile spokesman of the *Cordeliers*, Maillard the singer, Candeille the actress—such were the Goddesses of Reason, borne shoulder-high, almost worshipped, and permitting it.

The side-chapels were screened off with large tapestries, and not without purpose. From these obscured retreats came shrill laughter which attracted the enterprising; pulling aside a corner of the tapestry they might see visions to the full as disturbing as any that tempted St. Anthony.

The Church of Saint Eustache offered the appearance of a big refreshment-house. In the choir were tables laden with bottles and various viands, sausages, pâtés, or tripe. The altars of the side-chapels were consecrated to sensuality and gluttony, and the horrid traces of intemperance soiled the sacred stones.

At St. Gervais there was no banqueting, but the market-women came with their baskets, and the whole church smelt of herrings; and the clink of drinking cups accompanied the consumption of the salted fish. There was dancing in the lady-chapel, and candle-ends, giving out more smoke than light, served as illuminants. Indeed, in order that night should bring no relief to shame, depravity was extended beyond nightfall, so that in the general confusion, the abominable lusts excited during the daylight hours might be assuaged in the gloom.

From St. Gervais the people moved on to the Place de Grève where a multitude of spectators warmed their hands at a fire of altar-rails and choir-stalls.

All Paris looked on, speechless, at these processions of the Jacobins. Drunk with wine and blood, the priests and priestesses of Reason returning from the entertainments offered by the scaffolds, staggered after the chariot of their impure goddess. Another car came along, an orchestra of blind musicians, too faithful illustration of the Reason then prevailing. . . .

The air resounded with the roaring of these tigers: such phrases as "the national razor" or "put your head through the little window" or "patriotic

shortening," the Montagnards' pet expressions for the guillotine and its work, struck on the public ear; and spectators, pale and chill with fright at the sight of these red caps, and at the menacing inscriptions so boldly displayed by barbarous hirelings, could find no voice or word when forced by spies to bow their knees to the image of Liberty. These masquerades, already almost beyond belief, were followed by those of Marat the Frightful. In every public place were temples erected to him, and triumphal arches. On the Place du Carousel a sort of pyramid was built in his honour, carrying his bust, his bath, his ink-horn, and his lamp. A sentinel was posted, who died one night, either of cold or of fright. The number of his busts equalled the number of heads he had taken. The grave diggers from the cemetery of the Holy Innocents carried his bust in triumph and adoration. They went in wooden shoes and ragged breeches, but their pockets were stuffed with notes; and they glared on any passer who did not bow down to the idol.

Who would have thought that, after the 9th Thermidor, this modern Moloch would receive the honours of the Pantheon? But it was rather his day of judgment than that of his triumph. There was suffocation in the very air that gave passage to his carrion.

POSTERS ON THE WALLS

This uninterrupted series of placards, white, red, pink, green, yellow, and blue, express in the first place, by their freshly affixed stamps, the power of the law; then I see them as so many magnets with power to attract all who come and go, and to keep them standing before the walls to the point of being run over by the carriages; and their gaze is fixed in

this manner for the better ordering of their notions; to sharpen their intelligence and quicken their memory, and, in a word, by aid of these various documentations, to set them in the path of wisdom or experience.

Where lie the means of public instruction? In the posters. But they must be good ones, i.e. good must be got from them.

In the storms of revolution the placard is the tocsin: it assembles the factions, it makes governments tremble, inflames opinion, and every writer of placard literature has a brand to his hand.

Time was when the posted bill acquainted the public with no more than the sale, perhaps, of a country house with its appurtenances and easements; or may be with the death of some dull Cardinal, the number of bottles of old wine in his cellars, and the list of his rings and apostolic jewels; or with the sailing of a ship for the Indies.

But now the posters constitute a course in human morals, politics, and literature; precepts on the art of governing mankind are ranged alongside the gilded promises of lottery agents, and you may study the by-laws in between a conjuror's flourishes and the quack specifics of a pill-vendor.

They form a public library, permanent, full of instruction, with the latest publications, where no attendant is required, or reading desks, nor are there pages to be turned. It is a visible record of human acts, plans and conceptions, however odd and fugitive. At every street corner you have a mute but eloquent notification speaking to you of your health, your fortune, your pleasures, your coming movements, and holding daily converse with you on matters of physique, diplomacy, money matters, or cooking. In the wink of an eye you are put in enjoyment of the labours of artists, engineers, or pastry cooks. A short but simple analysis enables you, from the sample

given, to pass judgment on the exponents of whatever science.

The jovial diner-out, the man of knowing palate, may pass by the more pedantic poſter, but may gather where he shall find Bordeaux without ſtint, or Champagne or rare liqueurs. The busy merchant called suddenly from Paris on a business eighty leagues away, finds the lightning cabriolet quicker than his wish; or would he ſtay here, then behold an apartment ready for him and at hand, where he may repose like the dead. Thirty-two placards advertising public shows, always in proximity and always in competition, show us a whole populace in the assiduous service of these new temples of idleness, and prove that our pleasure resorts equal the spacious Roman circuses, and that we love sights and toys as much as those ancient maſters of the world. But in Rome there were no printed poſters, in Rome the deaf and dumb did not communicate by their fingers; in Rome Cæsar dictated to four scribes at once, but what of that? To-day, in Paris, an advertiser announces himself as dictating ten letters at a time, to ten different persons, on as many subjects, in five different tongues, and all at the same time.

Reſtaurant-keepers, and provision-merchants, cooks of doubtful reputation, offer everywhere their table and their services. And the young, who hunger after other delights, and have been unable to reſiſt the call of Spring, and whom the serpent hidden in the roses of vice has pricked with his poison, are warned not to despair, or be over-grieved. Choose your Æsculapius, be born again, be wiser in future, and avoid the glittering baits offered in the dancing saloons.

Nor may you be blind to the news—you may read it without spectacles—that cancer is giving way to the attacks of science, and that without cautery or ſteel, we may extirpate at the outset this gnawing vulture which feeds on married and unmarried.

As for ruptures, elastic bandages pursue your vision. Here is a bill-sticker on a short ladder. What is his thick paste-brush going to unroll on this defenceless wall? *Newspaper prospectuses!* Their titles are one queerer than another; all want to reform our political notions, and teach us the true state of affairs. The new cure for all the ills of an empire:

The more we slay, the more come to be slain.

What a fine and delightful thing, this power of passing daily judgment on men, empires, and courts! To distribute blame and praise among generals, authors, and legislators! How proud we must feel in directing posterity what to think, lest it should think wrong! How glorious to have one's tribune over the street-post. Antiquity knew not the placard. Antiquity is to be pitied. Our descendants will be much better informed.

The poster covers, colours, dresses Paris one may say, at the moment when these lines are written. And Paris may be denominated *Poster-Paris*, and be distinguished by this costume from any other city of the world.

These innumerable paper sheets of every shape and colour tell the stranger that nowhere, and in no other city, are there so many people who read, so many who write, so many people who print, invent, speculate, indulge in commerce, so many people who promise and do not perform.

The stamp tax, affixed even on the appeal for a lost lap-dog, or canary, on the poor teacher's small announcement as on the moneylender's wide display, does not hinder the placarding of every pillar and door-frame with posters big or little, narrow or wide: and this ingenious tax, which might have been imposed ere now, promises rich returns. The indirect tax, so opposed by economists, may lend new blood to the republic.

BESICLES OR BINOCULARS

The toothless old woman, nut-crackered, and spectacled, reading word by word in her hymn-book the litanies of the Blessed Virgin, has always raised laughter in the malicious. But the old woman in the topsy-turvy world of to-day, may well laugh in her turn to see our present-day youth making love in goggles. Clerks in offices, letter-grinding machines as they are, have spread their use. Noses on which they rest permanently seem to acquire a judicial gravity. The chief uses two pairs of eyes to read his fragment of paper. It is the distinctive sign of his indefatigable toils, as though he were a laborious Hercules. He may be but a parrot in some branch of diplomacy. But this is not to criticise clerks in offices, but merely to indicate the origin of a custom, the exaggeration of a fashion, the vanity of its followers. Of twenty people one passes in the street, ten wear barnacles.

Their usage induces pettifogging ways. Look at some old handler of rents, examining a document yellow with age; his spectacles magnify the letters as Herschel's telescope magnifies the planets, but he must re-read each word, each phrase, and count the stops, and often the clearest expression will seem obscure to him; he handles the paper with anxiety, weighs it as it were, as though he feared its overweight by a grain; he must search, touch, question it, like a blind man feeling and verifying a worn coin in his fingers.

How I distrust the judgment of a spectacled connoisseur addressing his gaze to a Rubens or a Vandyck! He sees all so closely that he sees nothing! And then he pronounces judgment! The whole illusion, the whole magic of those sublime paintings lies in the focus fixed by the artist for the intelligent spectator.

But the wearers of these binoculars draw an inestimable benefit from their use. They see, through the enchantment of the prism, none but pretty women, pretty as miniatures—delightful illusion! The binocular diminishes the coarse feature, gives youth again to the ageing coquette who cannot help herself, and lends the youthful face a smoothness and a virginal grace suggestive of the angels; but in spite of the joys afforded by these glasses of Fortune yet must I say with the good La Fontaine: "The lover's eye sees best of all."

TOASTS

For some time past both journals and eating-houses have resounded with the word *toast*. No gathering nowadays, no *réunion* (a word which has come to mean a grand dinner) but healths are drunk to justice, to humanity, to every republic, and to the fair sex of either hemisphere. Can this last be called gallantry? They toast the Constitution of 1795, the 9th Thermidor, the 14th July. They drink the health of the Army of Italy and of Germany, and of their leaders. They drink to a universal peace.

This custom, servilely copied from the English, has been adopted by royalists and exclusionists alike. But as toasts increase, an intoxication results which is not always due to patriotism.

I am vexed that we should ape England in this matter. I have seen glasses filled to the portraits of the twenty-two murdered deputies. Are toasts called for at such a juncture to awake the susceptibility of the guests?

Royalists are more sober than Jacobins at their feasts. You may know them by their phlegm, by a reserve unknown to the man of the Mountain,

who, truth to tell, is as frank in his lusts as in his crimes.

It is easy to picture your knight of the age of Philippe Auguste drinking to intoxication at the thought of battle and his lady-love; but in a day when, and in a country where we had left these libations to the free-masons, I find it painful to witness this habit of ranging and filling glasses by concerted movement, and then ceremoniously loading the stomach in honour of dead persons and far-off things for which we can feel no real affection.

Does this Britannic custom suit our national character? I would we could find something else more proper to us, more especially French. Our ancestors drank to one another—well and good; but when their eyes met their hearts followed. But to drink to metaphysical entities?

The composition of a toast is now quite a study. Its wording is considered, passed under review, corrected, its word and syllables are weighed. It is held to be of serious importance, a thing which little accords with the gaiety of a dinner-table. But the French are always serious about little things, and always light and indecent about grave matters.

The invention of a new toast is celebrated in the morning paper, and it is the most unpardonable of plagiarisms to steal this personal triumph from another. No words are too strong to condemn such a theft.

OUR NEW CARRIAGES

These, under the republican régime, show no longer the heaviness of a President's coach, nor the gloominess of the Chancellor's, nor the roominess of those of the old dowagers of the blood-royal. Such models from the days of Henri Quatre have given place to the light

berline, to the proud *désobligeante*, or sulky, to the *dormeuse*, to the rapid *phæton*, the *wiski*, the single *cabriolet* with its little bells.

Carriages are square in build, and hung very high; their passage makes noise. The coachman's seat is a big, wide cushion, with rich fringe. He sits so high that he looks like a semaphore. The carriage-panels bear plates and bosses of metal. No more arms in cypher, but a coat of varnish over all alike. The coachman on his high perch has more control of his horses, but were it not that his duties demand his attention he could see all that passes in the first floor windows. Fortune's favourite of to-day goes a-driving in a chariot at once simple and elegant, without gilding, and light as a cloud driven before the wind, made seemingly to follow the swallow's flight or gain a prize at the Olympiad. Like lightning they pass; and in consequence the pedestrian is no more than grass or paving-stone in their eyes.

Their extreme swiftness makes nothing of the stockbroker's journey from the Exchange to his mansion. And alas! in these same carriages, so prompt to traverse the country in all directions and at all times, went the terrible proconsuls, leaving behind them in every department the scent of human blood shed in torrents; and in all the roads and streets no avenging hand was raised.

Had their carriages but been of the weight of that which carried Louis XVI when, led by the false advice of those nearest and of the traitor Bouillé, he fled from Paris in the night of the 21st June, 1791, making for Montmedi, a strong place, whence he might gather the nobility and make head against the people, the evil would not have worked so quickly and with such success.

Louis liked to travel quick without leaving home, and his carriage which was something just new in construction, was a sort of Tuileries in miniature.

It was sitting-room, bedroom, wardrobe, dining-room, and kitchen—it only lacked his chapel and his orchestra.

It is said that the whole family was very merry when it found itself in the open country, picturing to itself the surprise of the Parisians. But they did not foresee that the heavy lumbering coach would break under its own weight, and the time consumed in patching it up would deliver them into the hands of the wily Lafayette, who led them ignominiously back to Paris by roads bristling with six hundred thousand armed men.

QUILL-DRIVERS

We meet no one but has subject for complaint either in the insolence, the ignorance, or in the very multitude of clerks in the public offices employed in mending their pens and obstructing business.

Never was bureaucracy carried to such point of exaggeration, extravagance, and tiresomeness. Never did business so drag as since the creation of this army of clerks who are in business what footmen are in service. References, regulations, registrations, formalities of all kinds have been multiplied with such profusion and so little discernment that many people, disgusted with waiting for their pensions and inquiring about their affairs, have given up the task altogether.

This method of administration by agency and commission, offices and clerks, has not merely upset the civil service but has demoralised the administration by overloading it with a crowd of fools, and ignorant persons, and traitors, and royalists, whose zeal is but their hunger, and who take this zeal for talent; by affording frequent and scandalous examples of the rapid and monstrous growth of fortunes in the vilest hands; the multiplying means of corruption and occa-

sions for cupidity in government agents; in opening new issues to intrigue, cabal, cunning, immorality, and infamous speculation; in strewing fresh obstacles in the path of justice and of the much-desired rehabilitation of the laws . . . in yielding our finance to a rodent cancer a hundred times worse than that which precipitated the Revolution.

This mania of quill-driving which dates from the days of M. Colbert, has only come to a head in this last three years. Clerks, papers, and items are all-devouring. A clerk, a secretary, an office-boy, in some obscure committee of mismanagement, is more fenced in with files of papers, and busier and more important, than a war-minister in former days. All is governed by the pen, and there is no appeal. Army, public works, police, home and foreign affairs, commerce and politics. The first step leads to constantly growing abuse, and details are unending. Every detail demands a man, for every man demands a place.

Papers and offices multiply to infinity. Every detail must have its clerks, every clerk his copying clerk, and each of these a boy; and the subdivision proceeds while everyone detailed for a job makes further details, workers make work for others, and scribes multiply scribblings. Five intelligent and industrious men might do the work of the legislative committee which a hundred and seventeen do badly. The Marquis de Louvois had two chief clerks; we have seen seventy-two in different war-ministries, and every chief clerk with twenty-five clerks and four copying-clerks. At least these know their job, you say? They do not know the very elements. Most of them cannot read. You think I exaggerate, but I speak literally. Mistakes of spelling, of language, of meaning are but the least sins of those precious youths. On the whole their handwriting is good—it seems to be all that is asked of them; as formerly the only merit of a soldier was his

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA

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height. But writing no more brings knowledge than height brings courage. The carbineers are a lost regiment when they are chosen by measurement, and offices will remain mere rookeries so long as a good handwriting is the only pass to them. This is what the government must reform . . . as soon as it has found its feet. And then it must sweep away all the rubbish from out these administrations, agencies, commissions and committees. And that is not the work of a day, when one has not the waters of Alpheus at one's disposal.

IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE

Every woman is a Grace, a Juno, a Venus, a Calypso, or a Eucharis, and very soon every man will be an Apollo, a Narcissus, and Endymion, or an Antinöus. Driving in the Bois de Boulogne is Daphne in a cabriolet, speeding to Bagatelle behind an English steed. It might be the Olympic way—two-horse chariots speed amid clouds of dust to the abode of folly. A thousand lamps hanging down from shrubs have transformed the spot into a palace of rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. A sight indeed! A palace of Armida. in the dusk! Her magic wand has made these sparkling things; soft flutes sigh in concert, and love plays amid her mystery-shrouded grottos.

Pretty women, the Divinities of the day, continue to sweep the streets of the Capital with their trailing and transparent dresses. The serene skies of Greece, its mild and equable climate, and the cleanliness of its great cities justified the style of dress; but in Paris, and in winter, such garments can but appear absurd to sensible people. No young woman of position, no pretty work girl, but must go on Sunday in Athenian drapery, its hanging folds over the right arm, that she may look antique, and rival the form of Venus. Men wear square-cut coats immensely long in the waist,

the skirts coming to the knee; and the breeches to the calf; pointed shoes thin as a slip of cardboard. The head rests on a cravat like a cushion, which in some cases envelopes the chin. The hair is frizzed or parted over the forehead, floating loose over the ears and plaited behind. No more lace cuffs or *jabots;* fine batiste linen is all the rage. A gold pin, a star or butterfly emphasises the whiteness and fineness of the linen worn.

The individual so costumed walks with herculean carriage, a knotted stick in his hand, and spectacles on his nose.

We can no longer laugh at the ample skirts and deep embroidery of our grandfathers. The grogram gowns of our great-grandmothers had the merit of antiquity and reason, beyond those of their great-granddaughters who are pinched in like big dolls. You may still find them, unfaded, in the clothes-dealers' shops at the Halles: true models of simplicity, wisdom, and domestic economy. What man of feeling can look on them without a sigh, without thinking of the want that forced their sale, when they should have come down as a heritage to virtuous and well-bred daughters. We may admire in the Bois de Boulogne the proud and majestic beauty of some modern Calypso or Eucharis; wonder to see their girdles, their wigs, the open robe displaying a shapely limb. We excuse their luxury and splendour: but has one of these dazzling beauties ever founded a bed in a hospital for the sick and the indigent? They are busied with more important matters; perhaps a marble cupid is lacking in the boudoir.

One looks on these *Incroyables* and *Merveilleuses* in their strange bedizenments, and wonders whether the toilet of an Adonis takes longer than that of a nymph . . . one probably wastes as much time as the other. The *Merveilleux* is as scented as his female and has as many ribbons to tie, and bows to fashion.

And the toilet of their steeds is as elaborate as their own. How often must the Amazon's mount strike an impatient hoof under the clippers of the liveryman.

WINTER DANCES

To those of Spring and Summer, already numerous, succeed the Winter balls. A shade of variety, but no interruption to those pleasures : everywhere dancing halls : idleness, and all that encourages it, that do-nothingness which consumes the Parisian, a do-nothing by nature, that kill-time of a score of daily shows, that idleness which reigns among us, is as continuous in the great city as the fundamental bass of an operatic orchestra.

Next to money, dancing is the Parisian's dearest delight, all that he cherishes, nay all that he adores.

Every grade of society has its dancing-circle; rich or poor, everyone dances ; it is a mania, a universal taste. The Parisian dances, or rather, joins in the blind whirligig, for nothing is harder to him than to keep a measure, and nothing rarer than an ear for music!

During the Reign of Terror, our Parisians, diffident and shaking in their shoes, incapable of expressing an opinion in print, or of staying the progress of a tumbril, hid themselves in theatres and in clubs, and only danced at public festivals, or perhaps round the scaffold. Of a sudden, every wall is covered with bills announcing, in almost academic phraseology, the opening of the ball—dances of every description, some so cheap that servant girls can attend them.

No young woman but can find a swain to take her to these forcing-houses of unruliness and seduction, and should any young man refuse his escort, or be backward in taking the floor, he is promptly discarded, and is hated with a feminine, or veiled hatred.

There is dancing at the Carmelites, where throats were once cut; there is dancing at the Jesuit Seminary; at the Convent of the Carmelites in the Marais quarter; at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, at the Children of Mary; they dance in three ruined churches in my part of the town, and on the paving of the tombs which still exist. The names of the dead are under the feet of the dancers, who look not down nor remember that they trample on their sepultures. There is dancing in every small restaurant on the boulevards, in the Champs Elysées, or along the Quays. There is dancing in every saloon where the small fry of the money-changing fraternity congregate, where, after swindling unhappy individuals all day long, they prey on the public wholesale. And there is dancing wherever a dancing-master may be found, gentlemen who call themselves artists, taking a leaf from the actor's book.

There is this much difference between them and other modern professors of human understanding, that they have not sought to know whether the soul of a dancing-man is in his heels or in his pineal gland.

Fiddlers are knocked up of a night. People knock and ring and cry aloud at their doors, as they do at the doors of midwives in urgent cases. Get up, quick! they cry, you are waited for! The fiddler rubs his eyes and swears. What a dog's life! he says, but he arises and puts on his clothes, grumbling. He will earn six crowns without counting the bottle of wine which he will drink, and that to the last drop.

These violinists are engaged weeks ahead. The longer they play the more they get. Keep it up—that is the great merit. They must keep it up all night long, and be untiring of wrist. Why the violin in particular? I know not. But the fiddler is the man run after, if he wields his bow till four o'clock of a morning. That is the chief of his trade—I mean, of

his art! The fiddler must be strong of wrist and arm—his strings must resound.

So important is he that engagements are made in writing, for the manager of a dance is not a man to be trifled with. The forsworn violinist who deceives the expectations of a dancing-circle is held in greater horror than a Marat, or a Babœuf, and what is more, he would be summoned before the magistrates. The sovereign people dances, every day. So it is not so very discontented. And with every ball worthy of name are gaming-tables, refreshment buffets, illuminations on the one hand and on the other shaded retreats, favouring half-lights, darkness visible—but not Milton's.

It is a question of hasting the hours by lively movement. But at dances of the more distinguished kind, the ancient and aristocratic tone is revived, and the lady and her cavalier are seen; whereas, in the popular gatherings, the term is *citoyen* and *citoyenne:* they are citizens. It is easily understood that in the announcement of a ball held for our exquisites, aristocratic terminology must be employed, and that our *Inconcevables* and *Merveilleuses*, marvellous and inconceivable creatures, could never set foot in a public dancing-room. Fie! such a thing carries a republican odour, and it is well established that to the lawyer's lady and the grocer's wife, such a thing is unwelcome; can a Republic dance? A King, yes. Louis XIV; Louis XV, the Court balls—what can supply their place? What can replace the minuet, the Court minuet, wherein even a princess turned her back on her princely partner, to turn her face towards the King. That was majestic indeed! But the two hundred and odd balls, those of *Ruggieri*, of *Lucquet*, of *Mauduit*, of *Wenzel*, and *Montansier*, and other society dances, however elegant, however crowded, fade, even as the wayside blossom fades in the presence of the hot-house flower, before the Hôtel-Richelieu

ball, where gathers a society, a world, beyond compare. Here is the *non plus ultra* in matter of transparent dress, of lace-bedizened heads, gold, diamonds, gauze, and muffled chins. Entry is for people of means alone. Here in this enchanted resort, float a hundred goddesses in Athenian robes, perfumed and crowned with roses, by turn seeking and attracting the gaze of *Incroyables*, with orderly disordered hair, and shod with Turkish shoes; and so like the recent and amusing print which bears their names that verily I cannot look on it as a caricature.

The women are nymphs, sultanas, or savage queens; perhaps Juno, or Minerva; perhaps Diana or Eucharis. All go in white, and white is ever becoming to ladies. The bosom is bare, the arms are bare. The men, on the other hand, are not well groomed. They recall, at times, to me at least, the footmen who, under the old régime, were accorded their annual dance on Shrove-Tuesday, twenty minutes before their master retired for the night. They dance coldly, sulkily; they seem to be thinking of politics. And they think of nothing at all, except perhaps of the day's prices on the Bourse.

The women certainly take more pleasure in their dancing, but still with reserve. Few words are spoken, and those by the conductor with his despotic fiddle-bow, and he affects a scolding tone and calls to order the absent-minded among the hundreds whose silent performance is certainly a thing exceptional among French people.

They collect their thoughts to centre them on their various steps.[1]

[1] The most majestic, the most severely solemn, the most superbly ridiculous thing I have ever witnessed, was the *French minuet* danced before the King. One scarcely heard the footfalls of the dancers. A silence . . . There is no rendering the effect of this reverent concentration. Any witness will bear me out—who has gone unguillotined!

An odd circumstance is that the onlookers are mingled with the dancers, and stand grouped in between the sets, and yet without being in the way. It is rarely that any dancer comes in contact with one of them. A pretty foot is within an inch of mine. Its owner bounds towards me like a flash—but the next beat sees her back again whence she started. Like a brilliant meteor she describes her orbit as she turns on her steps, by a double effort of gravitation and attraction. I approach a little nearer, without risk of touching more than her robe. I feel her breath, but touch her not.

The wind of their passage does not disturb us, and the women, who are loudly remarked upon, pass and re-pass with velocity and as if indifferent to admiration; but they lose no word of what is said about them. Their gaze, which seems fixed on their partners, glances round the circle with such rapidity of vision that one must be attentive in order to notice it, and yet nothing escapes them.

Further off are the courtesans, separately grouped. On their part of the floor the dance moves even more rapidly. They sparkle with diamonds and their aigrettes glitter under the lights. They are more pronounced in their movements; one can see that they are fearful of appearing lascivious, but their look, the unmistakable look, betrays them, nor can they, nor will they ever, imitate the voluptuous ease in repose, and self-possessed bearing of other women. And the talk in their neighbourhood has a licence which does not obtain thirty paces away; and they expend more on perfumes.

Of a sudden, at a given signal, all these groups break up, and the empty benches are filled on the instant, but only by women. What does this announce? A concert is beginning. Whereupon the women, who when they were dancing maintained their mutual

rivalry, and attended to the multiple and various steps of the set dances, now begin to converse. The men stand over them and scan them. For they appear to be ranged to receive the homage due to them. You see some who have rings on their toes, and others clad in close-fitting flesh-coloured garments, so tight that you may wager that they wear no chemise.

A confused buzz of talk drowns the concert; the sarcasm prevails which has to-day displaced the less-easily found epigram. The Government is anathematised now that it is humane and gentle, and was respected when it was tyrannical and bloody.

There is no silence save when *Rhodes* endeavours to draw from his violin the appeal of an Orpheus; but he is no *Viotti*. The palisade of men round the seats declaims violently against every Government whatever, and would raise against it the public dislike and contempt, and even hatred. The ballroom is transformed into the cave of Calumny, but the abuse is more insolent than malicious, and degenerates into platitude and invective, and ends in byways of the particular. One man says to his neighbour: "All these women here—well—they are all kept by our deputies." "Is that so?" "That one there, with the bright eyes and supple figure, is Raffon's mistress. And that girl, with the low neck and diamonds, is Guyomard's sister. The crown jewels paid for his recent parliamentary move. That pretty fair woman, bending forward, is Isnard's youngest daughter, and has a hundred thousand for her portion. She is to be married to-morrow. There is not a member of the House but has two or three women, whose dresses cost the Republic a part of its possessions."

The concert is over, and supper begins, and the women, no longer hindered by the strict embrace of

the corset or bodice of former days, eat their fill, and do very well.

. . . . .

At the same time I can but wonder whether any age or country has seen women, in the midſt of the severeſt winter, without ſtockings, unshod save for a light sandal tied on with ribbons, exposing feet adorned, and embarrassed, with rings and jewels; certainly it is the love of display and nothing else which enables her to conceal the feeling of awkwardness it muſt engender when she dances.

. . . But what is this commotion? And who is this woman who raises plaudits as she comes. Let us draw near, and see for ourselves. Everyone presses round her. Is she naked—I doubt that. A little nearer, and I wish for my sketch-book. This is what I see. A light-textured leg-covering comparable to the famous buckskins of the Comte d'Artois, which four lackeys held aloft while he dropped into them so that no wrinkle should be shown, which held him encased throughout the day, and from which he had to be flayed at night with even greater difficulty; these feminine breeches, very tight although of silk, outdo even the famous buckskins in their absolute fit, and are garnished with bracelets. The bodice is cut away, and beneath a painted gauze rise and fall the reservoirs of maternity. A chemise of transparent linen gives sight of legs and thighs encircled with gold and be-diamonded bangles. A flock of young people surround her expressing an unbridled joy which has no effect on the bold-faced young woman. It is yet another impudence of the *Merveilleuse*. The classic dances of the daughters of Laconia are reborn among us. So little is left to remove that I know not but that decency would gain by its removal. The flesh-coloured tights so ſtretched on the skin, excite

the imagination and expose the shape and allurement without any reservation. And such is the day that follows the yesterday of Robespierre.

. . . . .

But it follows that all women seem to have the same skin. Just as they all show the same fair tresses. But I, unhappily, prefer the brunette. And yet I know that under this flesh-coloured dressing——! Alas! When shall I see a dark skin again! . . . Moreover, our maidens go everywhere, which is a new thing. There are no longer any *seductions* since the great facilities offered to marriage, and divorce has come to the rescue of every whim. There is no fear of contract or engagement which may be broken, remade, or loosed. Nor of those little slips that formerly disgraced a family for generations. . . .

No, it is no use condemning the dance, they say; it induces marriage. Well, I am no Puritan—I have no wish to hinder marriages; but these dances prolonged far into the night when the pipe and tambourine speak so convincingly, encourage many things, my dear ladies and matrons, and will but help to swell the numbers at the Foundling Hospital.

. . . . .

On with the dance, then, my dear Parisians! in preference to the dismal and monotonous literature of the schools . . . and let our lecture-halls give us, in place of their stale platitudes, their big floors to dance on. Heavy pedants, whose style knows no lightness of motion, you are worth less than the fiddle, that cause of merriment, for you but depress any brilliant and numerous company; give place—and hear what the grave Montesquieu has said on the subject: "The dance pleases by its lightness, grace, beauty, and variety of attitude, and by its alliance with music;

but beyond this by some turn of our consciousness which secretly refers every movement of the dance to a particular movement, and its every attitude to a certain particular attitude."

MEDICINE

Medicine is the most interesting side of physics, but although more cultivated than any it is the least advanced, the least developed. It stands where other branches of physics stood a century ago. Consider the most highly esteemed features of the science and you find but false hypothesis in place of simple and luminous theory; instead of certain and evident principles, the absurd systems of mechanicians, animalists, vitalists, pretended chemists, and irritalists; instead of a practice reasoned and thought-out, founded on incontestable principle, a blind and dangerous routine. Should we be far from the truth if we said of medicine, particularly of modern medicine, what Heraclius said of his art: "Its name is Life, but its deeds are Death"?

Anatomy has made considerable progress; it is almost the only department of medicine where useful discovery is seen. The most precious is that of the immortal Harvey, but what has resulted from it? The ridiculous system of attributing the source of all ills to the blood and the abuse of blood-letting, an abuse a thousand times more fatal to humanity than the invention of gunpowder.

True knowledge of physiology is the base of all sound practice, but this important part of the art of healing is as yet non-existent among us, for in all the many volumes dealing with this matter we find no real explanation of the animal functions or the relations of the solid and fluid parts of the human body.

Is our esteemed nosology anything more than a fancy nomenclature much more calculated to confuse medical practice than to enlighten it?

One of the medical chorus has tried to establish sixteen hundred kinds of fever. All our nosologists without exception take a great number of symptoms for maladies. This misunderstanding necessarily throws the practitioner into dangerous errors, errors sometimes fatal.

No certain word has been pronounced as yet on pathology; all is error, obscurity and uncertainty.

The body of medicine is the reproach of the faculty. It is therein that the grossest ignorance is most plainly seen; no extravagance but has been entertained as to the action of drugs. Some attribute to them the mechanical actions of the angle, the edge, the point, and the drill; others have made them act as by magic, in different parts of the body, and so there are cephalic, cordial, pectoral, and hepatic remedies, etc. . . . Preventive medicine is what has least busied the doctors; it asks a knowledge not to be learnt in the schools, and which may be vainly sought for in books, and moreover, in pursuing this important branch of medicine, might not our ministers of health fear to injure their own personal interests?

. . . They are no happier in the treatment of acute than of chronic maladies, and it would be easy to show that the practice of Hippocrates and his followers was more brilliant than theirs; was it not because those ancient masters did not see the blood as the seat of all illnesses, nor thought it needful to shed that precious liquor so wastefully? Chronic maladies are the crux of our practitioners. They heal hardly one, and know the annoyance of seeing charlatans do what they have believed and declared to be impossible. Do they succeed it is by chance; and it must be so for their notions are as wrong as their treatment. One has but to

hear their discourse on inflammations, fevers, dropsies, and apoplexies, malignant fevers and vapours, and so on, and to witness their treatment. One has but to see them by the sick man to judge of their profound ignorance. They would be reduced to silence in most cases had they not the convenient subterfuge that disturbances and pains are but nervous complaints. When a doctor has said: "It is a nervous trouble," he thinks he has given a quite lucid explanation.

The trouble with the doctors is that they have considered medicine as a science apart, instead of having looked on it as the more important part of physiology and chemistry; these two sciences are to-day but one. That they have been over-given to systems; that they have not confined themselves to what came under their observation; that they have drawn false conclusions from the circulation of the blood; that they have copied one another and followed a blind routine instead of a reasoned method. Such is medicine, unhappily. Is it anything but a most dangerous empiricism? May we not say of the doctors as Cicero of the Augurs: "that they cannot meet without laughing"?

But we must not despair of medicine. Probably we are on the verge of seeing a most rapid progress in its steps.

FRIMAIRE, YEAR VI

It has been observed for long past that in revolutionary times the customariness of danger, the sacrifice of private ties and the sentiment of public ill, make men reckless of life and unmindful of death; but it was painful to see, latterly, four assassins go to the scaffold with an affectation of deliberate and brutish insensibility. One cried as he fell: "I die like a good thief"; and another, looking down on his comrades whose heads were already fallen in the fatal basket,

said jokingly to the executioner: "Arrange them better than that. There is no room for me." No room for him!

Two young women were guillotined lately, convicted of assassination: they went to the scaffold as to a junketing, singing indecent songs. Those two girls, whose age and sex and appearance might have excited pity in the unreflecting, merely excited repulsion. The populace applauded when their heads fell.

Charlotte Corday walked to her execution with unmoved countenance, but she did not sing.

The *Chauffeurs*[1] have already horrified our Courts with their cruelties. A new kind of assassin has just been dealt with. These train dogs to pull down and strangle people at street corners, follow them up and despoil the victims. And then they say "it was not we who killed the man".

Necessity calls for firmer, more vigorous, more repressive measures under the criminal code, for human perversity, freed from the curb of religion, has shown itself in a new and terrible light.

THE LAST AGONY OF ROBESPIERRE

Where can I find colours to depict the public and general rejoicing at the most frightful of scenes, the outburst of uproarious joy that surged round the very steps of the scaffold? His name, loaded with imprecations, is in every mouth; he is no longer the *Virtuous* or the *Incorruptible* Robespierre; the mask is fallen, he is hated; he is made responsible for every crime of the Committees. They mount on the stalls, they crowd the windows and the shop-fronts; the roofs are thick with crowds of onlookers of every class who

[1] Brigands who burnt the feet of their victims to make them confess where their money was hidden.

have but one object in view—to see Robespierre go to his death.

Gone is the dictator's throne, and he lies half-stretched on a tumbril which also bears his accomplices Couthon and Henriot. Tumult and uproar are all round him, made up of a thousand cries of joy and mutual congratulation. His head is wrapped in a dirty blood-stained clout, which half conceals the pallid and ferocious face. His companions, mutilated and disfigured, look less like criminals than wild beasts taken in a gin and half-crushed in the capture. The scorching sun causes the women no fear for their complexions, their lilies and roses, for they will see the *Butcher* and his mates.

The cavalry who escort the tumbrils brandish their sabres and point at him with the naked points. The Pontiff King no longer trails the Convention at ten paces from his heels; he drags a remnant of life as though to witness to divine justice and its terrible vengeance on hypocritical and bloody-minded men. Near the place of torment, and before the house where he lodged, the populace call a halt—and a group of women dance to the public clapping of hands. And all of them seize the moment to address him by voice and gesture: "I am drunk with joy at thy torment! Go down to Hell with the curse of every wife, of every mother of children." He remained mute.

When he reached the scaffold, the executioner, as though himself animated by the public hate, roughly tore the bandages from his wound; he gave a tigerish cry, and the lower jaw falling away from the upper with the emission of jets of blood, made a monstrous thing of this human head, a thing more horrible than can be imagined. His two companions, no less hideous in their torn and bloody garments, were the attendants of this great criminal whose sufferings inspired no shade of pity in anyone. Hounded to death as he was, the

vindictive public called down on him a second death, and pressed forward in crowds not to lose the moment when his head should pass under the steel whither he had despatched so many; the applause lasted for a quarter an hour.

Twenty-two heads fell along with his. And on the morrow seventy members of the Commune joined their chosen chief; it was they whom we had seen enter our cells, snatch away our food, and make us drink deep of humiliation. The day after twelve more members of the Commune paid with their lives for their complicity, but these were ignoble and vulgar heads, heads of nameless satellites. Only that of Robespierre was counted.

His arrest was owing to his lack of courage. He had but to mount his horse, and he might well have led the multitude that now cover him with maledictions. Robespierre relied on Henriot and his Jacobins, but they could neither stand nor go when they were not in act to slay and murder. They all turned face when they were faced with the decree which made them outlaws.

. . . . .

Contrast the execution of Robespierre with that of the Comtesse Dubarry. What end was served by butchering this woman, castigated by the ballad-makers and fallen into contempt? Though she had risen naked from her bed, from the couch of her royal lover, and seen her feet slippered by the Papal Nuncio and the Grand Almoner of France, was it a reason for her death on the scaffold? Or was the motive her fine house at Lucienne? The thirst for gold was often a policy with these ruffians, and if Robespierre was a monster of blood he was also the creature of greed, for he sold himself to d'Orleans, and then to the English.

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